FINISHED.

It is President Cleveland.

New York's Official Count

Shows a Purality of Just 1105.

All the Blaine Guns Spiked.

The Blaine Organs Give It Up.

Mr. Blaine Declines an Interview.

Mr. Cleveland Receives the News Quietly.

NEW YORK, November 15 .- The Board of Candiately after completing the count in the twenty fourth Assembly district and announcing unofficially that Cleveland's plurality in the city was about 43,100, met again this evening and completed their work, at the end of which they announced officially the following figures as the vote

> CLEVELAND - 133,016 BLAINE - - 90,012 BUTLER - - 3,499 ST. JOHN - - 1.031

With one election district missing on account of an error. When this error is corrected the vote will probably stand:

CLEVELAND - 133.159 BLAINE - - 90,093 BUTLER - - 3,499 ST. JOHN - - 1,034

This gives Cleveland a clean plurality in the State of 1105, this being the plurality of the lowest elector on the Democratic ticket.

COMPLETION OF THE CANVASS.

Two Election Districts in Which the Inspectors Multiplied the Vote of Each

Presidential Candidate by Thirty-six. NEW YORK, November 15 .- The canvass today was marked by several ludierous incidents, the mittee on corrected returns was sitting. The inspectors in the sixth election district of the 7th assembly district were arranged before the committee to correct their returns. and explain to the Republican and Democratic lawyers and the members of the committee several discrepancies in their returns. But for an improved device in the art of counting these particular inspectors were entitled to a patent. It will pass into the nistory of the campaign as without parallel. Nothing in the Florida or Louisiana count of 1876 approached it. Here are the figures on the supervisor's sheet from this fragment of an assembly district: Blaine, 7698; Cleveland, 6300; Butler, 180; St. John, 72; total vote,

6300; Butler, 180; St. John, 72; total vote, 14,220.

The police returns show the correct 'tally as follows: Blaine, 213; Cleveland, 175; Butler, 3; St. John, 2; total, 393. The inventors of the improved method counted each of the thirty-six elector I votes as a vote for the respective candidates. Colonel Bliss drew a long breath, threw his head backward, and gazed at the ceiling to escape the withering scowi of Nelson J. Waterbury at this rapid-transit method of railroading the Plumed Knight to the White House from the banner Blaine district of the city. Counsellor Miller

the withering sowl of Nelson J. Waterbury at this rapid-transit method of railroading the Plumed Knight to the White House from the banner Blaine district of the city. Counsellor Miller put on his hat and set out as if to make several laps around a long taple, but stopped short at the window. Bliss could not remain sitting any longer, but made several circuits of the room, and then broke out with, "Well, I'll be scotched; let me now depart in peace." The interview that followed with the inspectors was a most memorable episode.

The inspectors stood not on the order of their going, but took the hearest stairway out of the building. The result shown on the police returns was accepted. At precisely 1 o'clock Supervisor [erstwhile president of the Board of Aldermen) Kirk concluded the reading of the twenty-second district. The chamber was packed at this time, and the room was foggy with the thick clouds of tobacco smoke. The spectators crushed against the railings and threatened to rush in on top of the supervisors had not an extra force of police been provided for just this emergency. Everbody was asking for some one else who had kept a taily of the totals of the assembly districts during the canvass, so that they could foot it up and find out the "exact" plurality for Cleveland, regardless of the fact that the commissioners on corrected returns would probably after any tally that had been kept, by allowing or destroying a number of bailots that had been marked defective or blank. Supervisors Kirk's voice held out wonderfully, and at five minutes to 2 o'clock the canvass for the entire electoral vote of this county was completed. The committee on corrected returns were still in session, and it was announced until 6,30 p. m. Meanwhile the canvass on and that the full vote would not finish their session and that the four with the rest of the Court of Appeals, and congressmen was resumed, and prosecuted with great vigor. Colonel George Bliss had left the room with the rest of the Republican lawyers.

afternoon, having given it up as a very foriorn hope. It was remarked by one of the Democratic counsel that the gallant colonel had gone off to prepare a manifold memorial sermon for transmission over the Gould wires, apologizing to the Republicans throughout the country for the defeat of the Blaine forces. However this may be, it is certain that he made his way to the Republican national head-quarters in the Victorial Hotel, to there plunge the sad-eyed group surrounding Master Steve in still deeper gloom by announcing that the canvass had been completed and that there was not the slightest show of uncarthing any frauds, and that the committee night as well give up. At precisely 6.30 the committee on corrected returns filed into the aldermanic chamber and interrupted the proceedings long enough for Supervisor K.rk to announce that the district which had given 6912 votes for Blaine and 5904 for Cleveland had been pared down until the figures stood 192 for Blaine and 164 for Cleveland. This was another district in which the astute inspectors had counted each ticket as 36 votes for the candidate. Then he began to call for the returns from the twenty eight election districts of the thirteen assembly districts in which there had been a clerical error. It could not be found until somebody handed him a paper, the figures on which would have given Blaine a galn of hearly 300. There was an immediate commotion in the room when it was read, and no small excitement ensued, until it transpired that one of the aldermen had got up a false return, in a joke, and poked it into the presidue officer's hand, who supposed it to be the return he had been yelling for. The missing return was finally found, and peace and quiet was restored. Then the committee made its report that the Cleveland electors had 133,016 votes, the Blaine electors 90,012, the Butler 3499, and the St. John 1031, with an election district in which there was an error supposed to be apparent on the face of the returns. That return gives to the Blaine electors 54

CLEVELAND'S PLURALITY 1105. As Shown by the Canvass of Every County

in New York State. NEW YORK, November 15.—Every county in the State has now reported the result of the official canvass. These figures show a plurality for Blaine outside of New York of 41,959. In this city Cleveland's plurality is 43,064. The net plurality for Cleveland, therefore, in the State will be 1105. Below are the figures by counties:

| V | Vote | | Plurality- | |
|--|----------------|-------------------|-------------|--|
| Counties. Clv'land. Blaine. Albany18,345 17,698 | | Cly'land. Blaine, | | |
| Albana 10 045 | 17.698 | 647 | . arimino, | |
| Albany 10,040 | 17,000 | 0.1 | 0 700 | |
| Alleghany 3,886 | 6,668 | **** | 2,782 | |
| Broome 5,780 Cattaraugus 6,065 | 7,182 | **** | 1,402 | |
| Cattarangue 8.065 | 7,463 | | 1,398 | |
| Cayuga 6,041 | 9,205 | **** | 3.164 | |
| Cayuga 6,041 | 9,200 | **** | | |
| Chautauqua 5 861 | 10,670 | **** | 4,809 | |
| Chemung 4.719 | 5,198 | **** | 479 | |
| Chenango 4,410 | 5,462 | | 1,052 | |
| Clinton 5.151 | 5.974 | | 823 | |
| Children Cold | 6.424 | **** | 570 | |
| Columbia 5.854 | | **** | 4 000 | |
| Cortland 2,774 | 4,042 | **** | 1,268 | |
| Delaware 4.956 | 5.934 | | 978 | |
| Dutchase 8 677 | 9,701 | | 1,024 | |
| Dutchess 8,677 Erie24,757 | 26,247 | **** | 1,490 | |
| Erle | 20,211 | **** | 1,400 | |
| Essex 2,776 | 4,551 | **** | 1,775 | |
| Essex | 4,638 | **** | 1,690 | |
| Fulton and Ham- | | | | |
| ilton 4,091 | 5.138 | | 1,047 | |
| 11011 4,001 | | **** | 988 | |
| Genesee 3,643 | 4,631 | **** | | |
| Greene 4,152 | 4,167 | **** | 15 | |
| Herkimer 5.328 | 6,138 | | 810 | |
| Lofforson 7.075 | 9.029 | | 1.954 | |
| Wines Co use | | 15,776 | Z,002 | |
| Herkimer 5.328 Jefferson 7 075 Kings 69,238 | 53,512 | 10,110 | 76 | |
| Lewis 3,778 | 3,854 | **** | | |
| Livingston 4.030 | 5,191 | | 1,152 | |
| Madison 4.864 Mouroe13,249 | 6,608 | | 1,744 | |
| Madison 19 040 | 18,325 | **** | 5,076 | |
| Monroe | 10,020 | **** | 92 | |
| Montgomery 5,413 | 5,505 | !!!! | 92 | |
| New York133,157 | 90,095 | 43,064 | **** | |
| Niagara 6.193 | 5.875 | 318 | | |
| Montromery 5.413 New York133,157 Niagara 6,193 Oneida 13,820 | 13,790 | 30 | | |
| Onendami 19 105 | 16,892 | | 3,727 | |
| Onondaga:13,165 | 10,002 | **** | 739 | |
| Ontario 5.643 | 6,382 | **** | 739 | |
| Orange 9.841 | 9,968 | | 127 | |
| Onlogno 0 007 | 3,997 | | 1.090 | |
| Ormogo 7 494 | 9,976 | **** | 2,542 | |
| Oswego 7,434 Otsego 7,307 Putnam 1,526 Queens 10,367 Repsselaer 13,414 | | 436 | 2,012 | |
| Otsego 7,307 | 6,871 | 400 | | |
| Putnam 1,526 | 2,103 | | 577 | |
| Oucens 10.367 | 8,445 | 1,922 | | |
| Rensselger 13 414 | 13,759 | | 345 | |
| Richmond 5,135 | 3.164 | 1,971 | | |
| Richmond 5,150 | 0,102 | 1.104 | | |
| Rockland 3.697 | 2,593 | 1,104 | - :::: | |
| St. Lawrence 6,035 Saratoga 5,846 | 13,441 | **** | 7,406 | |
| Saratoga 5.846 | 8.190 | **** | 2,344 | |
| Schenectady 2,977 Schoharie 5,339 Schuyler 2,039 Seneca 3,627 Steuben 9,060 | 3,260 | | 283 | |
| Schehovic K 990 | 3,472 | 1.867 | | |
| Schonarie 5,009 | 0,412 | 1,001 | **** | |
| Schuyler 2,039 | 2,616 | 4114 | 577 | |
| Seneca 3.627 | 3,309 | 318 | **** | |
| Steuben 9.060 | 10.047 | | 987 | |
| Suffolk 6.490 | 5,876 | 553 | | |
| Suffolk 6.429 Sulliyan 3.607 | 3,332 | 275 | **** | |
| Bumyan 3.607 | 0,002 | 210 | 600 | |
| 1 Tioga 3.379 | 4,367 | **** | 988 | |
| Tompkins 3,992 Ulster 9,870 | 5,420 | **** | 428 | |
| Ulster 9.870 | 9,929 3,577 | | 59 | |
| Warren' 9703 | 3.577 | With the state of | 784 | |
| Weakington 4,000 | 7,337 | **** | 9 115 | |
| Washington 4,222 | | **** | 3,115 2,113 | |
| Wayne 4,730 | 6,843 | | 2,113 | |
| Warren 2,793 Washington 4,222 Wayne 4,730 Westchester 12,524 Wyoning 3,189 | 11,286 | 1,238 | | |
| Wyoming 3189 | 4,441 | | 1,252 | |
| Wyoming 3.189 Yates 1,918 | 3.191 | | 1,273 | |
| 14005 1,010 | 0,101 | **** | 1,210 | |
| | | 00.00 | 00 111 | |
| Totals563,021 | 561,916 | 69,681 | 68,414 | |

Totals.......563,021 561,916 69,681 68,414
The votes for Butler and St. John were as follows: St. John, 23,969; Butler, 16,358.

THE LAST GUN SPIKED. Blaine's Last Hope Disappears with the

New York Tribune's Confession of Defeat. NEW YORK, November 15 .- The Tribune to

morrow will say editorially:

"The official count is so nearly over that there can no longer be a doubt about the result. Governor Cleveland is elected president by a plurality of a little over 1100 in a vote of nearly 1,200,-000 in this State. On the morning after élection we believed there was a plurality of a few hundred smaller than this on the other side, and were subsequently confirmed in that belief by the confident statements received by the committee as to errors and worse in the counts in Albany, Ulster, Sullivan, New York, Kings and other counties. The Albany fraud proved to affect only a county office, where it recounts in Albany, Uister, Sullivan, New York, Kings and other counties. The Albany fraud proved to affect only a county office, where it reversed the result, and in the other cases the boards of canvassers have made only small reductions. In this city an exaggerated idea of the number of defective ballots improperly rejected seems to have been adopted, because of the occasional report of thirty-six defective, when the inspectors really meant one defective with six names on it. Elsewhere many still think that Butler votes were counted for Cleveland, but with the ballots destroyed the canvassers did not establish this. Until New York and Brooklyn figures were developed we thought there was reason to believe that the plurality would not go above 500 either way. Though over double that, it is a small vote on which such momentous consequences hang. We profoundly regret the result, but it is the duty of every good citizen to accept it, and to give to the president-elect the respect the office demands."

LOGAN GIVES IT UP. The Illinois Statesman Succumbs to the

luevitable. CHICAGO, November 15 .- General Logan has given up the fight for the vice-presidency. He remarked to some friends, who were expressing their admiration at the philosophical manner in which he had borne the ordeal, that he was more concerned about how he was going to spend the next few years than in entertaining any hope or prospect of the vice-presidency. He left for southern Illinois this evening.

ALBANY TAKES IT COOLLY. So Does Cleveland, Who Carries the News

to His Sister. ALBANY, November 15 .- The reception of the news of the final result, which came at 4:30, found Albany devoid of excitement, and produced no new sensation. The fact had been expected, the effect was discounted, and three days ago the most obstinate Republicans gave up and settled down to business. The general remark was: "Glad the fuss is over. It would have been better to have admitted it at the first. Business has suffered, but now it will loom up." The Blaine and Logan clubs took in their banners and dismantled thair transparencies. The Democrats flung every flag to the breeze and feit the reaction which has come from long sustained tension. A general celebration in which all the Blaine clubs are invited to join with the Cleveland ones will occur next week. Ten thousand men are expected to be in line.

Governor Cleveland was all alone, hard at work in the executive office, when the news came, his private secretary, Colonel Lamont, having gone to visit his father. The first despatch was from E. Lynde Stetson of the Democratic counsel before the New York City canvassing board. The second was from his associate, Charles P. Miller. The third was from Aaron J. Vanderpoel. All of them stated that the city canvass was complete, and showed a plurality of at least 1147 in the State. Then came many telegrams of further information. With the remark to his doorkeeper. "I guess sister will like to Republicans gave up and settled down to

telegrams of further information. With the remark to his doorkeeper, "I guess sister will like to read these," the Governor went over to the executive mansion an hour earlier than usual, and spent the evening there with his sister, Mrs. Hoyt, receiving many telegrams, but excus-

ing himself except to very intimate Albany friends. He is calm and cheerful at his work, and in no way elated or surprised at the result, which has been apparent to him for several days. The time at which he will resign his present office may be inferred from this fact—the consultation requires him to resign to the Legislature, and it will not be in session until after January 1.

Too Busy, in Short, to be Interviewed-Vague Talk About a Contest in the

AUGUSTA, Me., November 15 .- The news of the official count in New York reached Mr. Blaine about 5 o'clock this afternoon. He was busily engaged getting together the scattered ends of his "Twenty Years in Congress." The news did not seem to affect him oneway or the other to any visible extent, not nearly so much perhaps as it did some waited upon by your correspondent, but he sent out word that he was exceedingly busy and could not spare any time for an interview. From another person intimately connected with Mr. Blaine and family it was learned that nothing was known of what had been done in New York beyond the mere fact that the count gave Cheveland the plurality, that the action of the lawyers in New York on the case was not known, and that they did not yet know whether anything would be contested in the courts or not, or if there was any tangible proof of bailots being thrown out because of being clipped. If there was, of course the managers of the party would go to the court with it. Mr. Manley, the postmaster, who accompanied Mr. Blaine on his trip West, said: "The thing is settled. I have no doubt that the count has been correct. Under the election law in New York, I do not see how there can have been any fraud, unless it was before the vote was counted." From another source the statement is made that Mr. Manley telephoned to a Hallowell politician that "this is only a hoodfum movement; we shall contest this matter in the courts Monday." It is certain that this statement is being treely circulated in Hallowell tonight, and is credited to Mr. Manley. This does not, however, in any way agree with what Mr. Manley stated to your correspondent. It is stated that several employes of the post office received their discharge tonight. other members of the family. He was soon waited upon by your correspondent, but he

THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON. Government Clerks Despondent in Antick-

pation of Their Removal. WASHINGTON, November 15 .- The news of the completion of the official canvass of the vote in New York City, and the election of Cleveland as president, was received this afternoon. The government employes as a rule were among the first to give up all hope of Blaine's election. Notwithstanding all the talk one hears about Mr. Cleveland's devotion to the principles of civil service reform and the guarded statements of Democratic leaders that changes will be made very gradually under the new administration, the government clerks do not as a rule share this flattering hope. Nine-tenth of them at heart expect to be removed with great rapidity after the 4th of March, and their uneasmess is apparent to all observers. On the streets, in the hotels and in the corridors of the departments where the government employes mostly congregate for conversation, the only cheerful talkers are men of means or those enabled to go into private business. The poorer class of public workers, which embraces more than nine-tenths of the whole number, are badly shaken up, and they will not regain confidence until their successors are appointed. There are many of the clerks who say that they believe the Democrats coming into power are responsible for the government, and should select the men to do their work. They do not think any discrimination will be made in removals in favor of soldiers of the Union army. One queer phase of the Inilabaloo among the clerks is the utter lack of confidence they feel in the civil service law as a protection in their places. This law does not prohibit removals except in certain cases, such, for example, as a refusal to contribute money for political purposes, but there are not a baker's dozen of clerks who believe that their successors will be designated in conformity with the letter and spirit of the civil service act. Explanations of the causes which led to the defeat of the Republican ticket are abundant, but those chiefly expressed by shrewd politicians are the Burchard speech and the Delmonico dinner. General such except and the Delmonico dinner. General such except in certain cases, as defeate New York City, and the election of Cleveland as president, was received this afternoon. The

ENTITLED TO CROW.

A Philadelphia Republican Paper Ready Rooster.

PHILADELPHIA. November 15 .- The News (Rep.) tomorrow will say: The official count of the vote of New York places the election of Cleve-land and Hendricks beyond a doubt. The Democratic rooster has been worsted in many a stout battle, but the nine lives of a cat are as nothing to the recuperative powers of the Democratic rooster. At last he has won by a scratch indeed, but a complete victory none the less, and it would be a scurvy trick to deny him the proud privilege of crowing to the full capacity of his lungs. The News, independent, as it is, of partisan dictation, News, independent, as it is, of partisan dictation, was an earnest supporter of the candidacy of James G. Blaine. It never hesitated to express its belief that he was the better man, and that the best interests of the country, more especially the great industrial interests upon which our common prosperity rests, demanded his election. Nor has the News minced words in the presentation of the reasons why it looked upon Grover Cleveland as unfortunately chosen by his party, and painfully lacking in the qualifications necessary to the high office to which he aspired. These views we never retract nor regret, but we shall be more than glad to find we have been mistaken. It will take time to nor regret, but we shall be more than glad to find we have been mistaken. It will take time to show; meanwhile we give the Democratic president-elect the benefit of every doubt, and extend to him the assurance of good will and support in all loyal purposes which it is the duty of every good citizen and every honest public journal to give to the man in all these 60,000,000 whom the people have called to rule over them."

"SQUEEZER CLAPP'S" LAST CONTRI-

will be used to purchase gravestones of the pattern given below to be planted in all the towns where the "G. O. P." was born. It will be remembered that Mr. Blaine discovered a large number of birthplaces during his celebrated tour:

SACRED

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE G. O. P. BORN 1854. DIED 1884. Our very hopes belied our fears, Our fear our hopes belied, We thought her dying while she slept, And sleeping when she died.

BARNUM BESIEGED

By Applicants Desirous of Purchasing His

Estate on the Terms Given by Him Prior nterview took place today between P. T. Barnum tating one of your funny jokes upon the public bune offering to sell all of your property in Bridgeport at one-quarter less than its present

Bridgeport at one-quarter less than its present acknowledged value if the Democrats elected their president."

"Why, certainly not; certainly not, my friend," said Mr. Barnum, "Those were pretty strong statements for a man to make, and I would not have made them had I not intended to live up to them. But then I have nothing to say on the subject at present. I will wait and see who the next president is."

"Then you don't at present acknowledge Blaine's defeat?"

"No, sir. Something may come up yet that will put a new aspect upon the affair. But I guess t won't indulge in polities, so please excuse me."

"Have you had any applications from persons desiring to purchase?"

"Many of them, sir: many of them. Every mail

desiring to purchase?"

"Many of them, sir; many of them. Every mail brings me a large number of applications desiring a full description of the property and the price. Why, only yesterday I received a letter from a gentleman at New Orleans distring to possess

himself of my property. I will tell the people plainly what I intend to do when the thing is settled, and until then they must be patient."

NEW YORK PRESS QPINIONS. The Tribune Explains the "Superb" Can-

vass Made by Mr. Blaine. New York, November 14.—The Sun says this morning: "Free trade has gained in this election, but it has not won a victory. Where the whole conclusion depends upon a petty plurality of 1200 votes, acquired after such a queer and phenomenal contest as we have just gone through, it cannot be said that either side is the victor. It is true the Democrats have got the presidency, and they will have the offices, but they cannot claim that they have carried the country. It is a drawn battle. Even the Democratic party, the champions of protection, led by Randall, still wear their armor, and before the thing is decided there will be lots of fight.

will be lots of fight.

The World says: We feel confident that the Independents would not allow themselves to be paid off in offices. It would destroy the noble unselfishness of their action. It would make people suspect that they used their principles only as a stepping-stone to patronage.

The Herald says: The closeness of the vote may remind the president-elect that the people at large still lack confidence in the old leaders of the Democratic party, and that he would blunder should be give himself entirely or too freely into their hands.

The Sun says: "The days over himself with the results of the confidence in the old leaders of the people at large still lack confidence in the old leaders of the Democratic party, and that he would blunder should be give himself entirely or too freely into their hands.

their hands.

The Sun says: "The debt owed by Mr. Cleveland to the independent and stalwart renegades from the opposing party is very trifling. Their desertion was prompted by a splieful and vindictive feeling toward. Mr. Blaine; and vengeance should be its own reward. Mr. Cleveland will be president, because he was nominated by a Democratic national convention, and because the bulk of the Democratic party deemed it best to ratify the action of their representatives. It would be the acme of impertinence f an eleventh hour contingent should assume to divide the patronage and dictate the tactics of the Democratic hosts."

The Tribune says: "In New York,555,000 yotes

The Tribune says: "In New York, 555,000 votes were cast for Garfield in 1880. This year there were about 558,000 votes for Mr. Blaine. In New Jersey the vote for Blaine is 2800 more than the vote for Garfield in 1880. A similar state of facts appears in o her Northern States. The Republican party has gained more votes than it has lost both by the transfer of free traders to Cleveland and by the diversion to St. John. That doesn't have a moribund look."

The Tribune also says: "We discover here and

by the transfer of free traders to Cleveland and by the diversion to St. John. That doesn't have a moribund look."

The Tribune also says: "We discover here and there a disposition to ascribe the responsibility of defeat—if defeat it is—to Blathe's candidacy. We propose to nip that complaint in the bud, by citing some plain facts. During the three years following the death of President Garfield the Republican party in the North tell into trouble and discouragement. Massachusetts, Connecticut. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Colorado, Nevada, and California were all carried in 1882 or 1883 by the Democrates. Three-fourths of the States that voted for Garfield were under Democratic governors the day Mr. Blaine was nominated. The result speaks for itself. Under Mr. Blaine, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Cotorado, Nevada and California were gloriously carried. Not only were the popular majorities large, but in nearly every case the electoral ticket ran far ahead of the State and local ticket. The final decision is still pending in New York, and here every one knows the peculiar difficulties surrounding Mr. Flaine's canvass. And yet, with the bold action of the Independents and the defection of the Prohibitionists, the ambuscade of the Conking Stalwarts and the intolerant remark of Dr. Burchard, the vote is so close that ten days after election the officers are still figuring to see whether Mr. Blaine has not as many votes as Governor Cleveland, who carried the State in 1882 by a majority of nearly 200,000. Right in this city, the very centre of the Independent strong hold, Mr. Blaine received a vote several thousands larger than was ever before given to any Republican. We cite these facts, not for any invidious comparison, but only to vindicate the superb and unparalleled canvass made by Mr. Blaine."

The Times says: "Several Republican ward as sociations in Brooklyn have taken 'up the busi-

unparalleled canvass made by Mr. Blame."

The Times says: "Several Republican ward as sociations in Brooklyn have taken 'up the business of expelling members known to have votedagainst the Republican caudidate. This brings up the question as to the future party relations of the Independent Republicans. It may be questioned whether the Republican party would profit by withholding from those who opposed one candidate for one place their future co-operation in the varied work still remaining to be done. The Independents were able to defeat the party. It is worth reflecting whether the party shall reject their aid in recovering in fature contests what has now been lost. As for the Independents themselves, their position is neither doubtful nor unpleasant. They believe that they gid the Republican party a good service in defeating a candidate who did not represent its good alms, and did embody all the evil tendencies to which the long possession of power has exposed it. They are ready and anxious to act with the party again for good ends. It may be that the party it. They are ready and anxious to act with the party again for good ends. It may be that the party will refuse them the opportunity to do so, but in view of the achievements of the last five months they are not airaid that they will fail to find ways in which, with eithre self-respect and a fair promise of success, they can perform their duties as citizens of a free country under representative government.

CLOSE VOTES IN ELECTIONS.

When Clay and Johnson Ran-In Harrison's Time-The Struggles in '52 and '60.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)
Close votes are nothing new in this country.
Mr. Hendricks knows that well enough. Or, if he does not, he need go no further than to the gubernatorial vote of Indiana in 1872 in order refresh his memory. He was elected governor of Indiana that year by a plurality of only 1148 votes. As early as 1824, in the contest between Adams and Jackson, there was a difference of only 109 in Maryland's vote on these two candidates, in favor of Adams, but it did not occur to Old Hickory to incite his minority to sack the cities and tear up the soil of Maryland. Four years later that State voted on these same candidates, and though there were nearly 25,000 additional votes divided between them, Adams still led by 1181. In 1833, when Clay and Jackson were the rival candidates, Delaware gave Clay but 166 more votes than Jackson got, and in Maryland there was an actual difference of only four votes, Clay getting 19,160 and Jackson 19,156. The vote in New Jersey that year stood: Clay, 23,392; Jackson, 23,656, a trifling yet all-important difference of 464 votes. In 1836 when Harrison and Van Buren were the petitioners of suffrage, there was a difference in Connecticut of only 768 votes, in Louisiana of 270, in Missisippi of 201, and in New Jersey of 545.

In 1840, when Harrison ran against Van Buren, there was a difference in Maryland Van Buren, were difference in Connecticut of the conne votes. As early as 1824, in the contest between

only 768 votes, in Louisiana of 270, in Missisippi of 201, and in New Jersey of 545.

In 1840, when Harrison ran against Van Buren,
there was a difference in the vote in Maine of 411,
in Michigan of 1835 in Pennsylvania of 1345 in a
total vote of 287,097, and in Virginia of 1392.
Between Clay and Polk in 1844 there were differences in Louisiana of 701 votes, in New Jersey
823, and in Tennessee, Polk's home, Clay led him
by just 113 votes. In 1848, between Taylor and
Cass, the difference between votes for the two
was in Alabama 981, in Delaware 523, in Iowa
1009, in Mississippi 615, and in Virginia 1462.

The race of Pierce against Scott in 1852 was
correspondingly close in some States, the advantage being in Delaware 25 votes, in Louislana
1392, in North Carolina 686, and in Tennessee
1880. In the memorable and remarkable contest
of 1860 Lincoln had only 657 votes the better of
Dougias in California. In 1864 my McClellan got
only 612 more votes than Lincoln in Delaware.
In California in 1868 Grant received but 506 more
votes than Seymour, and in Oregon but 164 majority. In 1872 again, between Greeley and
Grant, Delaware held her party votes within 909
of each other.

A FORTUNE LEFT TO CLEVELAND By a Pennsylvania Democrat to be Held in

[New York World.]
PITTSBURG, November 15.—A very singular bequest has been unearthed in this city by Demo-crats who have long been cognizant of its existence, but who had but little hopes that the last will and testament of an eccentric but patriotic Democrat could ever be executed. On October, 1878, Alexander McGill, a well-known citizen, who had accumulated a large fortune, became fearful that he might die and that his real and personal effects by some legal crook might come into the possession of a divorced wife. That this might not result, he made his will, giving to his former wife a nominal sum and bequeathing to his sister all his effects during her lifetime. At her death the fortune was to be divided between three aunts, sisters of his father, who were supposed to live in the county Tyrone, Ireland. Should they die in the meantime, their children, should they have any, were to inherit the portions assigned to their mothers, and should the children, if any, be dead, the whole estate was bequeathed to the president of the United States, providing he be a Democrat, in trust for and to be used in the interest of and for the success of the Democratic party. Alexander McGill, a well-known citizen, who had

amounts to considerably more than that sum. Two well-known Democrats examined the records yesterday, and forwarded to President Cleveland the substantial features of the will.

Election Losses Drive a Catskill Hotel-Keeper to Suicide. ALBANY, November 15 .- A special to the Sun

day Press from Catskill says: Major Arthur W. himself in the head today with a pistol, inflicting fatal injuries. The late election excitement and pecuniary losses unsettled his reason.

JIMMY'S BUSTED STRAIGHT.

LOST SEVENTEEN OF HER CREW.

Collision Between the Andrew Johnson and

the Thirlmere-The Former Sunk.

The ships Andrew Johnson of Thomaston, Me,

from Caleta Buena for Hamburg, and the Thirlmere, from San Francisco for Queenstown, were

in collision. The Johnson was sunk, and the latter

vessel arrived at Pernambuco last week damaged. Seventeen of the Johnson's crew were drowned,

WIFE OR CAPTIVE.

A Connecticut Village Excited Over Two

NORTHFORD, Conn., November 11.—Soon after the murder of Eldredge F. Johnson, the rich but

helpless North Madison farmer, on the night of

the 24th of last December, suspicion was attached to a supple, wiry-limbed, dark-haired man who

dwelt in a rail hut on Totoket hill. Investigation, however, did not fasten the crime on him.

Totoket hill is the mountainous elevation in North Guilford. Investigation also failed to reveal the mystery connected with the stranger, who was either an Indian, a Spaniard or a negro. The romantic side of the case came out in the fact that with this individual, who announced

himself as White Eagle, an Indian brave, was a companion, a young and handsome white woman,

who he said was a mute, and who he claimed was his wife. The appearance of this strangelyassorted couple created a more than nine days'

The girl, it was reported, was claimed by him to

be from Canada. He kept the pot, in their miser-

able hovel of sticks and mud, filled with birds and game by the use of his fowling-piece. The sub-

sidence of interest in the North Madison murder

mystery caused them to be lost sight of, but they

the woman. Occasionally he, makes a hunting tour, but he shows contempt for real labor. He is very cunning and not easily deceived.

White Eagle, or Emma, as she is better known, manifested great reluctance at telling anything about herself, and is evidently in great terror of the uegro who has mastered her. She works at washing and nouse cleaning about the place. She is tall, a blonde, quite pretty, with large blue eyes, fine skin and hair, pearly teeth and a prominent nose. The woman has been heard to speak of her mother, and today it was ascertained that she has a brother who is a teacher in Westfield, Mass. But she will not reveal the family name. She is apparently under the deepest subjection to her master who, neighbors say, handles her roughly. The extent of her submission is evinced by her living with him last winter on Totoket mountain in quarters so low that they could not stand erect in them. When she is away at work she occasionally admits that she has no comforts, and that about all she gets to eat is when she is away from home. She has also said that she was married to the negro when she was 16 years old, and that she is now 21. She is very apt at various kinds of housework.

The woman's condition fills this community

nousework.

The woman's condition fills this community with horror. It is believed that she was wrested from her home at such an early age as to have little knowledge of who she is, and it is also believed that she thinks the negro her lawful

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

Terrible Hallucination of a Lady in Mid-

Aunt's Ghost.

dleboro-Life Rendered a Burden by the

Belief That She is Pursued by Her

MIDDLEBORO, November 12 .- Several of Mid-

aleboro's business men were coming down Oak

street a few evenings since, when they were startled by the terrific shricks of a woman, who

came rushing toward them with dishevelled hair,

clothes loosely flying in the chill night air, and a

face that was fairly distorted with terror.
"Save me from her! Save me!" was her frantic

appeal, as she crouched on the ground and glared

backward into the gloom where she had so sud-

denly emerged.
"Save me," was her reiterated appeal, as she

raised her face in supplication to those whose power she believed effective even in guarding her

from the terrors of her own diseased imagina-

After some little time they succeeded in calming

After some little time they succeeded in calming her sufficiently to learn the cause of her alarm, and the woman, who by the way was young, pretty and well dressed, declared that she had just seen the ghost of her decessed aunt, with whom she had once lived, and who, she exclaimed, had abused her shamefully before her death. The terror-stricken woman insisted that it was no excitement, no hallucination, or imagination, the apparition had before appeared to her and always in a threatening attitude. She had been unable to live at her former home on account of its constant presence, and so had sought the home of a friend in this place for relief.

No amount of argument could assure her that

talk before it subsided.

Strange People from Totoket Mountain

and the remainder were landed at Pernambuco

-White Eagle and Little Eagle.

"TELL HIM I FORGIVE HIM."

Message of a Deserted Wife to a Dying Husband-News from a California Adventurer of a Quarter of a Century Ago. PORTLAND, November 13 .- The Daily Evening

Express today publishes the following: "I'm on my way to Mexico on a strange errand," said a good-looking young man of 35 to an Express reporter.
"What is it?"

"I'm going down to see my father. We were completely taken by surprise when we heard that he was alive, having believed him for twenty years to be dead. The news was a great surprise and not a very pleasant one, to my mother, who was married to her present husband in 1864."

"Where is your father?"
"In Mexico. He is rich, and has sent for me. He thinks he can't live a great while longer, and is anxious to see me before he dies."

"You see father came originally from England. He was married to my mother in Baltimore. Father was restless, but in some way he always managed to make money. He lived in Portland for a few months in 1848. In 1849 he went to California for a few months. He returned to California in 1854. Mother heard from him many times during the next few months. He sent her money quite freely. In 1856 he sent her \$1000. She wanted to move to California, but he objected; he said the country was too rough for a woman. In 1858 he sent mother \$5000, and that was the last she heard from him until recently, when he wrote to me."

"He was believed to be dead?"

"Yes."

"Were efforts made to find him?"

"Yes. All that we could discover was that he started on long mining trip, prospecting, you know, and was never again heard from. Mother received a letter from the Mayor of San Francisco in 1860, saying that there could be no doubt of father's death. In 1864 mother married a second time, and a few years later we removed to this Father was restless, but in some way he always

time, and a few years later we removed to this State." "Did your father in his letter give any explana-

"Did your father in his letter give any explana-tion of his conduct?"
"No. His letter was very brief."
"Did he send directly to you?"
"Yes, and that shows that he must have kept track of us, at least of late years. His letter ex-plained some things, at least in part, that had been wrapped in mystery before."
"How so?"

wrapped in mystery before."
"How so?"
"Some years ago, when I was about to be married, I received by mail a United States bond of quite a high figure, and have since several times had money sent me. When father wrote me he sent me a draft for \$500 to pay my expenses. He is about 70, and writes that he is very sick."
"Did ne mention your mother in his letter?"
"No, but I bear a message to him from her."
"May I ask what it is?"
"Only this. 'Tell him I forgive him.' I don't pretend to know what he left for. If I live to get back I'll tell you; that is, if you keep my name out of the papers."

ELEVEN WRECKERS WRECKED. Eight Lives Lost in the Sea Off Pictou Island-Brave Efforts to Rescue Men Drowning in a Northerly Gale.

HALIFAX, N. S., November 16 .- A despatch just received here from Pictou gives the fol-lowing particulars of a sad drowning accident which occurred there Saturday. The crew of wreckers, eleven in number, who have been at work for the past two weeks on the steamer Inversit, stranded at Pictou Island, N. S., in attempting to land in a lifeboat yesterday afternoon during a northerly gale upset on the reef

and eight of them were drowned. The cook, William Allard, noticing the accident from the shore put off in a dory, but losing an oar from the shore put off in a dory, but losing an oar could not reach them, and went adrift. He is supposed to be lost. James Curry and another launched a larger boat, and at the peril of their lives reached the upturned boat, which by this time had drifted two miles out to sea, with seven of the men clinging to it. Four of them caught hold of Curry's boat as it drifted past and were taken on board, with the exception of one named Arthur Brown, who was too weak to hold on and sank before he could be assisted. The life-boat was overturned before it could be again reached, and the three remaining, who were entirely helpless, if not already dead, were drowned. The live in Curry's boat found themselves adrift and unable to return.

Meantime the lighthouse keeper, James Hogg, and two men from the island, hearing of the accident, started in pursuit in an open boat and overdent, started in pursuit in an open boat and over-took the others four miles out to sea, and they were all got on board safely. Finding the return to the island against the gale which was then raging impossible, they headed for Pictou, and arrived there at 7 o'clock in the evening.

POISON INSTEAD OF ALCOHOL. Mrs. Jane Rush of Abington Makes s Fatal Mistake.

ABINGTON, November 12 .- Mrs. Jane Rush, re siding on Summer street, died yesterday afternoon from the effects of drinking poison from a bottle which she thought contained alcohol. Mrs. Rush, it appears, went to the office of Dr. E. P. Adams and tried to get a perscription to obtain the alcoand tried to get a perscription to obtain the alcohol, representing that she desired it for the lame back of one of her children. The physician told her that alcohol was not good for that purpose. He, however, gave her a prescription to get instead, cautioning her to be careful how she used it, as it contained poison. Mrs. Rush, it is said, has been for some time more or less addicted to the use of liquor. It is supposed that she wanted the alcohol to drink, and notwithstanding Dr. Adams told her the liquid was poison, she thought he merely did so to frighten her. Mrs. Rush was 45 years of age, and the wife of John Rush, Jr.

One Thousand Souls in Seven Weeks. TORONTO, November 14. - Rev. Thomas Harriboy preacher of Boston, began his sixth week of revival services here tonight with a jubilee for the conversion of 500 souls since he commenced work. He said the revival had attained such unexpected success that he would have to celebrate the salvation of 1000 souls by the end of seven weeks. Pennsylvania's Jesse Pomeroy.

KITTANNING, Penn., November 12.—During the absence from home of George Houser, who resides near Dayton, Armstrong county, his fourteen-year-old boy stripped his younger sister and placed her on a red-hot stove, burning her so severely that her life is despaired of.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it.

A NEW ERA FOR THE SOUTH.

The Past Forgotten, the Future Full of Promise.

Capitalists from Northern S'ates Sure of a Warm and Kindly Welcome.

Views of General Thompson and Other Prominent South Carolinians.

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 17 .- The News and Courier publishes today the views of Governor Thompson and twenty-four Democratic county chairmen in this State as to the effect of Cleveland's election on the political and in-dustrial condition of the South. The words of the correspondents differ, but the same thoughts run through the whole array of opinion and suggestion. They say frankly that the election of Cleveland means more money and less politics in South Carolina; that there will be a general revival of industries; that manufactures will be stimulated and developed by the application of additional capital; that the working people will be better paid; that the price of farm lands and of real estate generally will advance: that there will be for the whole people without distinction of condition or class, an era of political and industrial progress. Governor Thompson says: "It would be diffi-

cult to overestimate the good results which will

The Restoration of the Democratic Party to power. The election is more than a mere party triumph, won by a combination of Democrats with honest Republicans. The election is a protest against the corrupt practices which, in their long lease of power, the Republicans have permitted to increase until the very foundations of the gov-

ernment were endangered.

The relations between the two races in the South will henceforth be those of entire harmony.
The only differences between them heretofore The only differences between them heretofore have been with regard to politics. The differences have been kept alive and increased by the machinations of federal officeholders, whose only hope for continuance in office was by fomenting discord between the races and sectional differences between the two political parties. The negroes will soon learn by experience that their rights are more secure and their opportunities for improvement far greater under Democratic than under Republican rule. At each recurring federal election our people will be free from the anxiety and unrest which sectional and race issues have heretofore produced."

The views of the Democratic chairmen breath a spirit of deepest confidence in the ability and disposition of Governor Cleveland to administer the government.

The bearing of the Democratic managers toward the colored people is especially cordial, and throughout the State there is a more earnest demand that the colored people shall be treated with the greatest consideration; that they shall be pro-

the greatest consideration; that they shall be protected in all their civil and political rights and that every means possible shall be tried to improve their moral and mental condition.

The views of W. C. Benet, Democratic chairman of Abbeville county, and one of the Cleveland electors, may be cited as a specimen of the whole. He says: "Cleveland's administration will ensure political peace, and that peace is a sure sign of industrial prosperity. The moment the political adventurer and carpet-bagger is banished trom the Southern States, the colored people will work with the white man in the political field, just as he has tolled with him in the field of rice and cotton. The same day which brings death to radical rule and influence in the South will revive her commercial life and prosperity. Instead of the Northern carpet bagger, we shall see the Northern capitalists within our borders. There are no rebel yells in South Carolina. The war is ended, the negroes are settling down into the conviction that their rights are secure in the hands of the white people, with whom they have always lived, and who know their necessities best."

CRAZED BY A WOMAN.

Weddell, Cleveland's MilNennaire. CLEVELAND, November 15 .- The public was as-

sidence of interest in the North Madison murder mystery caused them to be lost sight of, but they have again come into notoriety and set gossip a going by moving into this town, which is a few miles out of New Haven on the Shore line road. Here, near the old North Guilford turnpike, in the tumble-down red house owned by Maria Todd, White Eagle and his beautiful pale-faced captive, or his wife, as the case may be, have taken up their residence. Now the people of Northford are trying to find out something about them, but so far they have been unsuccessful.

To add mystery to mystery, white Eagle's wife has found her tongue. She talks now with readiness, and is a person of limited education. From her manner it is judged that she was stolen away from scenes of civilization when very young, and has since had no opportunities for bettering her condition. Her name is Emma, but she is addressed by the more warlike title of Little Eagle. She aids in increasing the family income now by working about the viliage, while her lord and master idly sits at home making a few rush baskets or knocking over a squirrel or two with his gun. The woman is tall and well formed, and about 22 years of age. White Eagle is about 30. Though lazy, he is strong and skilful with his hands, and is a deadly shot with his rifle.

There is no doubt that the man is a full blooded negro. He is black, his hair curls tightly and he has not the slightest look of an Indian about him. He is lazy and contributes little to the support of the woman. Occasionally he makes a hunting tour, but he shows contempt for real labor. He is marriage of Horace Weddell, the ex-millionnaire banker, to Mary Simmerman, his housekeeper fo many years. A few days ago Weddell tried to shoot Sylvester Everett, to whom he ascribed his

many years. A few days ago Weddell tried to shoot Sylvester Everett, to whom he ascribed his financial ruin. It now seems that domestic more than financial difficulties crazed him.

Thirty years ago, Miss Webster of Limerick, Me., the daughter of poor parents, visited Cleveland. Her beauty and grace caused a sersation. She had several suitors, but Horace Weddell, one of the richest and handsomest young men of the city, carried off the prize. It was not, judging from subsequent events, a love match. The young bride wanted the old homestead remodelled, but the husband's love for the old house prompted him to deny her wish. They quarrelled frequently, and, as the outcome of a hot dispute one day, Mrs. Weddell tried to stab her husband. They separated that day for ever, the wife going abroad with her sons, where she remained until she died last summer in Florence. Agents from her husband tried in vain to induce her to return to him.

The sons came back to visit their father, whose hair had whitened with age and grief. They found their old nurse, Mary Simmerman, installed in the homestead, the mother of two children, whose father, the gossips said, was Mr. Weddell. Re refused to part with the woman, as the sons deslied, and there were frequent quarrels. Mrs. Weddell's remains were brought from Florence and interred at Greenwood, in Brooklyn, N, Y. Last October, Mr. Weddell, accombanied by Judge Ranney, the family lawyer, went to Meadville, Pa., with his housekeeper, whom he married. When his reason became dethroned a few days ago his mind ran on the angry conferences with the children of his first wife, one of whom he tried to shoot.

FOUND DEAD BY HIS YOUNG WIFE. The Body of a St. Louis Suicide Discovered

Sitting Upright, Burned to a Crisp. ST. LOUIS, Mo., November 15.—William Klittich, residing with his wife in a little two-story house on Keokuk street and Oregon avenue, was found early yesterday morning by Mrs. Klittich dead and sitting bolt upright in a chair, near the kitchen stove, his body being slowly consumed by flames, which had evidently been communicated to his clothing from the sparks of his pipe. The horror-stricken woman shouted for help, and The horror-stricken woman shouted for help, and in the meantime threw a bucket of water over the burning corpse of her husband. A subsequent examination disclosed a builet wound in the dead man's stomach. The expression of the face was caim and peaceful, and it is supposed that he committed suicide by shooting himself, as stated above; that he was smoking at the time and that when death ensued, it is supposed the pipe fell inside his vest where the sparks soon kindled into the fire which burned his dead body. The couple had been married but a snort time and had lived very happly, according to the general testimony of those who knew them, and no cause can be assigned for the suicide.

Married Charlie Merely for Spite. OTTAWA, Ont., November 13.—A sensation has been caused in social circles at Kingston by the marriage of a youth to an elderly lady, the reported wife of another. The mother of the young man declares that her son is under age, and that the license was procured under false representa-tions. The first husband of the bride is believed to be living in Detroit or Chicago. The mother was warned by letter from her daughter-in-law to hold her tongue; "that she had married Charlie but only for spite."

She Broke Her Old Father's Heart. LOUISVILLE, Ky., November 15.—Joseph Keck, an old Franch fruit dealer, hanged himself before daylight yesterday, leaving this note:

My daughter ran away from me. I am ashamed to live longer. I am sorry to do this, but my heart is broke, and I had better make an end of my life. Good by to all of my friends.

His daughter Rose, a pretty girl who had rejected the addresses of many repulsable admired. jected the addresses of many reputable admirers, had ran away to live with the keeper of a low saloon and dance-house.

the home of a friend in this place for relief.

No amount of argument could assure her that she was mistaken, and after she was taken home, almost by main force, the family were kept awake all night by her blereing shrieks and her attempts to run from the terrible form she seemed to see before her.

On the following morning she left town, seeking relief elsewhere.

The lady is about 25 years of age, respectably connected and of styish and attractive appearance. Her mind is perfectly clear except in this one particular—of super passes by the boat of her anni. A Husband's Death Contract Tardily Fulfilled.

DETROIT, November 14.—Several weeks ago John Downey and wife, of Windsor, Ontario, being destitute, mutually agreed to drown themselves in the river. The wife did so, but the hus band's courage failed him. He was arrested for murder when the wife's body was found, but dis-charged upon the true facts coming out. Today Downey fulfilled his death contract by handle

AROUND THE FARM.

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

is the acetous and acetic acids of the chemist. It is yielded at a certain stage of the fermentation all sweet vegetable juices; but each of these imparts its own special characteristics, so that the vinegars of commerce are distinguished by the addition of the article from which it is derived, as malt vinegar, cider vinegar, wine vinegar, etc. Vinegars seldom contain more than about 5 per cent, of the absolute acid, and their color and flavor depend materially upon the ingredients of which they are made. In England they are usually made of malt; in France of grapes; in Germany of grapes, beet root or potatoes; In the United States from elder principally, except in the western portion, where they use whiskey for this purpose. In the manufacture of malt vinegar the ordinary plan is to make a decoction of ground malt in a mash tun, similar to what is used by brewers, 100 gallons of water being used for every six bushels of malt. It is important, in an economical point of view, to extract during the brewing the whole of the saccharine matter contained in the malt, and this is best done, not by putting in all the water at once, but by making two or three separate brews. The first should be heated to about 180° Fahrenheit, the others rather higher, or up to the boiling point. Of course the last yield will be much weaker, but they all pass into the same receptaele, and so become mixed together. The wort thus produced is allowed to settle, and is then drawn off and left to cool; four gallons of yeast are then added and well stirred in. After remaining about a day and a half the liquor is transferred to the casks, in which it remains about three months, by which time it is converted into vinegar. The casks are only partially filled, and have the bungholes left open and a hole bored in each end near the upper edge, so that there shall be free access of air during the whole time. Without this the acetic fermentation will not take place. In summer time no artificial heat is required for this last operation; the casks are ranged in long tiers in the yard without any other protection from the weather than a loose cover over the bunghole during rain. In winter fielding cannot be attempted, the casks are then ranged in apartments which are maintained at a temperature of about 75° F. This vinegar, having thus been made, is drawn off from the casks and put into the refining vessels to be clarified. These consist of tuns fitted with a double bottom, between which the refuse skins and stalks of grapes from the wine makers are put, and through which the vinegar has to filter. A tap below the level of the false bottom allows the outflow of the vinegar, after fitration, into a cistern, from which pumped up again into the refining vat to repeat the same operation. This is done several times until the vinegar becomes clear and bright, when it is ready to be put into casks for market. The method of making vinegar from eider is to put the cider in casks holding from fifty to 100 gallons, resting upon strong wooden frames, supported by pillars of wood or stone of eighteen inches in height. Several such casks are placed in rows, and, when acetification is carried on in the open air, eight, ten, fitteen or twenty such ranks constitute what is termed a vinegar field. Two holes are bored in

the upper surface of the front end of each

cider, as also to draw off the vinegar when formed; and the smaller allows an influx or efflux of air

as the eask is emptied or changed. The chief aim of the person who wishes to carry on a vinegar

factory is to have a good fermenting room, where

the cider is exposed to an even temperature, hav-

ing a copious supply of atmospheric air and moderate ventilation, the air-holes for this purpose being constructed so as to admit of being closed

in windy weather. Low-roofed apartments are the most suitable; when there is a high ceiling it

is necessary to elevate the mothers, in order that

they may occupy the higher strata of warm air: trouble is dispensed with when the roofs

The larger serves to charge the cask with

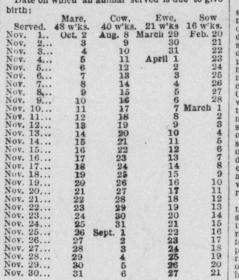
are low. Experience has pointed out that in high-roofed apartments, when the casks are placed at different levels, the uppermost work off quicker and better than the others. In the evept of new mothers or vessels being used, it is needful to fill them one-third full with the strongest vinegar at a boiling temperature. This forms the stock, or true mother; the charges of cider added each time are two and a half gallons to each cask, and an interval of eight days is allowed for the acetification of each charge before adding another of fresh cider. This treatment is continued-of charging and allowing eight days to One-third of the centents of each mother is then siphoned off and run into the store casks, and the process repeated anew of charging every eight days till the mothers are refilled as before, Some manufacturers do not suffer the vinegar to remain in the emothers till they are -thirds full, but siphon off at the end of every sixth or eighth charge, twelve or fifteen gallons of vinegar. The mothers should never be charged with more than the above quantity, in order to carry on a steady and efficient mode of acetification. Occasionally it happens that eight days are not sufficient to finish every charge; this is more unaccountable from the fact that the backward casks receive the same amount of care and have the same temperature as those which work well. It often happens that the casks in the warmest part of the room are those which are backward or lazy, as they are termed. In this event nothing remains but to empty such mothers of their contents and fill them with hot, strong vinegar, when, on adding fresh charges, the acetous fer-mentation recommences, and goes on as briskly as the rest. Sometimes fresh quantities of a stronger cider and an increase of temperature are supplied, to quicken the fermentation in such casks -which mode is often successful. The laziness of the mother is attributed to very vague and unsatisfactory causes, some regarding it as the effect of the electrical state of the casks and liquid. It has been recommended to isolate the mothers as much as possible, and to use little or no iron in the construction of the casks. To ascertain if the liquor has fermented, the following one end, is plunged into the mothers, and drawn out in a horizontal direction; if the rod be vered with a thick white froth-flowers of vinegar-the operation is said to be terminated: if the froth be reddish brown more cider is added, and the temperature increased thil the whole is acetified. In summer the natural heat is sufficient, but in winter the mothers are heated, by means of a stove, to about 80° Fahrenheit. The prevailing temperature should range between 75° and 80° Fahrenheit. When proper attention has been paid to the manufacture the mothers usually work off double their contents of vinegar annually. There are two practical inconveniences in the process of making vinegar as described—the length of time required and the large space occupied by the rows of casks. As the action is de pendent upon the supply of air to the fermenting wort, it is evident that by increasing the surface of the liquor which is exposed to this oxidizing influence, a larger quantity will become acetified in the same space of time, Good vinegar is at present made from alcoholic liquors in the course of thirty-six hours to forty eight hours. The slow and quick process are conducted upon the same principle; namely the oxidation of the alcohol; but the manner in which it is oxidized is d'fferent-the surface ex posed in the quick method being many thousand times more extensive than in any former one. The liquor is made to pass through a large tun filled with beechwood shavings, near the bottom of which holes are bored to admit the air, while in the lid are little pipes or chimneys for carrying off the waste gases. By this arrangement the liquid gradually trickles down, exposing an immense surface to the air, which, at the same time, is passing upwards through the vat, and the fina result is accelerated in proportion. When a vat is fresh started, some hot, strong vinegar is passed through it for a day or two, in order to saturate the shavings and give them the character of mother liquor, which expedites the conversion of the rest. While the accidication is going on in the vat the temperature must be carefully watched with a thermometer, as the tendency of the operation is to generate heat, and if this proceeds too far the spirit is driven off in the shape of aldehyde, which is a highly volatile substance, and a pro-portionate quantity of vinegar is lost. When thick, muddy liquors, or those contain ng much organic substance or other mucilaginous matters are filtered through the tun, their dregs deposit

on the shavings, the accumulation of which prevents the liquor from percolating, and consequently the further oxidation of the alcohol is arrested. Should this happen the shavings are withdrawn from the lun, washed with hot water.

then steeped in strong vinegar, as in the

forementioned instance, and returned to the tun; or a stream of hot water may be made to pass through without taking out the shavings, and afterward hot, strong vinegar, as before stated. It is better, however, always to use liquors free from sedimentary or slimy matters to charge the tuns; and if there be any such they should first be clarified before submitting them to acetification. When these precautions are observed, the tuns will not so soon require cleansing, and the products will be purer and better. The conversion of alcohol into vinegar never takes place in the common process without the presence of an albuminous substance, and of the conditions favorable to all fermentations, besides the necessary access of air, not only at the commence-ment—as suffices for the vinous—but during all its course. Hence every weak, spirituous liquor which contains an albuminous matter or any fer-ment may, with contact of air and a temperature of from 60° to 90° Eahrenheit, give birth to vinegar. If the mixture be too rich in alcohol, or if the nitrogenized matter be absent, or if the temperature be much above or below these two points, the phenomena of acetification ceases.

NOVEMBER BREEDERS' TABLE. Date on which an animal served is due to give



Bee Culture for Women

Few not directly interested are aware of the importance and progress of the bee-keeper's art. It at present supports in the United States eight excellent periodicals-one a weekly-which are devoted exclusively to its interests. Its national organization is very active and influential. Many State, inter-State and district' societies are ably State, inter-State and district' societies are ably maintained by the bee-keepers of our country. The State of Michigan has a flourishing State organization which has just held its eighteenth annual session, which was attended by between 200 and 300 bee-keepers. Besides this, there are eight district associations in the State, most of which hold two meetings each year. There are six books on bee-keeping now before the American public, all but one of which hare recent. Most of them are not only up with the times, but are thorough and exhaustive. Specialists in this art are making more than a living; they are securing a competency. Amateurs, or those who practice bee-keeping as an avocation, are adding materially to their incomes by keeping bees. I know of a clergyman, one of the most successful in his denomination in the State in which he resides, who has secured more of an income from his bees during each of the past two years than from his salary. Of course, many fail in apiculture, become despondent and abandon the pursuit. In this it is just like every other business. But when we consider the amount of labor and capital required, I know of no manual labor pursuit that offers better or surer returns for earnest and intelligent effort than does apiculture. But I wish especially to call attention to the advantages which either as a vocation or avocation bee-keeping offers to our women, who, for recreation, for health or of necessity, must employ their physical energies: 1st. The labor required in managing a small aphary is not so severe that any woman of average strength and endurance cannot easily perform it. Indeed, I know of several women, some of whom adopted the business because failing health demanded out-door employment, who have successfully managed large aplaries. But let us hear from the ladies maintained by the bee-keepers of our country. employment, who have successfully managed large aplaries. But let us hear from the ladies Mrs. L. Harrison of Illinois, one of our abjest

Mrs. L. Harrison of Illinois, one of our ablest bee-keepers; and best writers on apleuleure, laughs at the idea that women are not able physically to manage bees. She offers her long and successful experience as a standing argument to the contrary. Said "Cynla Lenswik," whose beautiful articles have so often charmed the readers of our bee journals, in a paper read at the Michigan convention in 1877: "I would gladly purchase exemption from indoor work on washpurchase exemption from indoor work on washing-day by two days' labor among the bees, and I find two hours' labor at the ironing table more fatiguing than two hours of the severest toil that the apiary can exact." Mrs. L. B. Baker, a very successful bee-keeper, writes: "But I can say, dee-keeping), I give bee-keeping the preference as nore profitable, healthful, independent and enjoy-ble. I find the labors of the aplary more en-

able. I find the labors of the aplary more endurable than working over a cook stove indoors, and more pleasant and conducive to health." The bundreds of successful lady bee-keepers in our country prove that the above are not exceptional cases, and demonstrate the ability of women to do all that successful apleulture requires.

Secondly, this is healthful, and offers ladies the long-desired opportunity to work in the out-door air. One of the most noted bee-keepers, not only in America but in the world, sought in bee-keeping her lost health, and found not only health but reputation and influence. Mrs. Harrison states that the physicians told her she could not live; but apleulture did for her what the physicians could not do—restored her to health, and gave her such vigor that she has been able to work a large aplary for years. Says Mrs. Baker: "I believe that many of our delicate and invalid ladies would find refor years. Says Mrs. Baker: "I believe that many of our delicate and invalid ladies would find renewed vigor of body and mind in the labors and recreations of the aplary. By beginning in the early spring, when the weather was cool and the work light. I became gradually accustomed to out-door labor, and by mid-summer found myself as able to endure the heat as my husband, who had been accustomed to it all his life. Previously, to attend an open-air pichic was to return with a headache." Thus words, and, better, deeds, prove that this vocation is not only healthful but healthgiving to our ladies.

Thirdly, there are no discounts upon labor in the aplary, because performed by a woman. As Mrs. Harrison said at the national convention at Lexington, Ky., in 1881: "I am never asked to take less for my honey because produced by a woman." The same skill and labor in the aplary bring the same reward, whether exercised by man

woman. The same reward, whether exercised by man or by woman. Aye, more, women even excel in this art. The finest honey I ever saw was produced by a lady bee-keeper. This lady's noney found its way to Eugland, and was honored by special mention. The delicate taste and deft fingers of our ladies make them to excel in the production of the beautiful comb honey. It is certain that the average man can never cound the average

special mention. The delicate taste and deft fingers of our ladies make them to excel in the production of the beautiful comb honey. It is certain that the average man can never equal the average woman in the production of this mecomparable luxury of our tables. That women can succeed I have only to refer to Mrs. Baker's experience to prove. She commenced with only two colonies, a wise course, and the first year her net profits were over \$100, and the second year nearly \$300. Mrs. Baker kept bees six years without ever losling a single colony.

Lastly, apiculture is a real source of recreation. If but a few colonies are kept the pleasure will be very great. There is so much that is interesting and wonderful about bees that no one with a keen appreciation for the beautiful can work among them and study their nature and instincts, as the successful bee-keeper must, without becoming enamored of the work. Miss L. Wilkins, who produced the beautiful honey already referred to, and whose honey, exhibited at the last meeting of the State Society of Michigan, was the nicest sample I ever saw, says: "I repeat that apiculture offers to many women not only profit but pleasure." Says Mrs. Baker, "My own experience in the apiary has been a source of interest and enjoyment far exceeding my anticipations." It is hardly necessary to remark that ladies of little vigor and infirm health can only care for a very few colonies, and must have sufficient strength to bend over a hive and lift small frames of comb loaded with brood or honey, and to carry an empty hive. With the proper thought and skilful plan, and, above all, promptitude and perseverance, make up for physical weakness, should enlist as bee-keepers. A word of advice to beginners: First, procure some good manual and become thoroughly conversant with the theory of the business before the practice is commenced. Secondly, if possible spend a few days with some able bee-keeper before commencing. Such an experience will remove timidity and shilw how safely bees may be headed. mencing. Such an experience will remove timidity and show how safety bees may be handled. Thirdly, do not begin with more than two colonies, use small frames in the hives, so they may be light to handle, and be sure to start with pure Italian bees, as they are far more amiable than other races .- [Rural New Yorker.

Hints on Cheese Making.

When the associated system of dairying was introduced, all worked essentially in what is termed the sweet-curd system, as since promulgated by Professor L. B. Arnold, and generally adopted in Canada and by many cheese makers in the States, in every case with material improvement in the in every case with material improvement in the product. Old-fashioned private cheese making was conducted mainly in accordance with the sweet-curd system. But when milk was put warm into cans, often not properly cleaned and hauled long distances to the factory, the hot sun tlazing on it, a new revelation was made to the cheese maker in the factory. He had tainted milk and floating curds, and could give no explanation, and "off flavor" soon became familiar to all. Very

little was known about the nature of rennet, and nothing about its mode of action. But some one discovered that letting the curd stand in the whey nutfl it soured in a measure subdued bad odors and flavors, and made the cheese firmer. The firmness just met the desire of buyers and handlers for cheese that would stand up, and they at once favored that idea. But let it not be supposed that all factorymen at once accepted the act. practice. Far from it. Many a hot discussion was had over it in conventions and in private. "No sour curds for me!" was a phrase often heard. Gradually, however, the acid notion stole through the brains of a cheese maker like a dream, and they finally became wedded to it with all the tenacity of unenlightened habit. But there was a stern public protest against this dry, hard cheese of the factory. Many refused to eat it, and it became fixed in the minds of makers that home consumption demanded a soft cheese. Investigators found that the firm and square-edged factory cheese was not as digestible as old-fashioned brivate dairy cheese. Old cheese eaters declared this to be a fact. Finally scientists went to work to find the cause of indigestibility. About the same time Professor Voelcker in England and Professor Arnold lit this country declared in favor of sweetcurd cheese. In conjunction with Dr. Engelbardt, chemist of the American Dairy Salt Company, Syracuse, N. Y., Professor Arnold had made a series of experiments by digesting a large number of samples of all kinds of cheese in pepsin, and they discovered the fact that indigestibility or responded very closely to the amount of acid in the cheese. Why was yet to be discovered.

Meanwhile, a heated controversy sprung up. All sorts of misunderstandings prevailed about the responded very closely to the amount of acid in the cheese. Why was yet to be discovered. Meanwhile, a heated controversy spring up. All sorts of misunderstandings prevailed about the nature of the reform proposed in the manufacture of cheese, and it sometimes looked as if whiful and designing uisrs-presentation added to the confusion. Certainly, considerable acid appeared in the discussion. Some claimed that nothing new was profosed, and some asserted that Professor Arnold's teachings were false and disastrous. A good many have not yet got beyond this stage of the controversy. But the marked improvement in Cahadian cheese and the highest price paid for it, where Professor Arnold's ideas had been adopted, together with the marked success of many cheese makers in the States who have followed his instructions, have done much to break down the opposition, and there is now a gradual return to sweet curds. The better knowledge of milk and of rennet action, with improvements in milk production and handling by patrons, renders this change easier by removing some of the troubles arising from tainted milk. So the opposition has weakened, and the wheels of progress continue to roll on.

roil on.

While Professor Arnold took no part in the controversy, only mildly trying to make people understand what he meant, he continued his investigations to find out what the acid did to cheese to render it insoluble and indigestible. He finally found out that the lactic acid dissolved the phosphates, and the whey running out of the curd carried the phosphates with them. When these are out, or to the extent that they are out, the cheese becomes indigestible. The phosphates are actually necessary in cheese, as on them depends its solubility, and hence its digestibility. These phosphates are of lime, iron, soda and magnesia. The first, phosphate of lime, constitutes about one-half of the ash of cheese when burned. The problem is to retain them in the curd.

It is no new thing that digestibility of food should depend on the presence of some particular ingredient. We have the same thing in fertilizers, which must be soluble for plant food, some small ingredient, like sait or potash, being necessary to their solubility. A very small amount of some ingredient may render a soil fertile or infertile; as, for instance, the phosphates. No amount of fertilizers will make the soil productive if these are lacking. Supply these, and nothing else, and the whole surface seems to at once spring into life. Health and disease often depend on the presence or absence of some element, perhaps very small in amount, or in insufficient quantity or in surpulsage.

Now, the fact about cheese appears to be that, While Professor Arnold took no part in the con-

Now, the fact about cheese appears to be that, in making, if we get on the acid before the whe sufficiently expelled the phosphates go out the whey; or, if we allow the curd to he samelently expensed the phosphates go out when the whey; or, if we allow the curd to lie and soak in sour whey it causes a waste of the phosphates, and this to such an amount that only 10 to 15 per cent, of cheese is soluble in pep-in when nearly all of it should be soluble. But if we draw the whey sweet, or even on the verge of turning acid, and get the rennet action ahead of acidity, so little or no whey is to be expelled after the acid develops, the phosphates are all or nearly all retained. We may then cheddar the curd, or keep it loose by stirring if preferred without damage. The more it is then aired the better for the escape of bad odors with the volattle oils, and for this purpose stirring is favorable. But the temperature should e kept above 90° until the curd is ready for the press. If the whey is reduced 40 per cent, the cheese will not leak, When cured whole-mik cheese should contain about one-third water, one-third fat and one-third caseine.

There is no trouble in making a firm cheese by this process, which escapes the development of coestic acid, and retains the phosphates. The sugar will always turn to lactic acid at some stage. It is not necessary that it should be before curd is t to press. It is not necessary to spinning on

the hot iron. In the curing-room the acid gradually splits into alconol and carbonic acid gas and escapes, teaving little or no trace. But if the proportion of water to caseine is too much reduced, curing will be impertect.—T. D. Curtis. What Progress in Stock?

We have been inquiring of farmers and stock-breeders throughout the West what progress is eing made in stock-raising in their locality. The answers all indicate that stock is attracting universal attention. More grass and more stock is the rule of progress, and improved stock is generally required. The prejudice against the improved breeds of stock has given place to enthuastle admiration, because the more p ogressive armers and breeders in every county have dem-instrated the practical value and superior farmers and breeders in every county have demonstrated the practical value and superior merits of the improved breeds over scrub stock. Western farmers and breeders now lead the world in stock-breeding, both in quantity and quality. The best of all good breeds of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs have been liberally imported from foreign countries, and with our liberal feed, fine grass and water, and superior stock raising facilities, with that ambition to have the best of everything in stock breeding, we are now enabled to sell back to the old world our high grades at reintenerative prices to us, which is cheaper than they can raise them. Hence it is the general tendency of our farmers to convert their grain fields into grass for stock. The uncertainty of grain crops depending upon good seasons can no longer successfully compete with stock raising, and by investing the same amount of money that is required in machinery for grain farming in good breeding stock, in ten years, by the increase of the stock, will create a valuable herd, by keeping the females and selling the males to pay running expenses, while the farm machinery will be worn out and worthless.

The Western States have developed a superior grass country, and stock and grass in this day and age will make any country prosperous, if the improved breeds of stock are bred. With the best stock country on earth, and the most and best stock, the West leads the world in stock breeding.

age will make any country prosperous, it the birstock country on earth, and the most and best stock, the West leads the world in stock breeding, and this improved stock breeding is not only more profitable, but it gives more dignity, influence and importance to farming, and makes the farm more inviting to the merchant, manufacturer or capitalist, as well as more attractive and popular for the young farmer. Both the old and the young farmer can more profitably engage his surplus capital in improved stock breeding than in any channels of trade or speculation, for just as true as like produces like does a \$200 animal produce offspring that, with two or three years' feeding, will sell for \$200. Thus the stockbreeder cuts off his coupons of 100 per cent, every year. Whether it is \$100, \$500 or \$2500 paid for a female breeding animal of good recordence that the offspring is worth just as much every year. Whether it is \$100, \$500 or \$2500 paid for a female breeding animal of good recorded pedigree, the offspring is worth just as much Improved sires are equally profitable in paying for themselves every year. The spirit of our ex to themselves every year. The spirit of our ex-tensive intercourse with our readers throughou the West will bear us out in this universal adop-tion of improved stock-breeding, either of ful blood stock or by grading up with full blood sires —[Western Agriculturist.

The idea appears to prevail that the farmers or ranchmen in the Western States and Territories are to have a monopoly in the future of the meat supplies of the country. Many Eastern farmers have read and heard so much about the great herds of cattle on the Western plains, and how easily and cheaply stock is raised there, that they

nave read and heard so much about the great herds of cattle on the Western plains, and how easily and cheaply stock is raised there, that they are ready to seil off what few animals they happen to own and try something likely to be more profitable on their small but usually excellent farms. It is true that the operations of a farmer with lifty or 100 head of cattle do look rather diminutive by the side of a Western herd of 10,000 to 20,000; but the Eastern farmer, with his 100 head, may make as much clear profit out of that number as the ranchman with his 5000 or 10,000. The latter has to run far greater risks, for he neither feeds nor protects his stock from cold in winner, and nature often deals with his animals rather roughly. When beef becomes so abundant, from its influx from these far Western herds as to lower the price in Ea tern markets to a point where there is no longer a margin for profit, then it will be time for the farmers of the East to talk about abandoning stock-raising altogether, but not before.

In the last few years the cattle business has been pushed very vigorously in the West or on what is generally called the plains, beyond the Mississippi valley, and while in many instances the stockmen in these regions have been fairly successint, hundreds of ohers have unterly failed to make the business pay, owing to the severe losses of stock from droughts cutting off the feed in summer, and the severity of the weather in winter, which almost every year destroys more or less animals in every herd. We have known incances when 60 per cent. of all the cattle and sneep over an extensive region of country died from exposure and want of tood, and this, too, in what has heen considered the milder regions east of the Rocky mountain range. There is very little good range for stock left unoccupied at the present time; many extensive ranges are already overstocked, and the wid grasses are diffed out there is nothing left but the dry, hard, adobe soil, for none of the tame or what are called cultivaled species

to gather sufficient food during the day or night. There are, to be sure, milions of acres of land still unoccupied by cattle raisers, but they are without water, and, therefore, of no use or value to any one, unless some new and at present unknown source of water supply is discovered.

The farmers of eastern Kansas, Nebraska, and from thence eastward and southward, need have no fear of the stockmen on the plains to the westward ever gutting the markets with beef or multon, for they have neither the climac nor natural food for stock with which to do it, no matter how much boasting may be employed to make the world believe in the natural capabilities of those regions. There are, indeed, some choice and sheltered localities, with rich natural pastures, but they are very limited in area, and cannot be very greatly extended by any artificial device or means. Stock on the plains are constantly in danger of suffering for food in summer, owing to the ever-recurring droughts of these regions, and it is not a rare thing to see hundreds and thousands of head driven into the foot-hills and mountains, where small patches of grass and the leaves of some shrubs and weeds will help to prevent starvation. In winter whos and snows are even more destructive to stock than droughts in summer, and, taking those disadvantages into account, the stockmen on the plains or even in the vaileys of the Rocky mountain regions are not to be envied by the farmers of other parts of the country, even with all of their much talked-of natural advantages.

The farmers in the more settled portlons of the country will aiways have the advantage in the way of price over those who are at a great dis-

The farmers in the more settled portlons of the country will always have the advantage in the way of price over those who are at a great distance from the market, and, furthermore, good, well-bred stock that have grown thriftly from birth tipward will always be better meat than serub animais that lived under adverse conditions and in a half wild state. The great stock range of the Southwest and what may be termed the middle regions of the West, near the base of the Rocky mountains, may be able to furnish the frames upon which to place good beef and mutton, but the finishing off and preparing the article for the butcher will have to be done elsewhere and upon some other kind of food than can be found in the regions to which we refer.—[Sun.

Pork Making at the East.

To make pork cheaper in the East there must be more Western methods. By making pork I mean the raising and fattening of swine. There are some Western methods, however, which I would not commend. There should always be a shelter for pigs, shelter in summer from the hot sun, and for pigs, shelter in summer from the hot sun, and in winter from the cold. Both are important, but the latter is necessary, or profits will be trozen out. It may be accepted as an established fact that comfort is a chief factor in handling stock, and without it the balance on the side of profit will be smail. To fill the stomachs of animals with food, and then expect this food to make its proportion of growth when it is all required to withstand the cold and stop out the winter winds, is a kind of Western philosophy which we do not want to practice. In the East corn is not so plenty that we can make of it both pork and pigsty, and I do not believe the Western pork raiser is wise in trying to make up with food the warmth which he should give his hogs by protecting them from the cold.

Another thing: Exposure is a natural way to

Another thing: Exposure is a natural way to lay the foundation for diseases. The system is thus prepared to readily take any distemper or disease which can be imparted; and not only this, but exposure is of itself a basis of disease. It is both a cause and a creator. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why diseases among swine are so much more prevaient among Western swhie herds than in the East, where every farm has some sort of a pigsty. The foundation for diseases hay be laid in winter and developed in summer. One year dogs chased my sheep in midsummer. The next March several died, and, upon examination, I found they had died from consumption of the lungs. I never had any doubt but that this disease was caused by the over-exertion and the inflammation which followed the running away from the dogs. In my mind it is possible to establish an inflammation of the int-rnal organs—lungs, liver, kidney, etc.—which will culminate months afterward with it at all results. Exiosure means with me loss of profit and danger of disease.

The Western posion of saving labor is a good. Another thing: Exposure is a natural way to

months afterward with latal results. Extosure means with me loss of profit and danger of disease.

The Western notion of saving labor is a good one. They want the pig to wait on himself, and so he will, if given a chance. There are some queer anomalies about pigs. When shut up, if more food is placed before them than they require for a single meal, they will gorge themselves, become cloyed, and probably get sick. It will never do to give them more food at a time than they can eat with a good appetite. When running in a field it makes no difference bow much food swine may have, as they will not hurt themselves, but will actually grow better and fatten faster than when shut up. Such has been my experience. I admit that a careful feeder might take a let of hogs, shut them in a pen and feed them there, and make them gain faster than they probably would if they ran out in a field and had the same quantity of food. Understand me—I say "a careful feeder." With the majority of feeders the hogs would do best to have the run of a pasture lot, so that they might have the benefit of the leachings of instinct to counteract the effects of overfeeding. They could also get other food to act as antidotes, and to give tone to gorged and inflamed organs. When allowed to run in a field of corn or pease, they eat what they want, then root around, lie down and sleep. There is now waste of muscle or energy in trying to get the most, but a complaisant and quiet manner, which indicates perfect satisfaction.

The wholesale methods of Western stock-raisers are hardly appreciated by the Eastern farmer with his small fields and little herds; but this dif-

ers are hardly appreciated by the Eastern farmer with his small fields and little herds; but this difference in condition need not prevent us from fol-lowing them to such extent as we can. We cerlowing them to such extent as we can. We certainly can profit by their example and reduce the labor connected with making pork. The Western farmer competes with us successfully because he reduces the cost of production below ours, and then pays the freight to long distances besides. We can hardly afford to turn the cattle into the corn, with the hogs to follow, as this would be a little too wholesate; but we can turn the hogs into pease and secure the same result—cheap food and little labor. We cannot afford to waste the corn stalks, which to us are almost equal to hay as fodder in the winter, and are too important a part of the crop to be trodden under the feet of the cattle and wasted. The stalks will pay for the husking and handling of the corn, and beef feeding can be better managed by utilizing the stalks and corn in the stable. Corn will pay better when gathered and fed than by turning the bogs into the fielt. There is no doubt of this with us. The only exception would be to have ready in midsummer a, lot of early sweet corn, which could be utilized to make unit or pork. An attempt to pasture this with cattle or hogs would not work well, for half of it would be made foul and wasted. The cattle would not eat it after the hogs had mussed over it, and the hogs would not touch a stalk to eat it until after the ears were all gone, and they would foul every stalk which bad an ear on it, and others also when ears were all gone, and they would foul every k which bad an ear on it, and others also when

talk which bad an ear on it, and others also when looking for ears.

The Western corn is so strong growing and so tall that the hogs can only get the leavings of the cattle, and whatever they may find in the excrement. There is a way, however, to utilize sweet corn, but it involves labor—just what we are trying to get rid of as much as possible. The ears may be plucked and fed to the swine, and the stalks cut and fed to the cattle. So great is the utility of a lot of sweet corn on the farm that it should be made a necessary crop. Store hogs will do well when fed stalks and all, and I have fattened old nogs on this kind of food alone. Very few farmers appreciate their value. There may be three months of this cheap feeding by planting different varieties, so as to extend the time of maturity.

be three months of this cheap feeding by planting different varieties, so as to extend the time of maturity.

The easiest way to cope with the West, and I am inclined to think the one which may make pork raising at the East an abiding success, is to sow pease and turn the hogs into them as soon as they are matured, not waiting for them to be nully ripe. All of the objections which might naturally arise as to waste, want of proper mastication, etc., are speedily removed by actual experiment. Sixty-five old hogs and pigs were turned into less than three acres of pease on Kirby homestead the past summer, where they ran for two months. The old hogs had been fed nothing since early in May, at which time they were turned into the orchard grass pasture. They were somewhat tilin, as the dry weather had made the pasture scanty. At the end of the two months, when the pease were all eaten up, they were fit to butcher. From May to the middle of September the old hogs received no care, and cost no labor, as they helped themselves to drink from springs in the fields. Several sows had pigs white in the pease, and did well, and were left to run with their young without other food. They grew better than others shut in pens and fed. They were of better shape, and kept fat. To have made this system of feeding more perfect there should have been a fresh clover pasture the last of June, and then a change to orchard grass, or sweet corn fodder in July, before the pease were ready, and there should also have been more pease. Next year the area of pease will be doubled, with plenty of sweet corn and a change of pasture. By these shaple means I expect to compete with the West, with its §reat hereds and corn fields, and make the hog an important factor for enriching the farm, and wait upon himself while doing it.—[Country Gentleman.

There Systems of Milk Setting. In the last number of the Milch Zeitung is given an account of a careful series of tests by three experts of the keeping and other qualities of fifty samples of butter, made at different places from cream separated from the milk in different ways, cream separated from the milk in different ways, and especially by the centrifugal machine, by the ice-cooling or Swartz system, and by the ordinary Holstein method, where the milk without any special cooling is set at once in shallow pans in a cellar kept at about 56° or 57° Fah. In view of Professor Arnold's recent comments on ice in the dairy, and the increasing importance of the question of the usefulness of the centrifugal creamer to the dairyman, these results have a value and interest extending beyond the country where they were made.

were made.

In respect to quality at the outset, the samples of butter from cream gathered by the oldest method of simple cool setting took the lead; 50 per cent, of these samples were rated as fine or very fine, against 30 per cent, of those by the lee-cooling system, and 38 per cent, by the centrifugal; 50 per cent, of the samples from centrifugal cream were rated as simply good, against 20 per cent, by the lee-cooling system, and 22 per cent, by the simple cool setting. This difference in favor of the older systems against the centrifugal is attributed by the writer rather to the greater care taken in the manufacture of the butter in the long-established dairles than to any real defect in the centrifugal cream, and that this greater care appears to be actually necessary in order to secure

from the milk and the fresher its condition, or the tess time there is for any changes to take place in the milk while the cream is being removed, the better are the chances for getting nine butter that will hold its good qualities.

Comparing the system of simple cool setting with the ice-cold setting, the butter from the latter showed better keeping qualities; of the samples from this system, 50 per cent. kept either well or very well, against 43 per cent. of the samples from the cool setting; and, what was worse for the cool setting; it was found that 31 per cent. of the samples kept badly or very badly, against 20 per cent. of the samples from the ize-cooling system, and against 10 per cent. from centrifugal cream. As to the effect of the manner of souring the cream on the keeping quality, the same differthe cream on the keeping quality, the same difference was observed as in respect to quality at the outset. Cream from either of the older systems soured by warming gave the best butter for keeping, while centrifusal cream prepared by the addition of souring material gave the best result in this respect.—[Tribune.

Nutritive Value of Various Foods.

Below is given an analysis of buckwheat: Per-haps the commonest article of food for breakfast in winter throughout the eastern, Middle and Western States is buckwheat cakes with butter and syrup. As will be seen from the analysis, and syrup. As will be seen from the analysis, buckwheat contains a very large proportion of food for heat and very little for brain and muscle. Both sugar and butter contain little else than material for heat, and when they are used with buckwheat the result is an astonishingly small amount of material which will help one to work with either brain or muscle. Of course people wid have their cakes, but, if one cares to work easily and satisfactorily, he must also eat a fair proportion of some article which contains food for muscle and brain, say lean beef or oatmeal. One hundred parts of buckwheat contains the following:

 ing:
 14.2

 Water
 8.6

 Heaters
 75.4

 Brain and bone
 1.8

 Buckwheat contains a large proportion of waste material, and is therefore a good food for one of constinuted habits. Barley analyzes as follows:
 Water
 14.0

 Material for muscle
 13.0

 Material for heat
 69.5

 Material for brain
 3.5

It will be seen that barley contains a large proportion of food for both brain and muscle. It is only used in the form of gruel or barley cakes. It does not make light bread. It, like buckwheat, contains a large proportion of waste. Beans contain the following:
 Water
 14

 Muscle
 24

 He-sters
 57

 Brains
 3

Beans are the richest in food for brain and muscle of any article yet given, but are very poor in heat-giving qualities; but when cooked, as is usual, with fat pork, the proper proportion is well maintained. They are difficult of digestion, and can only be eaten by those of strong stomachs. They are not only one of the most nutritious foods, but also one of the most nutritious foods, but also one of the most neutritious foods,

portion of water, and are, therefore, tritious, potatoes contain in 100 parts: Beef of average fatness contains the following

are in a 100 parts:
Water
Material for muscle.
Material for heat
Material for brain The importance of fruits in winter as well as summer is not realized. They contain a large amount of waste material, which is a remedy for constipation, and also the acids which are most valuable to those whose livers are sluggish.

Cow's mik gives the following analysis:

cheese contains from 60 to 70 per cent, of material for muscle, 19 for heat and 7 for brain and bone. It is extremely hard of digestion and inclines to constipation. It is one of the best articles for one doing muscular work, containing the largest proportion of nutrition of any article in common use.

Butternilk contains material for muscle and brain, and nearly all of the iron which the milk contains. Both of these articles are highly recom-mended.—[J. H. Gibson, in Northwestern Miller.

Starting Upon a Homestead with Small Capital. How to shape one's movements to the best advantage on a newly-acquired homestead, or unim-

proved prairie farm, where but little capital is in

hand to operate with, is many times a serious and

very perplexing question. The life of the young farmer whose drihing has been in the direction of farmer whose drilling has been in the direction of wheat growing, and who knows but little of the modes best calculated for growing, cheaply, a herd of paying live stock is likely to be a hard one, as the increase is secured through several processes, all of them laborious, beginning with the plough, and ending with hauling the grain to market over bad roads. The labor expended in growing up a herd of cattle in a locality where wheat realizes but sixty cents a bushel-wil go as far as in a locality where it will bring \$1.25.

In making a home upon a prairie farm, there are two directions in which the labor of the farm is made least available; but these take widely different directions; as in the one case (grain growing) the master labors equally with his horse or ox, while in the other (flesh growing) the growing animal carries his accumulating flesh to the grazing ground, gleans his own provender, bringing the added weight to the stable yard at night. ing the added weight to the stable yard at night. So the man with but little capital needs to reach out for modes by which he can get ahead upon a so the man with but little capital needs to reach out for modes by which he can get ahead upon a new farm, husbanding his own strength and that of his land at the same time. The labor which is entailed through the growing of grain for sale, is at all times hurrying and exhaustive, while a growing and multiplying collection of live stock is to quite a degree self-tending; and the major part of the care-taking coming in the winter months, the labor of the year is more advantageously distributed than by any other system of husbandry whatever. Then, too, the beginner without capital often finds it to his advantage to put in a few days of labor now and then for others, when this pays the best, and, if he has no small grain harvest of his own, the harvest season gives him his best opportunity. The money that the young man would invest in buying a reaper and fanning mill (say \$175), if invested in in-call heiters, would pay for from five to seven, according to age and quality. The number will very nearly double within the first year, and the cost for keep will be hardly felt in the direction of cash outlay. If the wife be a good butter-maker—and it she is not she can learn from some one who is—she can utilize the cream to meet a considerable portion of the outlay within

ents are to be increased in proportion, if a large Rinse and scrub lightly with a vegetable brush.

Rinse and scrub lightly with a vegetable brush, and lay them in an earthen crock. Dissolve one plut of coarse sait in boiling water, and cover the pickles with this and let them stand twenty-four hours. Then pour off the brine, wipe the pickles and put them back into the jar. Heat to scalding, good vinegar enough to cover (it may take two or three quarts), and add a piece of alum half as large as a thimble, a table-spoonful each of whole cloves and alispice and a few pieces of stick cinnamon. Pour hot over the cucumbers and set them away in a cool, dark place. They will be nice in two or three weeks. If any woman, after trying this rule chooses to return to a receipt which requires the vinegar to be scalded nine times, etc., I promise to take no offence, but shall be surprised at her love for unnecessary labor! Another favorite for winter which makes a pleasing variety is pickled

love for unnecessary labor! Another favorite for winter which makes a pleasing variety is pickled red cabbage. Wash, trim and cut the cabbage into pieces. Scald good cider vinegar, putting a small bag of mixed spices in it and a bit of alum. Put the cabbage into the kettle and let it cook a few minutes. A little sait may be added. Keep in an earthen jar with cover.

All pickles should be made in a porcelain-lined kettle, or, better stil, one of the light, durable granite or agate ware which are superseding the old-fashioned ones. A silver or wooden fork or spoon is necessary. Be sure that the vinegar is genuine, as upon that one point the success of the work depends more than any other. Mixed spices may be obtained now at the places where such things are sold, and are very convenient. Be careful not to use too much salt, as that "kills" the vinegar. rul not to use too much sait, as that "kills" the vinegar. Horseradish root is said to be excellent to put in the pickle jar to keep the pickles from spoiling. I have never needed it, so cannot speak from experience, but should use it it convenient, believing it would add character and spiciness to

believing it would add character and spiciness to the preparation.

As to the wholesomeness of pickles opinions differ. Used in moderation at meal times, if the digestion is good, I believe that they are not only not injurious but beneficial—an appetizer that the natural taste craves. The school-gri habit of munching pickled cucumbers, pickled limes, etc., at recess and at odd times needs no remarks from me at present. Only the digestive powers of an ostrich and those of the class above referred to could be imposed upon in this manner with impunity.

The happy though tired housewife is to be congratulated when her cans and jars are filled and the closet shelves laden with their burden of delicious home-made pickles and preserves. She can laugh amid the storms of winter. The advent of inversected quests to teach has no terrors for her of unexpected guests to tea has no terrors for her. She has but to draw from her stores, and, with the addition of a hearty welcome, an inviting repast is assured them.—[Country Gentleman.

The Duck the Best Farm Fowl.

A farmer friend hands us the following scrap, premising that the duck has fewer objections than any of the chicken breeds. It is no scratcher, is not given to flying, is healthy, hardy, has a finesized, julcy carcass; a strictly home bird. They are easily raised after the first few weeks, during undertaken before any definite opinion can be given on the relative merits of duck versus nen in the matter of egg laying. But there are eggs and eggs, and it remains to consider their comparative value as food; as produced by hen or duck, respectively. This was undertaken by a French chemist, M. Commail, who gave the result of his analysis of both varieties. A heu's egg weighing 60.4 grammes (equal to 14,433 grains avoirdupois) was found to consist of 7.2 grammes of shell and membranes, 52.2 grammes, or 88.07 per cent. of contents. One hundred parts of the contents of a hen's egg contained 25.01 dry matter, 1.03 ash and 11.27 fat, while the proportions of the same substances in a duck's egg were found to be 28.32, 1.16 and 15.49, respectively. It follows, therefore, that ducks are not only the more prolific layers, but their eggs are also richer in fat to no inconsiderable extent, facts that will not fall to interest the reader.—[American Cultivator.

While the pleasant autumn weather continues. all the arrangements for the winter care of stock should be made. Comfortable stables for horses and milch cows should be provided. While these must afford a perfect protection against winter storms, they should, at the same time, be well

must afford a perfect protection against winter storms, they should, at the same time, be well ventilated and lighted, to secure the health and comfort of the inmates. The bedding ought to be frequently changed to secure cleanliness and to add to the amount of manure for the compost heap. Remember that the excrement of a well-fed animal is much more valuable than that of one that is poorly fed. Well covered sheds, open to the south, furnish a sufficient winter protection for stock cattle or for sheep. These should be furnished with proper feeding troughs and racks to prevent the waste of food.

In feeding runninating animals (sheep and cattle) a full supply of hay, corn fodder or fresh straw should be furnished to keep the animal chewing its cud most of its waking hours, that it may furnish saliva to secure a perfect digestion of the starchy grain food with which it is expected to be supplied in the winter season. Hogs should be provided with a shelter from the cold storms, as a matter of economy, if for no other reason. Exposure of any stock to the inclemencies of winter in this climate is a great waste of food; for to sustain the normal heat of the body of an unsheltered animal requires at least 20 per cent, more food than is sufficient to keep a sheltered animal comfortable and in good condition. Lumber is cheaper than hay and corn.

The tools and implements of the summer work should be carefully cleaned and put away, and any repairs that may be needed should now be noted, that they may be attended to in the winter leisure.

eisure. Fruit trees may be set to advantage in this Fruit trees may be set to advantage in this month, if they are properly secured from being swayed about by the strong winds, when the spring thaw has loosened the ground. Shade and forest trees may be planted at this season with a good assurance, generally, that they will grow. This is especially true of the maple family, that bleed profusely if their roots are cut in the spring. Farmers who have woodland can do a good service to their successors by planting wainut at this season where the timber has been thinned by the death or removal of trees. The wainut family, like the oak, are transplanted with difficulty; but both may be readily propagated from the fresh seed. The wainuts should be planted with the outer hull on, about two inches deep, and protected from the treading of animals.—[Indiana Farmer.

Preparing for Winter.

On almost every farm there are special things needing to be done as a preparation for winter, It may be the stables need overhauling, new planking for the stock to stand on, the stalls repaired, broken windows made whole, loose battens nailed tight, or the doors made to fit more closely

paired, broken windows made whole, loose battens nailed tight, or the doors made to fit more closely. Implements are standing out of doors which ought to have been housed before, and should be now without delay. If fuel is out of doors it should be housed where it will keep dry.

The chicken house needs a thorough clearing out and whitewashing; remove all old litter from the laying boxes and give them and the perches a dressing with kerosene. If infected with vermin shut up tight and funnigate thoroughly with burning sulphur, repeating the operation in ten days, afterward, the chickens being of course kept out during such funnigations and until it has been thoroughly aired.

The barnyard needs a thorough cleaning out, and its contents, whether of m nure piles or of scrapings, spread over the meadows, where it will give better returns than it used almost anywhere else.

The cellar, if not already renovated, should have a thorough clearing and a coat of time wash, and proper arrangements made for the necessary degree of ventilation during the winter. The more it can have without allowing the temperature to fall below freezen, the better for everything

more it can have without allowing the kinner. The
more it can have without allowing the temperature
to fall below freezing the better for everything
stored in it, and for the health of the family
above. The cellar is too offen a breeding place of sickness in the family without the cause being suspected. It should
have a pipe connection reaching from near
the bottom up through the floor and into the flue

such good results appears to be indicated by the fact that II per cent. of the samples from cream bad or only tolerable, while note of the samples from the other methods were rated lower than moderately good.

Comparing different modes of treatment of the centrifucial cream, it was clearly shown that for comparing different modes of the portion of the control of the samples from the other methods were rated lower than moderately good.

Comparing different modes of treatment of the centrifucial cream, it was clearly shown that for the control of the contro

Farmers as Business Men.

Farmers as Business Men.

It is popularly supposed by a large class of farmers that none but business men need to acquire a knowledge of business forms and rules. To their mind the business man occupies a position similar to the lawyer and the doctor; he learns his trade and proceeds to get a living by it. This class of men believes that business forms are unlintelligible, whereas they are very simple. He is as respectful at the mention of the words "percentage," "draughts," "bill of lading," "invoice," as he is when he hears his family physician talk Laun. But every farmer is a business man. He has crops to go to market; he wants to sell to the best advantage; he has to sell oftentimes on credit, and he is continually buying. To all intents and purposes he is a business man. It would seem very desirable, however, that the younger men, who are one day to fill the places of the present generation, should learn how to handle with ease and accuracy the business forms and methods which commercial men by long practice and experience have reduced to a system.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE CLUB LIST,

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

1.35

4.10 6.15 2.30 3.30

2.05 3.05 2.35

3.10 2.25 1.80

5.05

2.00

4.35 4.35 3.10 3.10

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3.60 7.00 2.55 3.05

Arthur's Home Magazine
 American Dairyman (new subs.)
 1.50

 Art Interchange Magazine
 3.00

 American Poultry Journal
 1.25
 American Poultry Journal 1.20
Atlantic Monthly 4.00
American Art Journal 3.00
American Garden 1.00
American Naturalist 4.00
American Agriculturist 1.50
Art Work Manuels 3.00
Art American 4.00
 Blackwood's Magaziñe.
 3.00

 Brainerd's Musical World.
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 Beadle's Saturday Journal.
 3.00
 Burlington Hawkeye..... 2.00 Boys of New York..... Babyland. Boston Pilot.
 Christian Leader.
 2.50

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 4.00

 Cottage Hearth.
 1.50
 Cottage and Farm..... Connecticut Farmer..... 2.00 Chicago Advance..... Christian Herald. Courier-Journal (Weekly)...... 1.50 Demorest's Magazine, without nrem., 2.00 Detroit Free Press (Weekly)...... 1.00 Engineering and Mining Journal.... Eelectic Magazine Edinburgh Review. Floral Cabinet...... 1.25 Forney's Progress ... Forney's Progress. 2.50
Frank Lesile's Illustrated (Weekly). 4.00
" Chimney Corner (Wy). 4.00
" Sunday Magazine (M'y) 2.50
" Popular Monthly..... 2.50
" Pleasant Hours (M'y). 1.50
" Budget of Wit (M'y).... 2.00 Forest and Stream.

Germantown Telegraph.

Green's Fruit Recorder..... Gardner's Monthly Household Journal..... Home Circle. Harper's Magazine. Home and Farm..... Indiana Farmer..... Iowa Homestead...........
Journal of Microscopy...... Leisure Hours (with premium)..... 1.50 London Quarterly Review Mining Record.
Mother's Magazine. North American Review..... N. Y. Medical Journal..... N. Y. Fashion Bazar.... Nursery......
N. Y Weekly..... N. Y. Sportsman..... Ohio Farmer.... Puck(the best comic weekly)... Portland Transcript (new names). Phrenological Journal (without premiums)

Phrenological Journal (with pre-Prairie Farmer..... Peterson's Lady's Magazine Peterson's Lady's Magazine
Popular Science Monthly
Produce Exchange Bulletin
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"Practical Farmer
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THE WEEKLY CLOBE

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Reminiscences of Our National Politics.

How the Presidential Steal of 1876 Brought the Republicans to Defeat in 1884.

Inaction of the Administration --- A Word to Soften Asperities.

NEW YORK, November 14.-The election has bad a depressing effect upon business of almost all serts. The standing fear in this country since 1876 has been of a disputed election. That year the Southern States, with lively recollections of the civil war, came forward and demanded a peacehal settlement of the contest, and they had been privately advised from Columbus, O., that the Republican candidate was desirous to see them recover possession of their own States. They had lar more interest in this subject than in taking possession of the government at Washington, with possible outbreak with General Grant and the armed Republican party. As the South has been ver since the war the backbone of the Democratic party, the Western and Northern Democrats soon subscribed to a pacific declaration. In both the House and the Senate Democrats co-operated with Republicans to tide over the exigency by finding some precedent in the former history of the country for the establishment of a commission to settle a disputed election. This was found in the celebrated case between Jefferson and Burr at the commencement of the century. Those two men, though belonging to the same party, found themselves before Congress, where the vote was taken by States, with a tie. Jefferson, to whom the election was due, was now op, osed by the Federalist States, and Hamilton was unable to persuade his fellow-Federalists to defeat Aaron Burr. They considered that Hamilton might have jealousies of Burr, who came from the same State and city with himself. They argued that Burr was the son and grandson of Connecticut men, Northern men and Federalists. He was bland, accommodating, courtly, and not a formulator of new and radical ideas like Jefferson. So the deadlock was only settled by certain weak-kneed Federalists abandoning Burr after more than a week of balloting, and among these was the grandfather of the present Senator Bayard. The original Bayard was to all intents and purposes a Pennsylvapien, having been born, I think, in Philadelphila and educated on the ithe of the present Pennsylvapien, having been born, I think, in Philadelphila and educated on the ithe of the present Pennsylvania rahroad, in what is called the Piqua valley. After he studied law he went to Delaware to practice, and settling at the little capital town of Dever he entered into partin-riship with Judge Bassett, one of the first prominent converts to Methodism among politicians. Perhaps Bayard studied law in Bassett's office. of the century. Those two men, though belonging

John Dickinson and John Adams. The State of Delaware had then hardly any ability in it. The only literary mind in the State was John Dickinson, the man who had opposed John Adams so strenuously in the policy of Independence, and whom Adams with characteristic spleen described as "a certain great fortune and pidding genius." This letter of Adams, written to General Warren of Boston, fell into somebody's hands and was made public, and consequently when John Adams pulled off his hat to John Dickinson, in the fail of 1775, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Dickinson cut him dead, and the Philadelphians generally treated Adams in the same way. Dickinson was a lawyer who had married a big Quaker fortune. This fortune belonged in Pennsylvania, but Dickinson himself lived at Wilmington, Delaware. He had inherited from his own father a farm down in the marshes, about three or four miles from Dover, which I have visited, and made a picture of the house, which I think Appieton's Journal published. It is a large brick house, with large rooms, and the fireplaces and chimneys are in the corners of these rooms, so that the same chimney can carry off the smoke of several chambers. The mosquitoes must have troubled the spot extensively in summer and fall. If you have a copy of the Farner's letters it will be worth your while to look at them and note the opening sentences which describe this spot, though not by name. Dickinson was was John Dickinson, the man who had opposed letters it will be worth your while to look at them and note the opening sentences which describe this spot, though not by name. Dickinson was one of the few men in the United States sufficiently versed in international and public law to compose for the consideration of Europe a statement of the American case. It was the perusal of his Farmer's letters which made the Earl of Chatham shout in Parliament, "My lords, you cannot conquer America." Frankin, between whom and Dickinson there had been a long quarrel, had magnanimity enough to issue the Farmer's letters in French of ms own volition, and thus the American case was put out in Europe. But although Dickinson thought the Americans were right in opposing taxation without representation, he was considerable of an Englishman in his tradihe was considerable of an Englishman in his tradi-tions, and had been educated at Lincoln's lin, London, the same place where Oilver Cromwell is said to have heard some law lectures. His father was a Marylander and employed a young Irish-man named Kilien, who had been a carpenter, as a tutor for his son down in the marshes by Dover. This Kilien became chancellor of the State of Delaware, an office which has been held by a very few distinguished men, but is now occupied by lenator Saulsbury, who was once distinguished in

The Bayard Family. The young Pennsylvanian who settled at Dover married Miss Bassett and through her had a good inheritance of land. In course of time he removed innertrance of fand. Incolarse of time at removed to Wilmington, which, ever since the revolution, has been the leading town of the State. For breaking the dead-lock in 1801 the Jeffersonians always regarded Bayard, though he was a Federalist, with consideration, and consequently Mr. Madison sent him out to the Netnerlands as one of the commissioners to make the treaty of Ghent. He returned home afflicted in some way and soon died. The present Attorney-General Brewster once told me that he had heard a story in his youth to the effect that Bayard was wounded in a duel aoroad. Not long ago I was taiking to Mr. Maguire of Washington City, the father-in-law of Merrick, the lawyer there, and he told me that he had buried, on a stormy, dark day, the adopted son of James Madison, Payne Todd. Todd died virtually a pauper, with not a stiver in his pocket and in debt to everybody. Yet this man, who had been the plague of Madison's life, and by gambling and high living had embittered his poor old mother's closing rears, figured at Ghent when the treaty of peace was made between America and England, and to Wilmington, which, ever since the revolution, rears, figured at Ghent when the treaty of peace was made between America and England, and Mr. Maguire says that he danced with a princess of Russia, and Mr. Clay, Mr. Bayard and the rest looked down from a gallery with wonder to see how per ectly natural he took this honor. Bayard left two sons, both of whom went to the United States Senate. Oue of these sons, Richard Bayard, was a Whig all his life, but he refused to have anything to do with public affairs after the Delawareans elected some ordinary store keeper to his seat in the Senate. He removed to the city of Philadelphia, where I have an hindsthat recollection of having seen him in my boyhood. The Tilden and Hayes.

I began my letter by referring to the truce be-tween Tilden and Hayes in 1877. That truce has reacted against the Republican party in the present dispute. It really has terminated in a benefit ent dispute. It really has terminated in a benefit to the Democracy. The party has dwelt upon the legend that Thien was cheated until the next generation became imbued with that conviction, and consequently when New York State showed but a few hundred votes either way there came a great shout of "No more '76; no more counting in,"

Mr. Hayes has been president of the United

shout of "No more '75: no more counting in,"
etc.

Mr. Hayes has been president of the United
States, and he has been two well abused, for he is
a man of respectable character, and he especially
belongs to the better element, or reform wing, of
the Republican party. It was he who first experimented with civil service reform as a personal
conviction. He regulated the White House table,
or rather his wife did so, and banished wine irron
the rebelling stomachs of the foreign ministers.
The astonished F.chelman sat down to tremendous courses of beef and chicken, and looked
around in vam for something to wash it down
with, and saw nothing but hard water, copious in
quantity, from the great falls of the Potomae.
Mr. Hayes was not deficient in either moral
or physical courage. He was a soidler in
the war at the head of his regiment, and was
wounded fighting on the battlefield, and Kellogg
of Louistana toid me that when he got up a petition to have Hayes appoint Packard collector of
the port of New Orleans, Hayes turned upon him
in a way to dismay even that fine soldier of fortune, and said: "Sir, I shall consider whoever
presents me any such paper to have intended an
mesuit to me, and shall take the same view of
everybody who has signed it." The paper was
althdrawn. Hayes had got tired of being accused
of having surrendered Louisiana to put himself in
she presidency, and of being charged with
aving lost Louisiana if Packard had lost it.
After the election of 1876 I wrote a letter to a
friend in Columbus, O., who was near Governor
Hayes, and told him that I thought a very large
minority, if not a majority of the Republicans, did
not desire to take the presidential office under the
conditions it would be received in as a present by a
counting-in board. My friend wrote me an indignant letter back, claiming that Mr. Hayes had
been elected. I saw at once that Hayes
and his friends wanted the office. When
President Hayes went to Gettysburg, somewhere about 1878, just at the time the Potter committee was create mittee was created to question his title, I enticed him into a conversation to get an expression from him that he would not give his office up for any committer. There was a good deal of squeamishness for a see about that conversation, but when the president found it was a good thing he came out and avowed it, greatly to the distress of my

contemporaries in the newspaper business. Congress immediately after that conversation bassed a resolution that their proceedings were not meant to affect the title of the existing president.

I have always believed that the most patriotic portion of the lives of such men as Fernando Wood, Samuel J. Randall and William M. Springer was that where, in violation of their party interests, they carried out the provisions of the electoral tribunal and put Mr. Hayes in the presidential seat. The issue simply was peace and order or armed conflict, and the Democrats who had consented to the tribunal put its findings, however unpalatable to them, right through. The act of obedience and self-government of such leaders as I have mentioned were such that the moral consequences in course of time were against the Republican party, and they have been felt during the bast week in a diminished strength of that party to muster the majority of the people to any new pretensions about the present election.

Business Interests. Business here and almost everywhere is exceedingly depressed, and the manufacturing interest in much of the country will take advantage of the present election to discharge hands and trim down. I was talking yesterday to Mr. Cramp, the Philadelphia ship-builder. He told me that the Philadelphia ship-builder. He told me that he had employed as high as 1600 persons in his ship-yard, and that he had 1000 hands not many months ago. At present he had 200, "and," said he, "I am just paying those men wages out of compassion. Many of them have large famines." He told me of a case where the wife of one of his hands had triplets two or three weeks ago, increasing the size of her family at one stroke from five to eight children. Mr. Cramp's wife had been caring for the mother personally. "Now," said he, "with the outlook before me I have a good many just such cases, and it is hard to deal with them."

The Manufacturers of Pennsylvania are about the best there is of Pennsylvania. Most of the thriving towns of that State have grown up around manufactures started early in this century until they have become permanences, and the laboring inhabitants of those towns have resided about the same mills for generations. When I was a boy and first came to the North to settle about 1853, I lived on a small creek a few miles out of Philadelphia, which was utilized from point to polity where we work water, could be colabout 1853, I lived on a small creek a few miles out of Pulladelphia, which was utilized from point to point wherever enough water could be collected to make a breast or dam for factories. Near the head waters of this stream was an axe factory, and among the laborers at that factory was hobert Collyer, the present eminent pulpit minister, whom I was sometimes sent to find and have him fill my father's pulpit. Not far down the same stream were three spade factories belonging to a family named Rowland. They used water power to tilt hammers, to beat out the metal and fashion spades and shovels. The Californa trade was still on at that time, and shovels were required for mining purposes. I heard old Mr. Rowland once refer to a contemporary of his in the State of Massachusetus by the name of Ames, who made an immense number of shovels, and sometimes when his orders were bigger than he could fill he would take the spades and shovels from the Rowlands. As time went on the great war in America started between the sections, and then spades and shovels were demanded by the thousands of gross to throw up ramparts, make dicties and rifle pits, make roads over swamps, etc. The little factories of the Rowlands meantline had become thriving towns, and now they had taken most of their sons into the business and introduced steam power.

Mysterious Scandal Called the Credit

Mysterious Scandal Called the Credit Mobilier.

I was sent to Philadelpia to find out what it all meant. I went to the office of a certain court where the suit of McComb against Oakes Ames and others was fied, and behold, among the defendants I saw the name of Thomas Rowland. "Why," said I, "that is my old friend, the Methodist steward." In course of time there was a big investigation at Washington, and one day the thing of the course of time in Mechanics as a selected with a square head and said to him, "Mr. Rowland, is see you are a defendant with Ames in McComb's sun." The old man said to her: "I don't know any the cold man said to

The Administration at Washington City. That administration was created by manipulating elections and by the public patronage. The presiyears for administrations which would not come forward and assist to win a victory for their own years for administrations which woite not come forward and assist to win a victory for their own party. Mr. Arthur told me in the Fifth Avenue Hotel at the time Cooper was running for mayor that I was entirely inistaken in supposing that the business men had any influence in elections; but that the party was successful when every worker in it, who had his interest at stake, felt satisfied with the nomination and put his energies at work. Arthur believed in the workers, the men who hold the offices and draw the salaries. When he ran the campaigns in this city the screws were put to every bostman, inspector, letter carrier, what not. During the present campaign I am assured, on perfectly reliable authority, that the officeholders of the United States contributed a little over \$38,000 to Mr. Biaine's election. In the days when Arthur regulated the custom house and, post office here it was a pretty bad campaign when he did not raise \$38,000 out of the city of New York. It is believed that the President contributed nothing at all to the election, and I hear it said that Mr. Blaine gave nothing either. The postmaster of New York issued an order compelling his men to work on all great Republican occasions. The President at Washington endeavored to make an arrangement whereby he should be supported for the United States Senate by the incoming Legislature, and that ambition did more to arouse the Staiwarts against Blaine than anything else. The oid Staiwarts had for their especial hostinty President Arthur. It was he who had advised the resignation of Platt and Conkling, and he had quit the vice-presidency to go to Albany and assist them. When he got there, they say that he became instantly scared and retreated to his room and could hardly be made to snow himself. Suddenly Guiteau shot his pistol off and Arthur became President, in a very little while Mr. Arthur found it inconvenient to remember any of his ancient views about pointies and patronage, and the administration has been a positive injury to blaine during this

One of the men who has been unjustly abused in this contest is Mr. Jones, the chairman of the Republican National Committee. I was of the Republican National Committee. I was taiking to a friend of mine in that committee yesterday, and said to him: "If Blaine had been elected, what office would Jones have received?" "I believe," said my friend, "that Mr. Jones would have neither asked nor accepted any office whatever under Blaine. He is a very kind, upright old gentleman. During the management of all our affairs he has kept his temper, been considerate to all persons, and without him we should have had no campaign fund to start with. He advanced nearly all the money that we had at first, and as the election progressed it was seen that we could hardly raise anything at all. The merchants of New York, who had been bled by Arthur as the Republican master of ceremonies for years, disgusted with the turn of affairs with Garfield's assassination and other things of that sort, gavenext to nothing. Our largest subscriptions were in \$5000 checks sent by some certain well-to-do men."

To Soften Political Asperities. Right opposite my house in Thirty-fourth street, New York, is an institution for the blind, with ble to do in its foundation. I said to my wife the other day: "Is that lady blind I see sitting at the other day: "Is that lady blind I see sitting at the window opposite?" "Why, no," was the reply; "they tell me that is the daughter of Dr. Howe, and that her husband is a Greek." It then occurred to me that at the same window where I saw sitting a portion of the family which had assisted John Brown and written to the tune of his march the "Battle Song of Freedom," Grover Cleveland not many years ago had been a teacher of the blind, and not many years before that James G. Blaine and wife had been teachers of the blind in the neighboring city of Philadelphia. Let these recollections soften the aspertites of a political conflict which has endeavored with singular brutality to make it appear that the only men without a single virtue in the United States are those we select to compete for the presidency.

the United States are the for the presidency.
GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR

Association for the Advancement of Women.

How to Make and Remake Winter Garments for Little Folks.

Knitting Work-Some Pretty Patterns for Edgings.

The newspapers have been, perforce, so full of politics of late that little notice was taken of the recent meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Women, although it was really a remarkable gathering. None -that is, in Northern papers, though in the city of Baitimore, where the meeting was held, the daily papers gave very full accounts of the proceedings, in spite of the crowded state of

In reading these reports, or while talking with some of the enthusiastic delegates or visitors who attended the meetings of the association, one cannot help being conscious of a little thrill of pride over this "woman's work."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, president of the assoclation, read the first paper, on "The Aims of the Congress." Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney followed, on "Moral Questions in the Canvass." This paper was discussed and the conclusion stated, that though women had no part in politics, they should still strive, by their influence with husband, brother and friend, to introduce better methods into political warfare. Mrs. Emma Mont McRae of Indiana presented an essay on "Specialism in Education," which was discussed by Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Cheney, Miss May and Mrs. H. L. T. Wolcott. The importance of manual training, hand work in the schools, was recognized and commended.

Dr. Delia G. Bedeil of Chicago read a paper on the "Unity of Science." The paper was listened to with great interest, and was commented on by Mrs. Antolnette Brown Blackwell, who said

Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, who said women needed the study of science to take them out of their individuality and give them a comprehensive view of the outside world. The paper on "Reform in Journalism," by Mrs. Blizabeth Boynton Harbert, was read by Mrs. Mary Rogers of Hinois in the absence of Mrs. Mary Rogers of Hinois in the absence of Mrs. Marbert. Mrs. Julia Smith, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Wolcott discussed this paper, and all agreed that sensational head-lines and gossip should be largely eliminated from newspapers.

On the second day a drizzling rain greeted the congress, but there was still a fair attendance, and the proceedings were as metresting as on the day before. The first paper of the afternoon was by Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, on "Kitchen Interests." This paper dealt with cookery, utensils, food and health, and led to a lively discussion which was shared by Mrs. E. C. Smith, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, Mrs. Francis W. Haaper, Miss Abby W. May, and Dr. Bedell. Training schools for cooks were advocated, and the study of food and cooking as a science. Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell read a paper on the "Comparative Longevity of

paper on "Temperance Training for the Young," but work at the West detained her, and Mrs. Frances Harper spoke instead. Mrs. Boggs of Syracuse read a paper of Miss Alice C. Fletcher on the "Education and Training of Indian Women." Miss Fletcher has lived a long time among the Indians, and gave, in her paper, the results of her observation. She thought good, sound education would work out the elevation of the whole people. The peculiarties of various tribes, he position of women, the tenure of land, etc., were dweit upon at length, and the work of the schools at Hampton, Va., and Carlisie, Penn., was referred to in high terms.

The first paper read at the evening session was one on the "Brahmo-Somaj Movement in its Relations to the Condition of Women," by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney. The reader described how an assembly of renigious people, determined to elevate the condition of the female sex in India, had gone to work in the face of great difficulties to overthrow the horrible ideas of Sutteelsm, the evils of the marriage customs, especially in reference to early betrothals and the marriage of widows. Castes were abolished, and the new law of 1872 imposed upon polygamous marriages penal consequences. Up to 1879 there had been 100 Brahma marriages, thrity-five being intermarriages, between castes, and thirty-six widow marriages. The one aim was to nave one standard for purity for both sexes. The work was continued, and the Bramo-Somaj strove to infuse religion into the masses of the people and to advance them by educational me.ns. An institution for women has been established at Calcutta, but the whole question was not yet settled. The lesson drawn from this movement was one of hope. "For twenty-five years," said the speaker, "we have been pleading for the medical education of women, and now we can see women coming to us from China and Japan to get instruction, in order to carry back precious truths to their fellow-creatures."

The last paper was by Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, president of the Sociological Society of Brook

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS. How to Make Their New Clothes, and

Make Old as Good as New. A very sensible and practical writer on this sublect offers the following suggestions as to the making over of clothes for children: The present fashions afford great opportunities

making over of clothes for children:

The present Iashions afford great opportunities to the practical economist. Every one who has the care of children is aware of their tendency to shoot up and broaden out of their clothes. Skirts creep up to the knees, arms poke down far below the sleeve, and last year's garments suddenly appear much too small for this. It is not often that fashion accords with economical expedients, but for once such is the case. If a dress is too narrow across the chest let in a vest, if worn or soiled mend and clean it and add a full bag plastron to cover the defects. If the dress is too short a pleating to match the plastron or vest may be set under the trimming already on, the skirt thus giving two, three or four linches extra length. Sleeves may be lengthened by means of cuits, or a badly-worn sleeve may have three horizontal puffs, one at the shoulder, one at the elbow and one at the hand, and thus be made as good as new. If the dress is a soild color, a pland may probably be found in which one of the color's is that same shade, and of this a jacket and sleeves may be made. This is a wise plan where the dress is in good preservation but has been outgrown. Red, as already observed, goes with almost everything. If the dress to be rejuvenated is itself red, shepherd's plaid is a good contrast for cuffs, vest and bag plastron. Another full arrangement which is quite stylish is made of two breadths of the trimming material, each a vard and a half long, shirred each on one side at the throat and meeting down the front. At the waist they are shirred again and heid by a satin ribbon; thence they are carried back, one on each side, forming flat panniers, and a sash drapery. Sleeves and gimps of red may be added to dark dresses—often a wise expedient when the original sleeves are quite rubbed out—while the rest of the dress is good. Princess dresses, made with a deep, kitted flounce, may have the worn upper part cut off and the skirt attached to an underwaist of silesia or drilling for wear wit

Notes. The Norfolk jacket is the favorite shape for boys.

The Newmarket, with shoulder capes or a gaylylined hood, is worn by girls.

Children of all ages wear the hair plainly banged in front and flowing behind.

Fancy silk handkerchiefs in gay plaids are used to trim the new high-crowned feit hats. Hats are very odd. Tam o' Shanters in plush or cashmere match the costume, or there are puffed turbans, the Turkish fez, and the Albanian with

its long peaked crown falling to one side and THE REAL AND IDEAL MARY. Plaid sashes are worn again with white dresses.
They come in soft silk, fringed on the edges.
Black is the favorite color for hostery, and when others are worn they must match the costume.
Soft felt hats, broad brimmed, are jaunty if turned up in front and held in place by a pompon or wing.

Quaintness and picturesqueness are the distinguishing characteristics of children's garments this year. There is a perfect rage for reds this winter, and much is used for children, either alone or in com-

Dainty httle noods of plush or velvet have full crowns, platted brims, and a full frill of lace round the face.

Sons of fashionable parents wear kilts until they are 8 or 9 years of age, and knickerpockers until they are 16.

Straight bands of emprodery inside of the until they are 16.

Straight bands of embroidery inside of the straight, narrow dress collars is a favorite neckfinishing for girls.

Children's dresses, like those of their elders, are made with much less fins and feathers than formerly. Plain, straight draperles prevail.

Plaids are very fashionable again. A pretty suit is to have a plaited or tucked plaid skirt inder a jaunty jacket of plaid opening over a vest of plain goods. For wee tots cashmere Mother Hubbards are still worn, but are less liked than cute little platted coats with satin-lined hoods and satin ribbons tying at waist and neck.

GLOBE FANCY-WORK.

The "Oscar Wilde" Pen-Wiper. Take some pieces of yellow silk or flannel; cut out the leaves of the sunflower, fifteen in number. These are to be worked on the edge in buttonhole stitch with yellow embroidery silk. Attach these, when worked, to a centre-piece of brown silk, and this piece fill in with French knots, worked closely together, and done in a reddish brown crewel, to form the centre of the flower. Cut some pieces of brown cloth or flannel, and notch the edges. These are to be fastened to the back of the flower, and serve for the real pen-wiper. Brown ribbon, an inch wide, is sewed to the pen-wiper, between the flower-front and the leaves at back. The in a bow, and hang near the

The Porcupine Pincushion. To begin, take cardboard and cut two oblong pieces, which are intended for the base, and may be six inches long; cover these and sew them together as for a flat cushion, then cover with green crinkled zephyr, to represent moss. The shaded zephyr will be best. For the pincushion itself take another piece of cardboard, cutting it in the shape of a porcupine, with round body and short, taper-ing nose, and of brown silk of the same shape, with a few strong stitches.

To Make Feather Flowers.

Procure some nice white geese feathers; with a pair of sharp scissors cut out the leaves as near

all its edges being finished with a coarse cord made of crewel in dark green shades. The same kind of cord is twisted in arabesque around the top, concealing the joining of the drapery. At each corner the cord is tied in loops and ends, the latter being tipped with large balls. Each point of the lambrequin also has a ball as a finish. On the lambrequin a follage pattern is embroidered with crewels in satin stitch.

Handkerchief Box of Pine Cones A box of the required size is procured and covered on the outside with brown cambric; on the inside a silk and wadded lining is arranged; first select fine cones, then take off the petals and sew each one in place upon the foundation, on the sides first: it is easier to sew these in place upon extra first; it is easier to sew these in place upon extra pieces of cardboard for the sides; the top is done in the same manner, only being ornamented in the centre by tiny cones, shells, acorns and a few bright red berries; then the whole is to be varnished; after dying add a second coat of varnish; then adjust the lining of the box, add a loop of brown sik cord to lift the lid. Very pretty pin cushion stands are made in the same way.

Materials: Forty small brass rings; several yards of stiff cord; scarlet double zephyr. For ttom of basket work in single crochet over the cord, widening the work to keep it flat; make eight or ten rows, Cover the rings with the scarlet wool, working in single crochet; join together; sew first row around bottom of basket. It must stand out a little at the top.

GLOBE RECEIPTS.

FIG CAKE .- Cup of butter, two cups of sugar,

three cups sifted flour, whites and yolks of four eggs beaten separately, one cup milk; three heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavor with lemon, bake in jelly tins; between layers put a layer of split figs, seeds up; frost the top layer. A New Way of Cooking Rhubarb. Peel the rhubarb, cut into half-inch lengths,

pour boiling water over it, let it stand ten minutes then drain in a colander out into an earthen jar. with sugar between each layer of rhubarb. not add water, but cover tightly; place the jar in a hot oven; let it cook till a broom splint will easily pierce the pieces. Each piece will retain its shape, and when cold the juice will be almost a

Rice Pie.

Boil one-half cup rice till tender, after which add milk until a thin batter; yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls sugar; bake with one crust till brown; spread over the top a frosting made by beating together the whites of four eggs, then add twelve tablespoonfuls of white sugar, flavor with lemon, put in the oven five minutes.

Twelve ripe pippins pared and cored, also grated; one pound white sugar; one-half pound butter; six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one lemon, grated peel and juice, with in the beaten yolks, then the lemon, nutmeg and apples; lastly, the whites very lightly. Bake in paste, with cross-bars of the same on top.

The pudding is boiled in a muslin bag, and is made thus: Two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda to one quart of flour; rub the crean tartar into the flour; dissolve the soda in either a little milk or water; add water to make it the con sistence of biscuit dough, rolled out as you would for biscuit dough; spread a layer of fruit over the for biscuit dough; spread a layer of fruit over the dough; make in a roll, like jelly-cake; let the bag be large enough to allow the puddings to swell; piace in boinng-hot water and keep boiling one hour. Pudding sauge: One cup sugar, half a cup butter, toiled in one quart of water; thicken with four tablespoonfuls of flour; thicken while water is boiling; rub flour with sufficient water to mash all the lumps; after the sauce has been taken from the stove flavor with nutmeg grated ever the top of the sauce.

[New Haven Union.] There's nae luck about the name. James Gillespie B (irney) was not elected president in 1844. James Gillespie B (laine) was not elected president in 1884. Let future aspirants take warning.

Christ's Mother in History and in Fancy.

Henry Ward Beecher Gives His Views of the Vrgin Mary's Character.

"Calvin and I Only Touch Each Other as Fire Touches Powder."

BROOKLYN, November 16 .- The fine autumn weather enabled a great host of Mr. Beecher's ad" mirers to be present at this morning's services in nouth Church. In the course of his sermon Mr. Beecher entered into an interesting discussion of the character and personality of the Virgin Mary. An innovation upon the usual musical exercises was a violin solo at the opening by the well-known artist, M. Ovid Musin, who played the solemn national air of the Hungarians to the evident satisfaction of the audience and of Mr. Beecher, who closed his eyes and, leaning back, seemed to be in a reverie throughout the performance. After the sermon it was anout the performance. After the sermon it was announced that those who cared to remain a few moments would have an opportunity to listen to another selection by M. Musin. Most of the audience availed themselves of this privilege.

Mr. Beecher' text was Mark, ili., 31-35. Cirist's treatment of His mother, he said, is in utter variance with the legendary notion, and even with modern ideals of the Virgin Mary. You will bear in mind that the mother of Jesus is mentioned but a very few times in the history contained in the gospel, and never in any such way as to fulfil the impressions which we now have of her; for as she exists in art and in our common apprehensions, she is a creature of the imagination, and bears probably no whit of resemblance to what she actually was when as a peasant in Gaillee she brought up her peasant son. The Virgin Mary of the Roman Catbolic church and the virgin of the mediæval and modern art are very beautiful, very noble, not to be put away because they are not historically true. There are a thousand things that are imaginary that are of more importance than things that are facts.

The mother-heart of the race was not found in the Roman conception of God, but men needed it and sought for it, some by way of incidental idolatries, some (and happy were they) by lifting the Virgin up out of her humble station and function and giving to her all that God had been cheated of by Latin theology. The tenderness, what we might call the right mother-hood of divise nature, out of which all human mothers sprang, as soarks spring from the brand—that men sought to infuse into nounced that those who cared to remain a few

by giving it as the function of the Virgin Mary. I do not envy any one that can, with a kind of harsh Puritan rigor, defile and cast out of the temple of our imagination and of worship the temple of our imagination and of worship the Virgin Mary, simply because sne is not historically true, for it was the resource of struggling human nature to help itself up to a God that was so stern and so rigorous for justice that no man conscious of his own infirmities and sins would dare look upon him. She was the veil of the soul through which it could afford to look upon the Son, her Son, our Saviour, and through Hum as through a pair of sharp seissors cut out the leaves as near like the flower you are imitating as you can; it is best to pull a flower apart and use as a pattern; with water colors and a came's hair pencil they may be painted to resemble natural flowers; him it could afford to look upon the Son, her may be painted to resemble natural flowers; him it could afford to look upon the Son, her may be painted to resemble natural flowers; him it could afford to look upon the Son, her may be painted to resemble natural flowers; him it could afford to look upon the Son, her may be painted to resemble addition of the petals, gummed at the lower parts, neathy filted to the ware stalks with a terrific cool of Justice and truth that of the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, then they are covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, the covered with paper; the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, the covered with man notions that led to the creation of the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, the covered with man notions that led to the creation of the stame are of cut feathers, the centre of cotton, the covered with man notions that led to the creation of the covered with man notions that led to the cre

> The High Thought of Woman and Motherhood,
> simply because textually it never existed? That

would be wantonness indeed. It hangs in the air like a cloud upon which the sun sheds its most beautiful light. It drives out of the murky air beautiful light. It drives out of the murky air the old pagan sylphs and fairies and goddesses profane, and is radiant as the bright morning star. Now turn back to Christ's recorded relations to His mother. His treatment of the woman Mary was not vulgar nor rude, but in every instance as one that was superior to one that was inferior. In His conscious life He stood upon a spiritual plane and he beheld her mobiling and toiling on an inferior stratum. nferior stratum.

Let us look a little into this then. In the record which is given of this in Mark, third chapter, 20th verse, we find this statement: "And the multitude cometh together again so that they could not so much as eat bread. And when His friends (as it is cometh together again so that they could not so much as eat bread. And when His friends (as it is in our version, kinsmen in the margin, very properly), when his kinsmen heard of it they went out to lay hold on Him, for they said He is beside himself." There is the mother and there are the brethren charging their son with the insanity of enthusiasm. In other words they said to Him: "This is trickery. When you are down here in Galilee you can work marvels and miracles, with nobody to find you out, but go up to Judea, where they are very shrewd and educated men, and do them there if you want to have the name of being a prophet." And so when on one occasion He was performing public service and preaching, they interrupted it; they came on to the border of the assembly and sent in word that they wanted to see Him. They wanted Hom to come cut where they might take charge of Him; they wanted to call Him off from his secret mission. We may suppose that there is some spark of tenderness there, but what a total ignorance of all that belonged to His nobility and to His mission among men. How abject was the sphere in which they were living; and from which they judged Him, and how beautiful and glorious was that sphere in which He was livin c. and when, under those circumstances, they addressed Him and undertook to restrict His ministry and to take Him away I think it was a very mild reply that He gave to them. And this brings us to the subject-matter of this passage.

This answer of the Saviour reveals more clearly than perhaps anywhere else what fell out incidentally and partially one time and another all

This answer of the Saviour reveals more clearly than perhaps anywhere else what fell out incidentally and partially one time and another all the way through his ministry, namely, the double nature of man; the under man and the upper man, which Paul in the spirit of philosophy, nowhere more perhaps than in the seventh of Romans, works after a manner that

Would Have Delighted Darwin's Heart, the animal man and the spiritual man, and engrafted the spiritual man and the quarrels that they have between themselves in numan life. But Christ continually spoke as if there was a double vision and a double life in men, the higher and the lower one; and he announced that the relationship which existed between body and body, the secular man and the secular man—that this relationship was not abrogated, but that it was simply the antecedent of another and the higher one, and that the other and higher relationship of the soul was as much above this lower one as the bright blossoming cluster on the vine is above the rude and earthclad root itself. Both exist—the one nascent and lowest, the other developed and highest.

This relationship of the body and of the lower life he declares elsewhere not to have anything to do with God's kingdom, the Fingdom of the soul. The phrase that you so often meet in the New Testament, the kingdom of God and the kingdom of soul, as defined in scripture, it is as being within you—your nature. Your under nature is the kingdom of food.

Now the greyty to His mother's call Hefashes they have between themselves in human life. But being within you—your nature. Your under nature is the kingdom of this world, but your upper nature is the kingdom of God.

Now in His reply to His mother's call. He flashes forth this higher relationship, which included her in a measure, but included others also, namely, the relationship by the soul. It was the new idea of the family. We are related to one another, father and child, brothers and sisters, related by blood as John says, and it is considered a great thing to have great relations. It is a great thing for the people themselves. They boast upon it. Why, if a man praising up his life should find out that about 2000 years ago, or 1500 or 1000, his ancestor was an Irish king, "I knew I came from something that was high and noble; I like that—I like that?" (Laughter.) If it could be found out that there was in the thirtieth degree of cousinship living anywhere a connection of Shakespeare, the one-millionth part of a drop of blood would be enough to make her an object of observation and admiration. "Why, she is related to Shakespeare—Shakespeare run out." (Laughter.) And men not only come

over here that are the under-sons of noble families, but their hostlers come over also, that took care of the horses of the under-sons of the noblility; any one that has been across the back yard or has driven a spade into it even, or has been in any way connected with them—kicked out of their houses even—relationship is a great thing in this world, a very great thing. And yet how often is it that under the same roof there are those as far apart as

The Cross on the Steeple

is from the lowest foundation-stone under ground. But if there is this other relationship, that we are born not of blood nor of the will of man, but of God, the highest relationship is in that element in us which is of God, and which alone brings us into communication with God.

How many men there are standing in affiliation

Into communication with God.

How many men there are standing in affiliation with women who cannot see them nor know them. How many wretched men there are standing with peerless women to whom they look up, but they see not higher than the lip. And all that is sublime in purity and aspiration and nobility and self-sacrifice is out of their sight. Talk about divorce. Many married persons live in an eternal divorce all their life long. And many there are living in the laws, within the circuit of a common household, that are as wide apart as if one lived in China and the other in North America. They don't think alike, they don't feel alike, they have not the same needs, nor ambitious, nor do they seek them by like means. On is eternally groping on the sail where the worm lives; the other wings his life eternally in the sky where the birds and the eagles are. They are not related.

The 'household of faith' is now a phrase, not of couriesy or of poetry either, but it is an interpreting phrase as to the divine idea of the church. Now, what do we find in churches but sumptuous buildings? All the apparatus that pleases the taste and lower imagination; men gathered in by the eloquence of the speaker or by the beauty of the music, or by custom or fashion; sitting together as wide apart as the heaven is from the earth, all coming to the same table and partaking of the same broken bread and the same spilled blood, and calling themselves brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ; envying, jeaious, quarrelsome, glad to get hold of an evil story, propagating it, running to and fro as if they were rather secret assassins of each others' characters.

I am nearer to Fenelon of the Roman Catholic church than I could ever be to John Calvin. We only touch each other, Calvin and I, as fire touches powder. And there may be unany and many that I behold around about me in creeds that I do not believe a word of, whose shoe-latchets I am not worthy to unlose and

powder. And there may be many and many that I behold around about me in creeds that I do not believe a word of, whose shoe-latehets I am not worthy to unloose, and they are far nearer to me than many who should be nearer. But there rises up by the power of the eternal God this perpetual undying tendency to affiliate, by reason, by improved the property of the contraction agmation, by love, by obedience and reverence to God, by our higher elements, to come together in affectionate relationship.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Cheap, Home-Made Articles-A Crocheted Long Shawl-A Work-Bag-Toilet Slip-pers-A Plush Banner-Pen-Wipers, Etc.

Home-made articles are often more truly prized than gifts purchased already prepared, for they seem to express so much more fully the loving thoughtfulness of the giver. How precious to the mother is the little needle-case or pincushion fashioned by tiny fingers whose life-work is ended -each straggling little stitch proves as no words could the love which prompted the tired hands to patiently work on-it seems to be a part of the worker whose thoughts are woven in it, and whether it is a work of art or a clumsy little attempt at a present for mamma, it is beautiful, in

her eyes, at least.

Among many things which may be suggested as

edges of the covered pieces, to form a puff between them, and extend far enough at the top to fold in and make a frill, when the bit of elastic is sewed in to keep it in shape. Fasten ribbons to the covered pasteboard blees, and tie them together in a double bow with short ends, as a handle to the

a double bow with short ends, as a handle to the bac.

Work-baskets crocheted in single crochet from fish twine are made a size smaller than the wooden box from which they are to be shaped, as when wet with the starch they stretch considerably. Stiff boiled starch should be thoroughly rubbed in the work, and then stretch it over the box and tie secarely to hold in place until dry. Then remove from the box and give it a coat of shellac dissolved in alcohol. Let this get entirely dry, and then give it two more coats, drying between each, after which varnish with copal varnish, and, if well done, it will be the color of bamboo. The lid of the work-box should be made in the same way. Line both box and lid with blue satin. Place inside a little needle-case and pincushion of the material of the lining and attach the lid to the box with ribbons.

Tooler stippers, though not at all elegant, are

with ribbons.

Toilet stippers, though not at all elegant, are very comfortable when crocheted from Germantown wool; a gray color is the most serviceable. Begin at the toe and make a chain of fifteen to the color of the color Begin at the toe and make a chain of lifteen stitches; work back with single crochet, widening in the middle stitch; work the third row rib stitch, which is done by taking up the outside stitches of the chain instead of those on the inside; widen every row in the middle, fifteen rows will make them deep enough, and continue for the heel-piece by using only fifteen of the stitches from the side. Do not widen in these, but turn and crochet back Do not widen in these, but turn and crochet back until you have a strip long enough to go around the heel and fasten on the other side to the front. Crochet small loops of chain around the top, and in them a shell border. Run elastic through the loops with ribbon over it. Bind with braid a pair of cork soles, or leather ones can be obtained already bound, and sew the crocheted tops firmly to them, and fasten a ribbon bow on the toe of each.

A plush banner arranged to hold photographs is A plush banner arranged to hold photographs is a suitable present for a gentleman, and one that will be appreciated. Cut from pasteboard the foundation for the back 15½ where long and 9 inches wide, measure 1% inches on each side of one end, and slope down to the edge at the centre, to give you a shallow point for the bottom of the banner. Cover one side of the pasteboard with crimson plush, and the other for lining with old gold silesia. Cut from thin pasteboard four diamond-shaped pieces, or which the longest measure, from point to point through the centre, should be just the width of the banner (9 inches); and the short centre measure 3% inches. When covered with the plush and lined with silesia, fasten them, one directly above the other on the banner. The lower edge of the bottom one will correspond exactly with the pointed end of the banner, and should be overhanded to it. The opposite or upper side of the

is tied to form tassels, or else with double plush balls at each end and the centre point.

A pretty pen-wiper is made by using a medium-sized grape leaf for a pattern, and cutting its shape from green leit; also cut two or three leaves the same size from black cloth, and fasten them at the back of the green leat. With dark purple Germantown wool make enough worsted balls to arrange on a leaf as a bunch of grapes, fastening each one to a worsted-covered wire. The balls are easily made by taking a circular plece of cardboard, one and a half inches in diameter, having a half-inch circular opening in the centre, and winding the worsted about it until the centre is full; then cut it on the outside edge and tie at the centre with a firm thread; remove the cardboard and cilp the worsted ball to the size and shape of a grape; if it does not seem full enough hold over hot steam for a few moments.

Whisk brushes are prettily ornamented by covering the handle and top of the brush, as far as the cord is woven to hold it together, with plush or velvet on which is embroidered a little sprig of flowers.

Willow scrap-baskets, which can be bought for

flowers.
Willow scrap-baskets, which can be bought for Willow scrap-baskets, which can be bought for sixty cents, are very simply and tastefully decorated by weaving ribbons in the openings. As most baskets are made with the sides divided in three rows of perpendicular strips, the ribbon should be just wide enough to fill the spaces, using the same color for top and bottom row, and one of contrasting color for the centre, ending in a full flat bow with short ends. Wind the top of the basket with narrow ribbons of the colors need.

the basket with narrow ribbons of the colors used.

The little oblong-shaped tin mustard boxes, when covered snugly with satin, a little band of plush surrounding the top, the cover at the bottom extending far enough below to gather closely, forming a bag-shaped bottom, finished by a plush ball tassel, are neat little receivers for burnt matches, etc., hung by a little ribbon from the gas jet. The satin case can be decorated with unbroldery or painting.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

The Framing and Hanging of Pictures-Photographs Not Considered Works of Art-Oil and Water Color Paintings.

Engravings, likely to be framed, are of three

kinds; line engravings from steel or copper plates, etchings and wood engravings, the last so common that we sometimes lose sight of their beauty for decorative purposes. Line engravings have generally wide margins of white paper, most of which should be covered by a cardboard mat of some neutral tint. The beauty of a fine engraving is sometimes lost, to a great degree, by leaving the staring white margin exposed, making a line of blank white that is sure to catch the eye and draw the attention from the picture itself. Engravings made on a high key, with much white left in them, do not suffer so much from the lack of mat, but unless the general scheme of color decoration in the room is light, make an ugly patch of white on the wall. Their frames should be flat, and in their color there should be a thought both of the subject of the picture and of the general color of the wall decorations. Plain woods in simple bands, relieved, perhaps, by the narrowest beading of gilt or silver, and without machine carving at the corners, are very effective and suitable almost anywhere. Gilt frames are better reserved for colored pictures. If the engravings are lettered, the frames should be large enough to take in the lettering. Where the name of the picture is printed beneath, the engraving is generally so large as to require a mar, in which case there may be an oblong opening cut in the panel through which the name can be read. If the work is printed on India or Japan paper, there should be widthenough between the work and the mat or frame to

which the name can be read. If the work is printed on India or Japan paper, there should be width enough between the work and the mat or frame to show a clear line of the white paper all around. Wood engravings, if small, and one possesses several by the same artist, may be grouped together in a stugle panelling, bevelled openings being cut to show each picture. Engravings such as are made for the magazines, if they can be obtained printed on India paper, are very effective when framed in this way. If one can obtain a set illustrating a particular locality or some favorite story, or showing in black and white the most characteristic works of a great artist, they always make an interesting object when so framed. Etchings require only the simplest frames, and the suggestions made for steel and copper-plate engravings are equally applicable to them.

Photographs are not, in the highest sense, works of art. There may be in them much that is artistic, and family portraits possess a value beyond estimate. They are, at the best, mechanical products, of which the clever photographer makes the best of his limitations, but of which he can never make anything absolutely beautiful for its mere art qualities. They may be framed much more elaborately than engravings, since their technique is something to be forgotten rather than to be brought out to its fullest expression. Frames or panels of rich colored plush, with light or even modestly carved mouldings, are not too elaborate for photographs that for their subject alone have interest enough to be made conspicuous. The margin may be expanded by a mat or panel of considerable width, if the subject is of sufficient interest to warrant it. There are photographs not costing a doilar that can better bear a ten-dollar frame than an engraving costing a hundred times that amount. A photograph will bear anything in the way of a frame, and small photographs are better if they have no frame at all. Large photographs in which the background is dark, are effective with the frame so clo the frames a part of the color decoration of the

Paintings are ordinarily of two kinds—those in oil and those in water color. Oil paintings of land Pantings are ordinarily of two kinds—those in oil and those in water color. Oil paintings of land scapes, it bold in conception and rich in color, gain by deep mouldings of rich gold and bronze. The scientific reason for this is that the yellow of the gold brings out by complementary contrast all the oliuse in the picture and all the deep greens into which the blues enter so largely, while the reflected lights from the burnshed surface find their complementary contrasts in the shadows of the composition, and the depth of the moulding aids in the illusion of distance. More delicately-wrought landscapes, little bits of nature, sketchy works in a high key of color, should have shallow frames, and the bronzes, or colored gold, make a more harmonious setting. In the design of the frame there should be some thought of subject harmony with the picture. One of the most effective frames that appeared in our last year's academy was a simple gilded, rough-sawed board, over which a gitted natural brier was fastened. The picture was a hillside, covered with brambles and gorse, with rugged trees in the distance. In figure subjects like this harmony should also be especially regarded. If disregarded the effect is ridiculous, as when a group of merry children is, framed in a surrounding of paim branches with funeral urns at the corners; or a group of monks chant their hymns under garlands intertwined with instruments of music and surmounted by the joined masks of tragedy and comedy. Such instances

dren is framed in a surrounding of palm branches with funeral urus at the corners; or a group of monks chant their hymns under gariands intertwined with instruments of music and surmounted by the joined masks of tragedy and comedy. Such instances were conspicuous in a recent exhibition. Frames for portraits are generally too elaborate, and, when the portraits are of ful length, look like huge carved door-frames, as is notably the case in Huntington's portrait of Mr. Hayes in the White House at Washington. The idea of symbolism in portrait frames is absurd. The picture itself should leave nothing for the frame to do in this line. If a great discoverer is great enough to have a garlanded globe on his portrait frame, he is great enough to do without it. Accessory symbolism had its day when it was thought necessary to make Washington with a scroll in his hand and his sword on the table, Jefferson unrolling the Declaration of independence, Franklin with his kite and electrical machine, and Morse hiseparable from a telegraph obler among his vats, or of the affluent undertaker beaming upon a row of coffins. A nation ought to know the faces of its great men and women, and family portraits should be recognizable by the family and its friends at least.

In regard to the hanging of pictures, there are a few cardinal principles that should not be lost sight of. Pictures are made to be seen. They should not be hung so high that one has to stretch one's neck to see them. A picture highly worked up in detail should be closer to the eye than a strong, broad composition, in which all parts of the composition are put in masses. Family pictures should be confined to family rooms. The light on a picture should come from the same side as the light in a picture. Pictures on the line of sight may for convenience of inspection, be tilted slightly forward. Large, heavy frames should never be tilted forward directly above sofas or chairs that are close to the wall. They always seem dangerous. It is not pleasant to have the consciousness cates, certificates of memoership in a missionary society, are not pictures at all, no matter how much ornamented. They are purely personat affairs, and should not be framed or hung at all. They interest nobody but the owner and his near-est friends, and are almost never ornamental. One should not be egotistical in his pictures, any more than in his conversation.

Venerable Voters.

Walter Pease, aged 100, voted for Cleveland and Waller at Enfield, Conn.
Nathaniel H. Cole, 101 years old, voted for

Blaine at East Greenwich, R. I.

Jesse Shaw of Buckfield, Me., 95 years old, is claimed as the oldest Republican voter in the State.

The first man to vote at Kensington, Conn., was

Edmund R. Kidder, 100 years old, and one of the oldest Free Masons in the world.

John Chandler, 99 years old, voted for Blaine in Concord, N. H. It was his nineteenth vote for

president.
Tomlinson Wells of Litchfield, Conn., 91 years old, has voted at every presidential election for seventy years.

Jeremiah Austin of South Coventry, Conn., is
101 years old. He voted for Jefferson in 1804 and
Cleveland in 1884.

Eithu Stevens, 96 years old and the father of
twenty-one children, voted the Republican ticket
at Oakland, Me.

Wnat She Might Expect of Him.

[New York Sun.] George had proposed and been accepted. "Weil" she said, "I can sing and play on the "Well" she said, "I can sing and play on the piano and narp, can paint, and at the seminary I was up in the fine arts, and political economy, and logic, and I can crochet beautifully, and play lawn tennis, and, and—that's about all, I think. Now, tell me what are some of your accomplishments, George?"
"I haven't got any."
"Not a single one?"
"Well," he said, with a sigh, "If the worst should come to the worst, I think I might be able to cook."

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, NOV. 18, 1884.

RAH! RAH!! RAH!!!

PUSH THE GLOBE.

The names of all members of clubs that have expired, or are about to expire, will be furnished free to the club agent immediately upon his application for them. Every campaign subscriber will now need THE GLOBE more than ever. It will be necessary for him to follow the action of his party on its assumption of control of the nation, after so long an absence. The inauguration, the formation of the cabinet and the next session of Congress will be watched by every one with intense interest. Read THE GLOBE, and get as many friends as you can to read it with you. Grover Cleveland is elected president, and

RAH! RAH!! RAH!!!

the Democrats have come in to stay.

EVERY ONE AN ACENT.

If there is no agent to receive subscriptions in four town, will you kindly do what you can to increase the circulation of THE WEEKLY GLOBE? We wish to have a club of subscribers in every town in the United States, and in many towns where there are only one or two subscribers we must depend upon them to introduce THE GLOBE among all their town families. Special terms to agents are furnished free, upon application. Grover Cleveland is elected president, and the Democrats have come in to stay.

RAH! RAH!! RAH!!!

See When Your Subscription Expires.

With the issue of November 25, another large lot of campaign subscriptions will expire. We believe that every campaign subscriber will renew and bring as many new subscribers as he can. Do not wait until your paper stops to form a club. Form a club now, in order that renewals may be credited before their names are taken out of type. There is going to be a great rush for THE GLOBE, and you cannot send your clubs too early. Grover Cleveland is elected president of the United States.

RAH! RAH!! RAH!!!

READ THE NEW STORY

on page 7. It is the best detective story THE GLOBE has yet published. Other stories of great power are on hand awaiting their turn of publication. THE GLOBE stories, in book form, would cost you two or three dollars.

RAH! RAH!! RAH!!!

\$3 WORTH OF NOVELS FOR \$1.

During 1885, THE GLOBE will publish twelve original novels, each of which, at the price of the Franklin Square or Seaslde libraries, would cost twenty-five cents each. In other words, during 1885 THE GLOBE will give its subscribers \$3 worth of novels for only \$1. Tell your friends.

The Tribune is in a peck of trouble with the scores of Republican papers which are now bitterly regretting that Mr. BLAINE was nominated. Too late, too late.

The hostility of "seventy foolish printers" has proved more effective than the friendship of WHITELAW REID and the New York Tribune, as the Republican National Committee has reason to

ROBINSON'S plurality for governor in Massachusetts was 46.837: BLAINE'S plurality for president, 24,196. Just one more attack on Massachusetts in the Senate would have made BLAINE'S plurality 24,196 worse than nothing.

In New York City one vote was cast for "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." The Board of Supervisors unanimously adopted a motion to count the vote for BLAINE. BURCHARD's alliteration has one of the startling characteristics of Banquo's

Mr. HENDRICKS has a right to feel proud over the Indiana vote. To pile up a Democratic mafority in a State which went heavily for GAR-FIELD, and with Soaper DUDLEY's tactics to contend against at that, is honor enough for one

It is said that the Countess of Desmond was killed in her 146th year by falling from a cherry tree. This should be a dreadful warning to centenarians, especially those of the female sex, of the possibly fatal effect of climbing cherry trees. It may be that the result would have been the same had the countess climbed an apple or a pear tree, but a cherry tree at all events should be avoided.

In our excess of joy over the happy termination of the count in New York State, we almost forgot to mention that while our esteemed contemporaries, who depend upon the Associated Ox-Team, went to press yesterday morning with the official canvass of only twelve Assembly districts in New York county. THE GLOBE had returns from fourteen. But "why gild refined gold or paint the

The solicitude of some of the BLAINE organs lest the Independent leaders shall not receive proper recognition at the hands of President CLEVELAND would make an angel weep. The Democrats and Independents have got along so far without advice from Mr. BLAINE's admirers, and they will make the effort to keep along in the same track. The BLAINE men have plenty of cares of their own on hand for the present.

New York pilots complain that the new electric light at Hell Gate is at least a partial failure since its glare is so intense that objects beyond its range appear far more obscure through the contrast than is the case where oil lamps are used. It is quite plain that the application of electricity to illuminating purposes, although apparently pertected, is yet in its infancy and that a multiplicity of experiments must yet be made before its usefulness is made complete.

Advices from London state that the low price heretofore commanded by wheat in England has induced American shippers to refrain from large exportations until the stock in that country has reached a low ebb. The plentiful harvest with which our country has been favored the present

may have exhausted her own supplies, need not fear a famine, and the condition of affairs may serve to bring the dependence of England upon our country more plainly before her people.

GLORIOUSLY SETTLED.

Knock us down, pull our hair, walk all over us, even say '76 to us, and you can't disturb our perfect, bubbling, joyous frame of mind today. At last our cup of political joy is full to that cup, carefully, steadily, firmly, and for almost a week we have feit quite certain that we and not the other chaps would get the contents. But re membering that uniquitous slip twixt the cup and the lip, we were not supremely happy until about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, we finally, by aid of a few telegraphic ticks from glorious old York State, got the golden receptacle finally and firmly fixed between our teeth.

And then nectar, sweeter than that with which ULYSSES captivated POLYPHEMUS and smoother than the FALERNIAN famed in song by HORACE, poured out in copious draughts. And the cup was one of these big, loving-cups, containing plenty for every CLEVELAND man in the land. with a good generous share to spare for our many BLAINE friends, our BUTLER friends and the gentle admirers of BELVA dear. Nay more, with an ice-water attachment adapted to the special uses of our St. John neighbors. The settlement of the New York count placed us at peace with

What glorious news! Democracy unquestiontionably victorious, with a candidate of whom all the world may say, This is a man! With a count so fair, so honorable, and so just, that every one is perfectly satisfied. Even where the result was so close as in New York, it is particularly gratifying. Even our telephone man, whose everlasting good nature keeps his facial orifice constantly open from ear to ear, adopts a still broader smile today, and smiles in every sense of the word, and in forty

And why shouldn't the Democracy be happy, and why shouldn't it ask all its friends of different political views to look on good naturedly? For twenty-four years has it labored in vain to secure an undisputed victory. Once every four years in that time it has come up bright, smiling and courageous, only to get near enough the end to listen to the pæans of victory sounded by its friends, the enemy, and to good-naturedly acquiesce, laying the flattering unction to its soul of "better luck next time." Patriotically sharing the burdens, with no part or word in the distribution of those burdens, it has waited patiently and long, knowing that its principles must at length prevail. Victory baving

Nor in our hour of victory are we inclined to exult mordinately over our fallen political enemy. We have been there so often that we know how it is ourselves. All we ask of them is that they cheer up and follow out the injunction from which the good old lady in Vermont extracted so much spiritual comfort: "Grin and bear it." The Democratic party has had a steady diet of it for a quarter of a century, and although it isn't exactly up to a bill of fare at PARKER's or at Young's, it will nevertheless sustain very vigorous life, as the Democratic body demonstrated at the polis a week or two ago. Too much pie and cake and not enough buckwheat cakes and molasses, in fact, seem to have been among the causes operating to the loss of Republican grip and power. Now let our ousted friends try cornmeal bannock and brown bread for awhile. Nothing like getting used to anything of that sort, and perhaps our Democratic neighbors in

Connecticut will, in the general exuberance of

good feeling, throw in a few wooden nutmegs

now and then by way of seasoning.

But though our friends the enemy change diet with us, we extend to them the kindest personal wishes. For Mr. BLAINE in particular, now that the fight is over, we have none but kind words. By defeat he has paid the penalty for doing that which we firmly believed incapacitated him for the office which he sought to reach. But while the opinions which we have expressed during the campaign are firmly adhered to in every particular, our object-that of assisting to elect the best man for president-has been accomplished. Mr. BLAINE now retires to private life, and while he remains there is not a fair target for public criticism. No one can feel more keenly than he the result of the

Of course victory always brings some tribulations. We are not free from them in this case. Success of the Democracy has made the Journal more dyspeptic than ever, and as we expected would be the case if the Democrats succeeded, the columns of our contemporary are filled with most direful wailings and groanings about the rebel yell, the destruction of American industries and the general wickedness of a little more than one-half of the entire American people, all of which wailings are caused by a disordered stomach and the mixing of two much shortening in the pastry. Had CLEVELAND been defeated instead of elected, we should have found a little comfort in the fact that in that case perhaps the Journal would not have existed in a perpetual nightmare. But there, the Journal is a good old sheet, with all its chronic crapbedness. We are just happy enough over our victory to see lots of excellent points even in the columns of our maiden aunt.

But the election is a thing of the past: the votes have been counted, the result declared. Now let us all, CLEVELAND men and BLAINE men and BUTLER men and ST. JOHN men and LOCKWOOD women, settle down to business once more, and season is a guaranty that England, although she | strive together to advance the interests of our | entirely preventing the spread of the



HA! HA!! HA!!! The Democrats Pays Won.



HA! HA!! HA!!! Once More a United Country.



Cleveland and Hendricks Elected



HA! HA!! HA!!! An Honest Government for All



HA! HA!! HA!!! The Globe Always Said So.

I SALUTE THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

THE GLOBE MAN.-It's a fair night and a glorious year, Governor. I have called you up to salute you as the chosen of a great people. Yours is the splendid honor of sitting in the chair of Washington and of leading the party of Jefferson. The West is made glad by your triumph because of your promise to stand between the land-grabbing railroads and European syndicates and the humble seeker of a home, and because you are pledged to support measures looking to the lifting from the over-burdened shoulders of the farmer unnece sary taxes. The East rejoices in your advancement because of your sound conservatism and clear knowledge of the want; of its great industries. The South has been made to feel by your election that it is again a part of the Union, and that its people are once more admitted to share in the blessings and glory of American institutions. Poor men are cheered by your success because of your oft-shown will to protect them from undemocratic and hurtful class, or special legislation, and because of your being one of them. Business men are pleased with the result because it ensures a simple, economical and business-like administration. THE GLOBE is glad because

I CONCRATULATE CLORIOUS OLD TOM OF INDIANA.

THE GLOBE MAN.-If there are political saviours, you are the saviour of Indiana, and, greatly to its honor, it has had a less ignoble salvation than in 1880. I do not gleefully rub my hands together and say "Soap did it," for the world credit; the outcome this year to your intelligent and untiring labors, and to the love felt for you among your neighbors, and the honest pride every Hoosier takes in your long and spotless public career. When your standard was first raised in the campaign, many doubters were gathered about it, but when you had conquered whatever indifference you may have felt at the outset, and with a vigor only to be expected in one encumbered with but half your years, you threw yourself into the fight, confidence succeeded doubt, and now admiration has been added to confidence. The Democratic party loves you for the votes you have made, but not alone for that. It is keenly mindful of the sturdy fight, the grand success and the monstrous cheat of '76, and the cry of Hendricks and revenge has been no mean contributor to the result, on which I tender you my congratulations.

ommon country. We have had a period of depression; let us all henceforth confidently look forward to more prosperous times. The augurs have been consulted, and the omens are auspicious.

PROSPERITY BEGINNING.

Already the business men are taking on a more confident tone. The dulness always attendant upon a presidential canvass bids fair to wear away in a rapid, wholesome way, and it is a noteworthy fact that nearly every one looks forward to a period of decided prosperity.

With that feeling once prevalent, the battle against hard times is half won, for, after all, the condition of mind has as much or more than any other one thing to do with success in business as well as everything else. The business man who makes up his mind that he will do his share toward setting the wheels in more rapid motion finds his example contagious. His neighbors feel the stimulus and join their power to his, and presently the entire community realizes, though it can't explain just why, that everything is booming, that all are prosperous and that all are happy and contented.

As we remarked the other day, we are bound to have an era of business success soon by the natural order of events. General enthusiasm and confidence will accelerate and increase that

NEW ENGLAND IN THE CABINET.

tion with cabinet positions in President CLEVE-LAND's administration, there seems to be a very general impression that New England will come In for one seat, to be filled from among the many able Democrats in this section.

Here in Massachusetts the name of Hou. Josiah G. ABBOTT seems to be the one to which Democrats most naturally turn, perhaps. Judge ABBOTT has a national reputation, enjoys the utmost confidence of every member of his party politically, and of every one who knows him personally. Add to this sound intelligence, great ability and firmness and a patriotism unquestioned, and the reader has a good idea of the man whom Massachusetts and the country would feel honored in having in the cabinet.

Considering that this is a presidential year, the Democrats have done very well in the congressional line, thank you. They managed to draw 181 brands from the burning while the Republicans were blistering their fingers in pulling out 142. The Greenbackers secured one and the Fusionists one. Hence the Democrats have the very comfortable majority of thirty-seven over all, and a plurality of thirty-nine over the Repub-

Four years ago the Republicans had a majority. Hence the whirligig of time has revolved handsomely for the Democrats.

All we lack now is the Senate. We have the president and House, and expect to behave ourselves so well that in about two years from this time the peple will place us in charge of the upper

And it would be better for the country. The responsibility, instead of being divided, could then be placed upon one party, which should be held to a strict accountability.

THE CHOLERA SCOUBGE.

been believed to have nearly disappeared from France, has appeared in Paris. Already numer ous deaths have occurred, and while as yet no panie has occurred, the situation occasions no little solicitude. Paris has been believed to present a remarkable contrast to Naples, and even to Marseilles, in the matter of cleanliness and perfection of sanitary regulations. Doubtless these precautions against disease have been augmented during the presence of the dread scourge in the country. If, then, in Paris the pestilence can appear in so violent a form as to excite the most serious apprehensions, the authorities of our seaport cities cannot make too stringent regulations and take too energetic measures to avert a similar disaster.

The restriction upon the importation of rags having been removed, a number of the most prominent citizens of New York have urged upon Secretary McCulloch the necessity of establishing every precaution against the introduction of the cholera into our country through this means. This is a movement to be commended, and action thereon cannot be taken too promptly. A conference of State boards of health is to be held at Washington early in December. While this will adoption of means of checking and possibly of

pestilence among us, provided we do not ling the election and will necessitate another. It local vigilance should by no means + be allowed to wane. Our city Board of Health have done admirable work throughout the summer. Not only should this be continued, but even more energetic measures should, if possible, be taken to avert a possible calamity. If is not well to be an alarmist, but it is well to be forewarned, which is to be forearmed.

The National Board of Health is moving energetically in the matter, in the distribution of circulars and pamphiets to the authorities of the States, especially on the eastern seaboard. The promptness of Governor Robinson in referring the matter to the State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, with the intimation of its urgency, is to better.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S PROPHECY.

In his annual report Lieutenant-General SHERI-DAN gives some expression of opinion which may perhaps be regarded as speculative prophecies. but which certainly bears the mark of common

General SHERIDAN entirely agrees with General NEWTON in his remarks upon the utter inadequacy of our coastwise defences, and while he regards our country too vast to fear an invasion of its interior, still he considers our shipping and our seaports as perfectly defenceless against foreign naval attack. He recommends an early beginning of a general system of seacoast fortifications, to ments involved by the latest improvements in

the recent discoveries in explosives, the general regards as the forerunners of a totally new system of warfare. If these improvements continue in the same proportion in the coming fifteen or twenty years as in a like period in the past, battles will become so destructive to human life that neither side in war will be able to stand up before the other. Questions at issue between countries will then have to be settled either by arbitration or by waging war, under a new code, on the enemy's commerce upon land. Nations now attack each other's commerce upon the seas; in future they will also destroy one another's com-

It would be indeed strange if modern improvements in warlike appliances should themselves become the direct means of doing away with the settlement of national difficulties by force of arms, and the universal adoption of the more civilized mode of arbitration. Still it is by no means impossible that, with a still greater advance in the construction of the means of war, and with a perfection of coastwise defences, may come, in even less than two decades, the day when the swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks.

THE ASSOCIATED STAGE-COACH. What the ancient stage-coach is to the modern lightning train, the Associated Press is to the

improved newspaper facilities of the day. For days after every live paper in New York like the Herald, World, Sun, Times, Post, Graphic and Star had announced almost the exact canvass of New York State, as the official canvasses now show, the Associated Press continued to send out statements almost exactly contrary, and it was not until it had secured a locomotive or two from one of the news-Within a few days past the cholera, which had

somewhere within hailing distance. And even then it didn't remain there five minutes. Only yesterday afternoon it was sending out BLAINE gains, patched up by making comparisons with erroneous returns sent out on election night, and long since corrected by svery reliable authority in New York State and the

The fact is that the Associated Press has lost its usefulness. To add wickedness to senility it sends out statements which never heard and never will hear the definition of the word

Every great newspaper now relies upon its own special despatches for quick, reliable work. If they have got a barrel of potatoes or something of that sort to bring to town they put it on the slow coach of the Associated Press. Otherwise they make no use of that fast decaying

As the New York Times says, the Associated Press is unreliable and to be entrusted only with

It is reported that CHARLES H. PAGE, Democratic candidate for Congress from the second district of Rhode Island, has sixty-four affidavits showing fraud on the part of the friends of Major W. A. PIRCE, the Republican candidate, who claims the election. This will result in invalidat- | tobacco in the land-

receive a visitation before that time, may yet be that the man whom the Providence Journal deems unfitted by ability, education or experience to hold the office, will be retired to the wilds of Johnston.

2.09 1-4.

Again the queen of the turf has lowered the hump himself to get through. record. Turimen will find this statement difficult to believe, but the facts back it up. Maud S. now has a record of 2.0914.

Lexington, Kentucky, is the spot which enjoys the distinction of furnishing the track. When, a few weeks since, Maud S. went over the mile in 2.09% the Narragansett Park folks felt justly proud. Lexington now goes them half a second

It is evident that the possibilities of horseflesh have not yet reached their limit. Lowering the record twice within a few months shows what chances there are in the future.

Not many years ago Flora Temple was supposed to have placed the record at its lowest notch-2.40. Maud S. now sets the time at 2.091/4. What next?

WILL FRANCE RETRACT.

The Paris newspaper La Liberte is quoted as saying that the cabinet council has agreed to forego the demand of an indemnity from China and that preliminary peace negotiations with China will soon be concluded. If this is true it minister of war that if operations in Tonguin are to continue he will require the sum of \$8,000,000 to pay the expenses. It seems little in accordance with French temper, however, that France, having progressed so tar and resisted every offer of China of the payment of a less sum than that demanded as indemnity for the affair at Lang Sou, would now suddenly rescind her demand and recall her forces. at also seems inexplicable that, if preliminary peace negotiations have already commenced, hostilities should be continued, as is evident from a despatch from Admiral Courber simultaneously with the announcement of La Liberte. It is, of course, greatly to be desired that war should cease between the two nations, but indications would point to its improbability.

ENGLAND'S GOOD EXAMPLE.

It is not often that England sets an excellent example to our country, but the recent movement of the administration, backed by the House of Commons, looking toward an increase of the navy, would indicate that we may yet learn some-

Lord NORTHBROOK warmly urges the necessity for the addition to the navy of 100 first-class and 150 second-class torpedo boats, and the admiraity board has ordered the construction of four torpedo cruisers and a number of torpedo

It is more than probable that the urgency of the need is apparently increased in some degree by the well-known and ill-suppressed rivalry with France. It is a little remark able that the two nations simultaneously discovered the weakness of their respective navies. However this may be the fact that those two powers are increasing their force upon the sea is an additional warning to us against the waste and mismanagement which keep our country in its present totally defenceless condipapers that its coach was finally dragged up | tion, with an insignificant navy and a total lack of coastwise defences.

> The election law of New York is about the most perfect piece of legal machinery that this country has ever seen. We do not believe that it is an overstatement to say that in no other State in the Union could the result have been so close, comparatively, and have been decided in strict accordance with justice. The plurality there was equivalent to about 300 plurality in Massachusetts. Now, who believes that had the plurality in this State been but 300 either way, and the result of the national contest depending on this State, the count could have been carried out so entirely to the satisfaction of every one as it was in New York State? And the fault would have been in the law. It leaves altogether too many and too loose opportunities for throwing out and counting in ballots according to the political predilection of the canvassers. Here is a promising field for the new Legislature.

The Republican National Committee wanted to wait till the clouds rolled by, but they found that the darkness was caused by a landslide.

> General Logan owns right up like a man. He deserves a whole plug of the firest chewing

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

St. Paul Day: "Little girl who had been to the menagerie; Ob, Johnny, wasn't the camel funny? But I don't understand what our Sunday school teacher was telling us about a camel going through the eye of a needle. Shouldn't you think his hump would stop him? Small brother of the average American type; No, sis; he'd have to

"For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful," devoutly murmured Dusenbury, sitting with folded hands at the dinner table. Then looking aisdainfully over the dishes set before him he snarled: "Good gracious, Maria, how many times do you want me to tell you that I don't hanker for cabbage and corned beef more than three times in one week!"

A Pittsburg woman forgot where she had put \$300 and tried to dash her brains out against the pavement. She would probably have succeeded if it had not been for one insurmountable diffi-

The Fargo, Dak., Broadax has suspended. The Broadax is bound to be popular with its readers, no matter what personal sacrifice may be re-Boston has 24,000 female music scholars .- [Cin

cinnati Times-Star.] Now, what idiotic scoundrel went and gave that thing away? A new book entitled "Letters from Hell" has

been published in England. A good many prominent politicians will be on the anxious seat until they find out which one of their old companions has been using the mails.

The Prince of Wales is only 43. But if you count his age, on the little darkey's plan, by the fun he's had, he's 'most 300. One bushel of ashes represents about two and a half tons of dry body wood. So that two and a

half tons of dry body wood represent lots of to sift the product. A phantom party on roller skates is a novely i Syracuse. A young lady may look ever so much like a phantom, arry and unsubstantial, when she buckles on her armor; but when the rollers strike that greasy spot in the centre of the floor the

don't you let the little circumstance slip your Vermont has buried sixteen reputed centenarians during the past three years. Good for Ver mont! Now if she will only tackle the claest Ma-

A mountain of wild honey 200 feet high and 150 wide has been discovered among the rocks of California, says a San Francisco paper. Probably some young man has just fallen in love for the first time, and this is only the San Francisco way of expressing his feelings. "'Tis too," declared fittle Kerenhappuch

"Tain't neither!" vigorously contradicted her little brother Melchisedck. "Melchisedek." said the editorial papa, looking mildly up from the paper he was reading, "You must say 'It isn't, not "Tain't." It ain't pretty to say "Tain't. Little Melchisedek looked up wonderingly

"Ain't it?" he sald. Few people ever before realized the full force of the phrase "cheering news" so much as they have during the late election excitement.

"Young Women's fair," says the Lowell Citizen man in the local column. You should say "Young women are fair," my boy, if you say anything at all about it. But a man with twins in the family would much better be keeping his eyes at home. It would be disappointing, wouldn't it, now, it some brave explorer should press his way through ountless dangers clear to the North pole, and

then should find the thing greased? Mr. Hayes-Let's see, now, was his name spelled with an "e"?-they say, is raising chickens out in Ohio; but does anybody know what has be come of William A. Wheeler-or was it Wil-

A good many of these old proverbs ought to be discarded as misleading and untrue. For instance people say "Practice makes perfect." And yet just look at that little German band.

"Changeable hosiery" is a fashionable novelty. Come to think of it that is a good idea. An English actor named Chimney is said not to draw well. He is going to be fired.

Fifteen thousand pounds or \$75,000 a year is he allowance Parliament is going to be asked to give the eldest son of the Prince of Wales. If the oung man has any of his father's tastes for Wein. Weib and Gesang he will need it, every farthing. "And do you really think that Blaine is defeated?" I was anxiously asked by an enthusiastic member of a late Blaine and Logan torch light battalion last evening. "It does look that way," I said. He thought in silence for a long time. Then "to think of the marching I've done for that man!" he said. He spoke with a sense of

personal injury. There wasn't a political meeting of any kind in Sinclair, N. Y., during the late campaign. And yet philosophers go hunting around with a tallow dip in each hand looking for the real Utopia. Philadelphia has refused a Cogswell fountain,

'as the proposed gift is not deemed to be a work of art, and its cost for repairs would amount to more than its actual worth." Never mind. The Quakers can see one every time they come to Bos

"'Sallri" he asserted vacantly, as the policeman gathered together his coat collar and the seat of his trousers preparatory to running him in. 'Saliri'. I know'mdrunk,-bu' 's perf'c'ly jus'fiable. 'Sallri', I say. 'S two fellers,-fr'en's'. ine,-'sbettin' on 'lecshun,-on 'erresult,-bettin'erdrinksyerknow,-'n I'm holdin'erstakes, 'I'mdrunker'nalord I know,-bu'sperf'c'ly jus'fia-

There's only one thing that will gather a bigger crowd of ladies on the sidewalk than a milliner's vindow. That is a milliner's window with a mirror in the back ground. The money spent every year for advertising

lithographs and colored prints to paste on walls,

hang in windows and scatter among the people

if differently applied, would provide every family in the Union with a respectable art gallery. It's a question, too, whether the advertisers wouldn't do just as profitable a business.

Has anybody heard Freedom shriek since Blaine and Logan fell? 'Round here we haven't heard a single vip.

A Newton, Ga., man has paid for a farm with the melons off it .- [Philadelphia Call.] A sensible idea. Probably got it cheaper than if he had bought it with the melons on it.

This victory is won. Next election the Democrats will make it two. Edmund wants to know how to tell a woman's age. If you really know it, Edmund, and want to run the risk, tell it quietly, so that she won't bear

stone had been tied around your neck, and that you had never been born. Mr. Blaine will have plenty of leisure, aside from his literary labors, to prosecute that libel suit

you. Otherwise it were better for you that a mill-

against the Indianapolis Sentinel. A pearl necklace of only one row lately brought \$35,000 in New York, says a fashion paper, which does not add that the row occurred when the lady found that her husband had ordered the necklace

"Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c; liquid, 25c; for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness.

The Weekly Globe

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AND RECEIVE

FROM NOW Until Jan. 1886.

ONLY \$1!

Now to January, 1886. (REST OF THE YEAR FREE.)

THE WEFKLY GLOBE, BOSTON MAGO

MR. BLAINE'S VIEWS.

He Had No Other Desire Than a Fair Count.

Regrets, Not for Himself, But for the Demise of the Grand Old Party.

Rumors of the Return of Roscoe Conkling to the United States Senate.

AUGUSTA, Me., November 15 .- Directly to the outhward of Mr. Blaine's residence in Augusta there is a considerable wood, along the borders of which, on the shelving hills that overlook the Kennebec, he is in the habit of taking, daily, a long and brisk walk. Your correspondent intercepted him in his walk this afternoon, and, without any intention of securing an "interview" and with no permission to publish it, he had a running conversation with Mr. Blaine which, as it related to many topics of general interest, he ventures to

give to the public.

I asked Mr. Blaine what he thought would be the result of the count in New York, and he replied that he had no more means of knowing it than the unborn child. He had from the first had no other desire than that a fair count should be made, and, so far as he was personally concerned, he would be content with either result. Success would not elafe him, and defeat would not depress him. He was engaged in congenial and profitable work which had been interrupted by the campaign, and the deep regret that he would feel at a Democratic triumph would be allogether for his party and the country—not for himself. "I lived too near the presidency in 1881,"Mr. Blaine added, after a long pause, "and have too keen a sense of its burdens, its embarrassments and its perils to

be unduly anxious for the office."

To the inquiry how he accounted for the closeness of the result in New York, Mr. Biaine said: "Well, considering the loss by the bolt of the Independent Republicans, and the far larger loss from the action of the Republican Prohibitionists, the wonder at first sight is that the Democrats did not carry the State by a large majority, as they confidently expected they would. This result was prevented by the great accessions to the Republican ranks of Irish and Irish-American voters and workingmen of all classes, who sustained me because of my advocacy of a protective tariff. They believe, and believe wisely, that free trade would reduce their wages." be unduly anxious for the office."

reduce their wages."
"You really think, then," queried your reporter, "that you got a considerable Irish vote in New York?"

York?"

"Oh, I bad thousands upon thousands," replied Mr. Biaine, "and should have had many more but for the intolerant and utterly improper remark of Dr. Burchard, which was quoted everywhere to my prejudice, and in many places attributed to myself, though it was in the highest degree distasteful and offensive to me. But a he, you know, travels very fast, and there was not time before election to overtake and correct that one, and so I suffered for it."

by the ability, the earnestness and the sincerity of those whom I met. There, for instance, is Patrick Ford of the Irish World. He is a man of the most those whom I met. There, for instance, is Fatrick Ford of the Irish World. He is a man of the most unsellish devotion to any cause he espouses—possessing a great faculty for organization, with marked ability and untiring energy. General Kerwin of the Tablet has in large degree the same characteristics, and is a far-signted and able man, with a fine record as a Union soldier. The Irish Nation, edited by John Devoy, also gave us strong and valuable support. Alexander Sullivan and John Finnerty were very powerful on the stump, and did royal service. Both are natural orators of the fervid Irish type. Sullivan's tariff speech in Toledo contributed very largely to the defeat of Frank Hurd. These men, with others whom I did not personally meet, have made a break in the Irish Democratic vote—one that I believe will widen and increase in the future as the full significance of the attitude of the Democratic party on the tariff question becomes understood and appreciated. Our Irish and Irish-American citizens will in time get tired of voting in accordance with the wishes of the English free traders."

I said to Mr. Blaine that the Irish in Boston thought he understood the character of their people better than any other Republican leader. Mr. Blaine replied that it would be egotiste for him to assume that, but said there was verhaps a strong leaning of the Irish element toward him because of the fact that on his mother's side he was of Irish descent. In Pennsylvania, his native State, he had received an enormous Irish vote—some counties hitherto strongly Democratic having been completely reversed in their popular majorities by the change of the Irish in his favor.

having been completely reversed in their popular majorities by the change of the Irish in his favor. This, however, was of course due in part to the fact that he stood so distinctively as the representative of protection to American industries—

fact that he stood so distinctively as the representative of protection to American industries—an idea which prevails with more force in Pennsylvania than in any other State.

"But," said I, "did you not lose correspondingly in the German vote?" "Not at ali," replied Mr. Blame. "All through the West the Germans supported me nobly; how else could I have carried Chicago by 9000, Cincinnati by 5000, Cleveland by 5000? Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa have the largest German population in the West, and I carried them by spiendid majorities. Such able and influential German editors as Markbreit in Cincinnati, Kauffman in Cleveland. Praetorius in St. Louis, and many others, brought great strength to the Republican cause. German orators were also most effective on the slump. Brucker, Gotischock and men of that slamp exerted great influence. There was minimise effort made to prejudice the Germans against me, but it falled. They are a wonderfully cool-headed people, inflexibly honest in their conclusions and just in their judgments, and I have a bundant reason to thank them for their generous support. I shall not soon forget it. At different points in the West I found German and Irish clubs cordially uniting in public demonstrations."

in public demonstrations."
Your correspondent brought the conversation back to New York by asking Mr. Blaine if he

Your correspondent brought the conversation back to New York by asking Mr. Blaine if he thought the Prohibitionists were honest in their support of St. John.

"I have never, during the campaign," replied Mr. Blaine, "reflected upon the motives of any man and I shall not do so. I content myself with saying that I think the Prohibitionists were misled and that they did not correctly measure the Possible result of this course. I received from many of them the assurance that my candidacy made their action difficult, because they really wanted to vote for me, but they seemed to be under the strange delusion that the temperance cause could be promoted by supporting their own presidential ticket, and by their course they influenced prejudicially the national issues which were really at stake."

"You attribute the close vote in New York, then, Mr. Blaine, solely," replied Mr. Blaine. "According to numerous letters I have received from central and western New York, it would seem that the rainy day fessended the Republican vote. The Democratic majorities he in the cities, where, by a few minutes' walk on a good pavement, a man reaches his poiling place, The Republican majorities are in the country, where large numbers live three, four or even five miles from the polling-place, which on election day had to be reached over mudy roads and in a rain storm, Had the day been fair the Republican majorities in the rural countles would have been increased, one good judge writes me, by probably 10,reached over muddy roads and in a rain storm. Had the day been fair the Republican majorities in the rural counties would have been increased, one good judge writes me, by probably 10,000, but all agree from 3000 to 5000. The actual difference between the two parties in the final count, whichever waylit goes, will perhaps not exceed a thousand, about the one-twelfth of one per cent, of the total vote—or one voter in every 1200 for the entire State. So, if the Democrats have have really earried New York by this small margin, as latest news indicate, you see how easily a fair day might have reversed the result. But great political battles, like military battles, are often lost or won by an apparently trivial incident or accident which no human foresight can guard against."

Mr. Blaine turned homeward at this point. He seems to be in perfect health, and, as far as any one could judge, in the best of spirits. His sten is elastic and his gaft so rapid that it was with difficulty I kept up with him. He told me that his long tour of forty-two days on the stump had not in the least degree fatigued him.—[Boston Journal.]

CONKLING AND COALITION. Will the Old Republican Leader Return to His Senatorial Seat Through a Union of

Bemocrats with Stalwarts?

ALBANY, November 16 .- The last of the Re-Dublican claimants have given in, and admit Governor Cleveland's election to the presidency. They are consoling themselves with the fact that have got the Legislature and will be able to elect a United States senator in the place of Senator Labham. Some of the shrewd Republican politicians boldly state that Roscoe Conking should be the man. Their argument is that, as long as Mr. Conking was in the Senate and the leader of the party, they were successful. As soon as he was thrown overboard and the lead of the Millers, Robertsons and Roberts followed, disaster was the result. Hence they argue that this is the time to take a new departure and place Mr. Conking in the Senate. If enough Republicans will join with the Demograts to make a majority, there is but little doubt that the Demogratic Legislature would cast their vote for Mr. Conking. To accomplish that it would require thirteen Republicans to break loose from their present leader. It is admitted that

Greene was all to secure Arthur members, and it is understood that he has obtained three in his congressional district. Mr. Arthur's friends have picked up one in Rensselaer and one in Washington county. Mr. Mott, the old Staiwart leader in Oswego, is reported to have captured two in that section, and all the Republican members from New York City save one are claimed as Arthur men. Chairman Warren claims the two Republicans from Erie county in the same list. In conversation with one of President Arthur's confidential friends today, that gentleman stated that he had a recent talk with Mr. Arthur, in which the President said that he did not think that it would be becoming a man who had held the position of president to enter into such a contest, and he should only be a candidate in obedience to the general sentiment of his party. Had Blaine been elected president, the belief here is that Warner Miller would have been able to secure Whitelaw Reid as his associate. The defeat of Blaine has changed this. Had Mr. Blaine been elected, ex-Governor Cornell would have tried for a place in his cabinet as the r presentative from this State. So sure was he that Blaine was going to win that his friends announced before election that Mr. Cornell would not be in the way of any other candidate in senator. The defeat of Blaine has changed this Ada Kr. Ornell would not be in the way of any other candidate for senator. The defeat of Blaine has changed the same of the senator. Greene was all to secure Arthur members, and it is not be in the way of any other candidate for senator. The defeat of Blaine has changed his

lans. It is now stated that he will be in the race for nited States senator, and that Reed will abdicate

SKYE CROFTERS.

Help to Resist the Police Offered from Stornoway - One Governor Killed and Many Villages Pillaged in Afghauistan. LONDON, November 12 .- The master of the steamer Lochiel, which vessel was chartered by the government to take a battalion of police to the Isle of Skye, refused to proceed, and the owner of

the steamer has cancelled his agreement. At a mass meeting held at Stornaway yesterday resolutions were passed condemning the action of the authorities in sending police to the Isle of Skye, and thousands offered themselves as volun-teers to go to Skye to assist the crofters. It is feared that collisions with the police and crofters when the former reach Skye will result in blood-

The Birmingham Secret Land Restoration League sent a telegram to Skye, embodying a resolution of sympa.ny from that organization, but advising the crofters to adopt all lawful means of

PANIC-STRICKEN PARIS.

Terrible Condition of the Crowded Quarters Visited by Cholera.

PARIS, November 13 .- The epidemic continues o spread, fatal cases of cholera being reported today from places hitherto exempt from its visitation, and it is causing people to leave Paris in great numbers. A correspondent who went on an exploring tour this morning in the narrow streets and alleys that run out of the main thoroughfare between the Faubourg du Temple and the Faubourg St. Antoine where the cholera has been severe,

"While giving the authorities all the credit their good intentions deserve, I am bound to say the uncleanliness of these populous quarters Lake them a very bothed of disease. A person can hardly realize the condition of the rookeries in which thousands of men, women and children live, work, eat and sleep, with totally inadequate supplies of air, water and light, and an utter dispersion of the elements of cleanliness. A journeynan cabinet-maker, when asked whether was not worse than usual, replied that he did not discern anything unusual, and all he complained of was the insufficiency of water, which he had to fetch himself from a fountain in

complained of was the insufficiency of water, which he had to fetch hinself from a fountain in the Faubourg St. Antolne, about 300 yards from the entrance of the alley. The house in which this man resides is four stores high and gives shelter to ten families, or some fifty persons, including women and children. The rooms are small and badly lighted, and the inhabitants work and sleep in the same room. The staircase is dark, and the sanitary arrangement of the place is simply shocking. The leaden hue of the men's faces and the attenuated frames of the children tell their own tale.

"Having been assured that a man living in the rue Montreuil had been attacked today by cholera, I went to the house indicated. When I arrived there I found the house extremely dirty, and impregnated with bad odors. On reaching the second floor I found several men and women standing on the small landing between two open doors. From the consternation written on their faces I saw at once that I had been correctly informed. Indeed, they were too alarmed to answer my question, and merely pointed to a room where they had lived, I stepped in and found some police officers disinfecting the abode. I will say nothing more than that it smelt horribly. The police officials stated that the man had been removed to the Hospital St. Autone."

Precautions of every kind are being taken by

police officials stated that the man had been removed to the Hospital St. Autoine."

Precautions of every kind are being taken by the public and by individuals to impede as far as possible the deadly progress of the plague. On Monday one warehouse sold 20,000 yards of red flannel, the wearing of which is supposed by many to be efficient in guarding against contagion. Such of the troops and policemen as are detailed for night duty are given an allowance of rum in their coffee. Many people have already left this city in the hope of getting beyond the fatal influence of the disease. Latterly the exodus has been increaser sanitary condition by flushing them with water and carbolic acid. Three cases of cholera have occurred at the police depot in the prefecture.

PARIS, November 13.—From midnight Wednesday up to 6 o'clock Thursday afternoon fifty-eight new cases of cholera were reported.

HUNTING FOR A WIFE. Experiences of a Millionnaire Seeking a Rousekeeper in Raste.

[St. Paul Day.]
JONESBORO, Ga., October 28.—A marriage has just been celebrated here which is one of the quickest on record. William McElroy Is one of the wealthiest citizens of the county. He lost his third wife ten days ago, and as he stood in instant

third wife ten days ago, and as he stood in instant need of a housekeeper he shaved off his whiskers, blackened his boots and otherwise fitted himself up for the campaign. His first venture was on a tender Fayette county matien, who fled from the room with a scream as soon as he broached the subject nearest his heart.

He next went to Atlanta, where he took a seat in a street car. Opposite sat a lady robed in black. Bending himself over with an engaging smile, he liquired: "Madame, are you a widow?" The lady flashed up and responded: "If I am, I am not out fishing for tools." He then jumped his mule and started home. On the way he saw Mrs. Mary Lambert, a black-eyed widow of 32, at the washtub. Dismounting he went toward her and asked if she was free to consider proposals. With downcast eyes, "I am, kind sir," she said. He then fell on one knee and vowed that her resemblance to his first wife was so great that he could not pass by, and urged her to an immediate marriage. She pleaded time for a bridal outfit, but his patience would not brook delay. He mounted his mule, with Mary behind him, and rode into town, where a squire bound them. The wash tub was left for other hands, and McElroy's house had gained a new mistress.

MURDER WILL OUT.

Confession Lends to Conviction After Fifteen Years of Silence.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., November 15 .- Some fifteen years ago John D. Thompson of Somerville, Fayette county, Tenn., having a spite against a neigh-bor named Balley, filled a bottle with poisoned liquor and placed it so that Balley would find it. liquor and placed it so that Bailey would find it. His scheme succeeded, and Bailey, together with two of his children; who drank of the liquor, died. Their death remained a mystery-until a year ago, when James Ihompson, a son of John D. Thompson, was taken very ill, and, thinking he would die, confessed the crime his father had committed lifteen years ago, and of which he had full knowledge. Joseph Thompson did not die, and he and his father were tried at Somerville. Last Monday they were convicted of murder, and were sentenced—the father to twenty-one years, and the son to fourteen years, in the penitentiary.

Justin McCarthy, Jr., Predicts that Ireland Will Soon Have Home Rule. BIRMINGHAM, November 17.—Messrs. Justin McCarthy, Sr., and Jr., members of the House of Commons, addressed the National Irish Club at its meeting yesterday. Justin McCarthy, Jr., deits meeting yesterday. Justin McCarthy, Jr., de-livered the inaugural address as president of the club. During his remarks he said the Irish mem-bers of the House of Commons would not rest until they had a Parliament on College green, Dublin, which, he prophesied, they would have within five years. Justin McCarthy, Sr., said three of the most influential members of the cabinet had declared in favor of the principle of home rule in Ireland, and he believed the Eng-lish Parliament would affirm that principle be-fore five years had passed.

Fire in a Wisconsin Insane Asylum OSHKOSH, Wis., November 16.—Shortly before 11 o'clock last night, fire was discovered in the boiler room of the Northern Hospital for the Insane, situated about four miles from this city. vote for Mr. Conkling. To accomplish that it vould require thirteen Republicans to break loose from their present leader. It is admitted that there are not over two in the Senate who would do so. It would require eleven in the Assembly. This is more than any one can count how who would be likely to take that step. Prior to the election there was a move started and engineered by Chairman Warren of the Republican State Committee to seture all the Assemblymen possible for President Arthur. General Sharpe's contest in Ulster and

Wrecked on the Marshall Islands, They Are Hespitably Received by the King.

Two Perilous Attempts Made by Them to Reach the Civilized World.

NEW YORK, November 17 .- The American ship Pactolus, at present anchored in the bay off Governor's Island, has on board as officers the second and third mates of the American ship Reindeer of Philadelphia, which salled from that port for Japan with a cargo of oil one year ago last August and which was given up as lost with all hands on board early in the present year. The two mates, says the World, are H. W. Drogan and H. C. Percy, and their experience, together with their twenty-two companions, since they left Philadelphia would form an intensely interesting novel. The men related their story yesterday in their cosy

little cabin on board the Pactoius.

The voyage of the Reindeer was devoid of incldent until the night of January 2, when she struck on a reef near one of the Marshall islands, situated in the Pacific ocean, in latitude 7.30 north, longitude 173,30 east. "The night was black as pitch," said Drogan, "and we could not realize what had happened, as we had thought ourselves miles from land. We did not thought ourselves miles from land. We did not have long to conjecture over our position, as the vessel filled rapidly. We hastly gathered together a small quantity of provisions and clothing and some implements and took to the longboat. There were twenty-four of us in all, including Captain Morrison. We reached the shore in safety, and in the morning found ourselves surrounded by a number of natives."

"Their skin resembled the color of a new saddle." put in Percy.

dle," put in Percy.
"Or new leather," added Drogan, "and they wore nothing but mats made of coaconut fibre; and, I tell you, they were

A Barbarous-Looking Crowd. Our captain addressed an important-looking individual who was surrounded by several fairly good-looking females keeping the flies away from him with big leaves. To our surprise the man, who turned out to be the king of the place, understood a little English. So little that it was hardly any use to us, but we managed to make known who we were and whence we came, and he treated

"The island on which we landed was called Ejae, and is one of thirteen islands which form the Marshall croup. There were about ninety people on this island, half of whom were women, and enough inhabitants on the other islands to make the population of the group about 250 all told. On Ejae the king of the group resided. The people lived in little huts, very low, and very dirty. The king's palace was also a hut, but much larger than those eccupied by the people. Still, it only contained one room, and this was about thirty feet long and twenly wide. They treated us handsomely. The king gave up his palace to us, and went to live with one of his wives. He had three of them, by the way—"

"He had thirteen of 'em,' interrupted the third mate. "Drogan and I always disagree on this point," he added.

"Well, anyway," continued Drogan, "we were treated first-class. We had to feed on coconnuts island on which we landed was called

"Well, any way," continued Drogan, "we were treated first-class. We had to feed on coconnuts and bread fruit just the same as the natives, as our food was soaked, and there wasyery little of it,

"For eight days we endeavored to find out ex-"For eight days we endeavored to find out exactly where we were, and then we ascertained that on some island, 280 miles distant, was the town of Ulan, which is a seaport. We drew lots, and I was selected to command the longboat and endeavor to reach that port. With four men we started away in the open boat, leaving our companions on shore wishing us God-speed and success. We were not away twenty-four hours when a terrific storm arose, and for eleven days we were tossed about in a heavy sea. We worked like beavors to keep our little craft afloat. Fortunately we had

Pleuty of Coconutts and Bread Fruit and water on board, and did not suffer for want of nourishment. Our lonely condition wore heavily on our minds, and I am sure five men never ate less in eleven days than we during that memorable trip. We did not know where we were, yet we kept on hoping and praying for a sail. Towards evening on the eleventh day we sighted the bark Catalina of London, Captain E. Williams, bound from Newcastle, New South Wales, for Sigon, in Cochin China. We were taken on board in an exhausted condition and very kindly treated. One of my men, Peter Lawson, died on board the Catalina from exposure a few hours after we were Catalina from exposure a few hours after we were rescued. He had suffered for several days, and we had hourly expected him to breathe his last.

"We arrived at Sigon and went immediately to the French consul-general, who, we learned, was also conducting American affairs in the port, we wished to be sent to Hong Kong, but the Frenchman was afraid to take the responsibility, and we finally applied to the British consul, C. F. Trimlett, who heard our story. He knew we were Americans, but nevertheless assisted us to Hong Kong, and gave us a letter to Colonel Moseby in Houg Kong. Arriving there, Colonel Moseby treated us shamefully. We were in Hong Kong thirty-six hours before we learned that the United Stares man-of-war Essex was in port, and in all that time Moseby did nothing for us, nor did he tell us of the Essex. We told our story to Captain McCormack of the Essex. Who in turn related it to Commodore John Lee Davis, in command of the United States Aslatic squadron, and the latter ordered the Essex immediately to the Marshall Islands to rescue our companions."

Here Mate Percy showed an inclination to talk, and Drogan concluded with, "Now, Percy, fire away."

"When Drogan and his men left us," began

away."
"When Drogan and his men left us," began Percy.

"We Commenced a Lazy, Shiftless Life, until Captain Morrison suddenly startled us by a proposition to build a schooner. We had saved proposition to build a schooner. We had saved a few tools and there was plenty of wood on the island. We had little hope that Drogan was alive, as the same storm he caught passed around us for many days. We took up the captain's proposition with a will, and in two months had a respectable-looking vessel ready to launch. The work was very tedious, our tools were few and hardly adapted to shipbuilding, but when completed, we all agreed that our vessel was a good one. Several of us were sick during this time, and our steward, Frank Silver, died of dropsy. We buried him as decently as possible.

dled of dropsy. We buried him as decently as possible.

Finding our boat too small to accommodate all of us, we drew lots, and ten men with the capitaln were selected to man her. Myself and the six other men remained on the island. The parting when the captain and his men sailed away was sorrowful, but we braced up like men. The schooner started out for Jeluit, another island, about 300 miles away, and reached there all right.

"In the meantime we idled away another month or more, and finally, three months and ten days after the day we were wrecked, the Essex hove into our little harbor, and the joy at the meeting was almost enough to kill us. This man," pointing to Drogan, "and myself hugged like old sweethearts, and the other men hugged each other. Then we bade our savage friends farewell, and safled for Yokohama. We were happy to leave Ejae, yet the natives seemed sorry to have us go. They wept and shrieked, especially the women, who seemed to filink that our going would bring bad luck to the island."

"Percy might have been king of the Marshalls," said Drogan, "If the Essex had been a month later. He had the king solid, and the natives all loved him.",

"We reached Yokohama thirty-eight days after leaving Ejae, and soon after leaving Ejae, and soon after leaving Ejae, and soon after word of Captain Morrison's safety. He was arranging to go to the rescue of the men whom he thought were still at Ejae, but we intorned him of their rescue, and afterwards we had a jolly reunion at Yokohama. We all got ships at that place, except the capfain, who started for home. Percy and I, you see, caught this clipper we are on, but where the other men got berths we don't know, except that they did get ships, every one of them." right.
"In the meantime we idled away another month

NOVEMBER CROP REPORTS.

The Cotton Yield Not Large, but Better than that of 1883.

WASHINGTON, November 12 .- The November returns of cotton to the Department of Agriculture relate to the yield per acre, and show the effects of the long-continued drought in reducing production. The lateness of killing frosts has less effect than usual in enlarging the yield, as the less effect than usual in enlarging the yield, as the vitality of the plants was too nearly exhausted to produce a top crop. The drought had not been broken at some points on the gull coast at the date of returns. The indicated yield per acre is lower in nearly every State than in the census year, which was one of an average production. The lowest yields are now, as then, in Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Texas. The reduction is this year very marked in Louisnana and Arkansas, the region of most productive cotton lands. The returns by States indicate the yield per acre as follows, the figures being subject to modification by fuller returns: Virginia, 180 pounds; North Carolina, 175; South Carolina, 130; Mississippi, 175; Louislana, 190; Texas, 143; Arkansas, 200; Tennessee, 160. The indicationspoint to a crop somewhat larger than that of 1883, gathered in unusually fine condition, of good color, unstained by storms, and free from trash and dirt.

The returns of the rate of yield of corn indicate a product somewhat the excess of 1,800,000,000 bushels, or an average rate, a small fraction above twenty-six bushels per acre. The best yields are, as in 1883, in what has been designated the great American desert. The "arid regions" in

Thrilling Adventures of the Reindeer's Crew.

the vicinity of the hundredth meridian have sproduced heavy crops of maize of high quality. That line of longitude has ceased to be an absolute barrier to corn production or general farming. The quality of corn is better than in 1883, nearly everywhere, and in the northern beit it is worth 25 to 50 per cent. more. The potato crop is nearly an average yield, or ninety bushels per acre, and exceeds 190,000,000 bushels.

AN EMPTY OIL BARREL

Kills Seven Children and Possibly Eleven-Dance of Death Around a Bonfire in Chicago Streets.

CHICAGO, November 16.-Some sixteen little children, all under 10 years of age, tonight, while playing with a boufire in the neighborhood of Quincy and Desplaines streets, secretly secured an empty kerosene oil bar-rel and placed it on the fire, commencing to dance around it, singing and laughing. Almost instantly there was a terrific explosion, which tairly shook the houses near Mothers and neighbors rushed to the scene, while the shricks of the children were heartrending. It was found that seven of the children had been instantly killed, while four more are not expected to live. The names of those killed are Regmald Poole, James Daliy. Eddle Burke, Maggie Burke, Annie Ward, Adam Poole and Minnie

TROUBLE AMONG GEORGIA NECROES. Brunswick's Business Centre Burned by the Incendiary Torch-Several Lives Lost in the War of Races at the Town

of Dublin. NEW YORK, November 17 .- A special from Atlanta, Ga., to the World says: "Georgia has been the scene of two exciting sensations, both of which are supposed to be the result of the recent excitement and scare among the negroes, that the return of the Democratic party to power meant the re-establishment of slavery. At 3 o'clock yesterday morning a report was received of a terrible riot at Dublin, Laurens county, one of the most thrifty towns in the State, with a population of 3000, but being forty miles from both railroad and telegraph, is not easily accessible. The meagre reports received picture the turnoil

rallroad and telegraph, is not easily accessible. The meagre reports received picture the turnoil as a race war, in which several lives were lost and a number of persons wounded.

Following this came the intelligence that Brunswick, a seaport town of 7000 inhabitants, had been fired by incendiaries, supposed to be negroes. The fire was discovered at 1.30 o'clock yesterday morning bursting forth from a warehouse on Eglethorp street. A high wind prevailed, and the flames spread rapidly. Before they were got under control the following buildings were destroyed:

The post office, Southern Express, Putnam's stable, Brunswick Club house, McIntosh's tin store, Glover & Dunn's notion store, Blaine's drug store, J. B. Wright's ciothing store, F. Harris' law office, Harris' jewelry store. Filint's furniture store, and about twenty-five or thirty other buildings. They were all situated in the heart of the town, and hardly a business house remains. The City Hall barely escaped destruction. The building caught he several times, and was saved only by the supernuman efforts of the citizens. Stephen Wright (colored), employed in Putnam's the supernuman efforts of the citizens. Stephen Wright (colored), employed in Pulmam's livery stable, was burned to death while trying to save some of his effects. Very few of the occupants of the buildings burned had time to save anything, and there is great distress. The cause of the fire will be rigidly investigated, and the incendiary, if caught, will be lyached.

MANY TONS OF BALLOTS.

A Fanciful Study in Statistics Applicable to the Election on Toesday.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.] Here are facts and figures not usually appended to election returns. The history of past elections teaches that this vote of the nation advances from president to president by steps measured in numbers by 10 per cent. The total vote of 1868 was 5.724.654; of 1872, was 6.465,805; of 1876, was 8,412,733; of 1880, was 9,210,970. Add 10 per cent to this last total and the estimate for the vote going into the bailot-boxes today will be 10,132,067, an approximation borne out by other calculations, and which will be found not far out of the result. A ballot is a piece of paper averaging four inches wide and ten and a half long. One hundred and fifty ballots will weigh about a pound. Two hundred and fifty ballots laid on each other will measure about an inch. To prepare these bus of paper at a reasonable profit costs meety cents a thousand. If the ballots cast today were placed end to end they would reach in a continuous line from Washington, D. C., to El Paso, in Texas, or they would stretch from Eastport, Me., to New Orleans, as the crow files. If one end of the long line of paper were made fast at Cape Flattery, the extreme northwestern promitory of Vashington Territory, the other end would pass K. hass City, with enough miles to spare to reach Eedalla.

This has to do only with the ballots actually voted. The number of ballots printed, of course, is tremendously larger than the amount voted. In St. Louis, for instance, the Democrats have 10,132,067, an approximation borne out by

voted. The number of ballots printed, of course, is tremendously larger than the amount voted. In St. Louis, for instance, the Democrats have had 600,000, the other parties in all 700,000, making for this one town a total of 1,300,000. It is generally admitted, however, that the vote of St. Louis will not, at the outside, make more than 50,000. Here, then, is a surplus of twenty-six ballots for each one east. This makes the total of ballots offered to the people throughout America at this election 250,000,000. It wond require eighty-five freight cars to move this load of paper, whose we light is 1,716,000 pounds. The white paper and printing of the mass has cost \$234,000. Pasted end to end there would be paper enough to go entirely around the globe, leaving 19,000 miles to share for a gignitic double bow-knot, which would cover the greater part of the two Americas, or if one preferred, to keep the string in the United States there would be miles enough to wrap the streamer thirty-nine times around the State of Missouri and still leave, enough over to reach from the Post-Dispatch building to Governor Cleveland's private office in the State House at Albany.

MISTAKEN FOR AN EARTHQUAKE.

Terrific Explosion of a Dynamite Factory Near Toledo Felt Many Miles Away. Toledo, O., November 13 .- At 10.30 this forenoon a terrific shock shock buildings, shattered glass and created a panic in many of the schools in this city. It was caused by the explosion of the nitro-glycerine factory of A. J. Rummill, city limits. Five men were at work in the estab-lishment at the time, but none were killed, though all were more or less injured. The result of the explosion in the vicinity Institute the the control of the spin of the explosion in the vicinity is simply terrible. Large trees were twisted off, the ground torn up, and everything presents a deplorable appearance. Windows were shattered in the house of refuse near by. In Perrysburg, five miles distant, windows were broken in the school house, the wall ericked, blackboards thrown to the floor, and everybody rushed out of the building. The shock was feit at Detrolt, and several other nobits across the lake, and even as far east as Cieveland. In each of these distant places it was supposed to be an earthquake shock. There were 20,000 pounds of dynamite and 3000 pounds of gun powder stored in the magazine. Rummill & Co. lose about \$10,000: no insurance. The damage throughout the city will amount to many hundreds of dollars.

GENTLEMEN, CALL AGAIN.

Burglars Assured of a Kindly Greeting and Cash, Which They Overlooked, if They But Give Notice of Their Coming. Burglars broke into the store of R. F. Carter of South Ryegate, Vt., last Sunday morning and that gentleman has facetiously directed the following

gentleman has facetiously directed the following courteous advertisement to them:

COL REWARD.—If the gentlemen who COL took the trouble to blow my safe open Sunday morning, 9th inst. will kindly return the small iron VAULT and contents which they carried away. I will send them what little money they overlooked—only \$21-and "no questions asked"; the contents of that little vault are of no account to you; the insurance policies will not benefit your wives when I am dead; the three or four thousand dollars in notes therein you can make no use of unless you are smarter collectors than I; and the checks made payable to order have no "order" on them and I do not think you can put an order on them so that the bank will advance much money; you need not get mad and blame the because you failed to find the \$21 in cash, for which sum, if I send it to you, you should, in fairness, return the collaterals, which latter can do you no good, but may save me some inconvenience; now just accommodate me this time; and when you want to look over my business again, on your ringing my bell (I live in first house east of store), I will get up and unlock the safe for you and give you what information I can; I have returned to Sam Mils the two chisels and bit brace which you borrowed at his shop; by the way, there were 2/2 pounds of powder taken from a can up stairs; if you used my powder, you should allow me sometimes for it. Address R. F. CARTER, Proprietor Ryegate Granite Works, South Ryegate, Vt.

"I AM YOUR FATHER."

How Robert Wilson Came Back to Georgia.

Looking in Vain for the Wife Who Had Watched and Waited for Him.

Weeping Over the Grave of Another Lone Widower's Wife.

ACKWORTH, Ga., November 15 .- Last week an early morning train brought to this place a gentleman of about 60 years of age. He registered at the Litchfield House as R. W. Wilson. He found that Mr. Litchfield was dead. He then becan inquiring of other old citizens, but as he would recall their names he would be told that they had been dead ten, twenty, thirty years, and others had never been heard of by the present inhabitants. He hired a carriage to drive out in the country to seek some one who belonged to the era of 1850. Passing by the plantation of Captain O'Neil he saw a young man engaged in picking cotton whose appearance strangely impressed him. He halted and looked intently. Calling the young man to the fence, he, in reply to the question as to his name, responded readily:

"Wilson, sir." "Where is your father?" "He ran away to California thirty-three years

'What was your father's first name?"

"Robert-R. W."
"Thank God! Thank God! I have found you at last. I am R. W. Wilson, your long-lost father.

Tears ran down the cheeks of the elder Wilson as he stood embracing his wondering son. Then the two walked arm in arm to young Wilson's loome, where the old man found a daughter-in-law and grandchildren."

Away back in 1848, while the gold excitement in California was at its hight, among the most brawny young mhers in north Georgia was R. W. Wilson, in the town of Nuckollsville, which was a compared in mpor-Wilson, in the town of Nuckollsville, which was at that time a place of great commercial importance, owing to its being the trading point of the north Georgia miners. Wilson was looked upon as one of the bravest among a desperate lot of men, but the bright eyes of a winsome daughter of a brother miner exerted a gentle influence upon him. The lady was one of the few in the rough mining town, and, as a result, had admirers without a number. Wilson, therefore, was envied when the decided preference was shown for him, and the wedding of the pair is still stoken of by old miners, who linger upon the scene as having been one of the most notable incidents of these early times. Although the young husband was envied by his associates upon his acquisition, yet there seemed to be A. Cloud Hanging Over Him.

A Cloud Hanging Over Him.

He could not bear to think that his wife reigned so favorably in the hearts of others, although her devotion to him was of most wifely character; the thought that she reigned belle of the camp embittered his mind. The year following a child was born, a boy whose coming was the occasion of great revelry among the neighbors.

great reveity among the neighbors.

Dark and moody, Wilson announced to his wife that he was going to California, and that she might never hear from him again. The young mother pressed her babe closer to her bosom, and prayed long and fervently that her husband, whom she loved so dearly, might return. It was the age of uncertain malls and slow coaches, so that one or two letters a year was considered marvellous. The letters ceased for a while, and only upon the return of some disappointed Georgia miner could anything be heard about the absentee. It was stated that he had been unfortunate; that he never spoke of home, and that he would never return to Georgia. These words burned the heart of the young wife, yet she never gave up the hope that her husband would in time relent and leturn to her. The little boy, who was growing up, was remarkably like his father. Thus time passed away until eleven years had fled, when the war cut the country in two, and all communication was stopped. Even the horrors of war seemed to bring a ray of joy to the abandoned wife. She fondly Indulged in a hope that her husband might return to ne of joy to the abandoned wife. She fondly indulged in a hope that her husband might return in one of the Western regiments. When Sherman was burn-ing his way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and the ladies along the way were fleeing to places of refuge, Mrs. Wilson stayed at her place in Ack-As regiment after regiment passed by she would stand with her boy and closely scan the faces of the boys in blue to detect, if possible, the features of the one she loved. It was only when the last regiment had passed on its way South and the last camp-follower had gone—after that her

to the inevitable.

It must not be supposed that one who had so many admirers was without offers of marriage. They urged her to procure a divorce from an unworthy husband. When the news of his existence failed to come, they argued that he was dead, but to no purpose. When the war was over and it had been fifteen years since the departure of her husband, one of the most favored of her old lovers sought her hand. She declined. One day, reading a Western paper in the Litchfield House, the lover saw an item which greatly agitated him. Eagerly rushing with the paper to the residence of Mrs. Wilson, he let her read the item for herself, that her husband was dead and buried. Then

She Agreed to Become the Wife of one who had for years befriended her, while she was deserted by the one from whom she had a right to expect protection. Three years ago she died and was buried in a little graveyard a few miles out, where her second husband erected a modest monument to her memory,
Such was the story young Wilson told to his

father. The father had also a story to tell. After leaving home Mr. Wilson had at first met After leaving home Mr. Wilson had at first met with reverses, and it was not until the bonanza excitement of ten years ago that he had laid the foundation of his fortune. Since that time he had been accumulating, until now he is a millionnaire. The approach of the World's Exhibition at New Orleans revived a desire in his breast to revisit old scenes, and make up the quarrel of a generation with his wife. The Governor of California, hearing of his intended visit, appointed him commissioner for that State to the centennial. He was here for the purpose of bringing his family to California, where he should make amends for past neglect. In company with his son's family he visited the grave of his wife. It was an affecting scene to see the mound of earth and the benitent husband.

Wilson left for New Orleans yesterday, and will return in December and take the family to California with him.

SAVED FROM THE MORMONS.

One of the Sample Cases of Mormons as Immigration Agents.

NEW YORK, November 12 .- Among the passengers on the steamship Arizona, which arrived from converts, under the charge of several elders. Another was J. R. Gildea, a deputy sheriff of New Haven, who was returning from a visit to Ireland.
He noticed that one of the converts,
a bright-eyed, brown-haired English
country girl seemed sad, and to
be in constant fear of the elders. At the first opportunity he spoke to her, and learned that her name was Levine Cook. She said she was led by curiosity to attend the Mormon missionary meetings. "An elder," said the girl, "said that he ings. "An elder," said the girl, "said that he knew my mother in America, and that she wanted me to come out and join her. Then he showed a letter which he said she had written to him about letter which he said she had written to him about me. There was something about bringing the daughter back with him. This, with the promise of good husbands for all unmarried young women, led me to become one of several score of women who are on their way to Utah. But I don't want to go-not at all; but I can't help myseif." Mr. Gildea made up his mind to rescue Levine.

The elders were living on the best on shipboard, drinking great quantities of champagne and gambing constantly. Mr. Gildea spoke to some Americans and Irishmen on board, and they resolved to rescue the girl. This morning they went in a group to the elders and demanded that the girl be permitted to do as she wished, and be released from any agreement she might have made. "You mind your own business," sand one of the elders. At this one of the passengers dragged Miss Cook away, and in the tussie that followed an elder was knocked down. The Mormons finally drew back, and the girl was led away to a cabin.

Mr. Gildea remained on the Arizona until the

cabin.

Mr. Gildea remained on the Arizona until the steerage passengers were taken off at pler 88. He then put the girl in charge of a policeman, who promised to see that the Mormons did not molest her. She had \$50 in maney. She said on parting with Mr. Gildea that she had no idea what she should go here in this strange land. Montana's Gold and Park Attractions.

WASHINGTOF, November 13. — J. Schuyler Crosby, Governor of Montana, in his annual report to the secretary of the interior, recommends that to the secretary of the interior, recommends that the Indian reservations be thrown open to settlement. He states that the announcement of the discovery of gold in the Little Rockies, in the heart of the great Northern reservation, 100 miles southeast of Fort Assinaboln, is attracting hundreds to that locality. He thinks it would be unwise to try to prevent their intrusion, and that it ought to be opened to permanent settlement. He recommends that woodsmen of experience be appointed in charge of the Yellowstone Park, and suggests that the cavalry could be detailed to guard the bounds of the park, which is now the resort of escaped criminals who prey upon the visitors. The Governor states that Montana will apply for early admission as a State.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET. There is nothing new, and but little worthy of

ote, relative to the money markets in general. In Boston the demand for the use of money continues very light, while rates for loans and discounts rule unchanged at previous nominal quo-tations, while the banks are increasing their hoard of loanable funds. General business remains exceedingly dull, with no signs of immediate improvement, and the demand for accommodation appears to decrease rather than increase, all of which is shown to a marked degree by the New York bank statement of the week. In this city the general run of good mercantile paper rules at 5½ per cent., although the range is from 5@6; miscellaneous paper of such grade as the banks are willing to 2ccept, rules at 6½ 27, while prime corporation notes and acceptances remain nominally quoted at 4@4½, with but minor transactions at any price. The banks are meeting the wants of their customers at 5@5½, while the street rates for the average run of mercantile paper ranges from 5@6 per cent, which is also the range among the country banks for local discounts. Collateral loans on call rule at 3½ 26 per cent. per annum, while on the best security, bearing ample margin, short-time loans are obtainable from savings banks and trust companies at very low rates of interest.

The rate between banks for the use of balances remains unchanged at 2 per cent.

At the clearing house yesterday the gross exchanges amounted to \$9,785,636, while for the week they argregated \$62,930,956; the balances yesterday were \$1,207,436, and for the week \$8,129,608.

New York funds are selling at 5 cents discount appears to decrease rather than increase, all of

week they aggregated \$02,30,30; the balances vesterday were \$1,207,436, and for the week \$8,129,608.

New York funds are selling at 5 cents discount to 5 cents premium per \$1000.

Foreign exchange is quiet, closing at the following rates, which are the same as ruled on Friday: Sight, 4.84; 60 days, 4.80; commercial bills.

4.7834; francs, sight, 5.214,25.2173; 60 days, 5.234,25.2538. In New York rates are quoted firm in consequence of the light supply of commercial bills.

The New York money market continues amply supplied with loanable funds, and remains unchanged and quiet, although with commercial paper in fair supply, but in poor demand. Call loans on stock collateral nominally rule at 1½, while ranging from 1,22 per cent. Good doublenamed paper rules at 5½, but ranges from 5,66 per cent. discount, while single-named paper ranges from 64,28 per cent., according to grade.

The bank statement for the week shows the following changes: following changes:

The banks are now \$37,474,525 in excess of legal requirements, as against \$34,185,475 in excess last week, \$3,673,175 in 1883, and \$878,cess last week, \$3.673,175 in 1883, and \$878,675 below in 1882.

The business lattures throughout the country occurring in the past week, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., of the Mercantile Agency, number for the United States 211, and for Canada 25, or a total of 236. This is an increase of 20 as compared with last week, while the number in the previous week was 267. More than half of last week's failures occurred in the Western and Southern States.

Closing Quotations of Bonds and Stocks. [Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.]

| Companies | Comp

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLORE, SATURDAY EVENING, November 15, 1884. The business situation is in a little better condition than last week, and the prospect is that trade will soon resume its usual course, now that the election excitement is past. Trading in breadstuffs has been limited, and prices continue low. Flour is selling only in small lots for current use. The butter and cheese markets are still quiet, and fine fresh grades command good prices. Eggs show no improvement. The markets in other departments show little change.

command good prices. Eigs show no Improvement. The markets in other departments show little change.

APPLES.—The apple market shows a fair demand and prices are steady. No. I Baldwins are selling at \$150 \(\frac{1}{2} \) bbl. and Hubbardstons command \$2. Best varieties range higher. We quote:

Snow, choice, \$3 00@3 25 \(\frac{1}{2} \) bbl; do common to good, \$2 00@2 50 \(\frac{1}{2} \) bbl; Baldwins, choice apples, at \$1 50@1 62 \(\frac{1}{2} \) bbl; Hubbardstons. \$1 75@2 00 \(\frac{1}{2} \) bbl; Gravensteins, \$2 00@2 50 \(\frac{1}{2} \) bbl; do common, 75c@\$1 \(\frac{1}{2} \) bbl; Greenings, choice, \$1 50@1 75 \(\frac{1}{2} \) bb.

BEANS.—There has been large receipts of white beans and prices are easier. We quote:

Choice pea, Northern hand-picked, \$1 95@...; do do ange hand-picked, \$1 80@...; medium choice hand-picked, \$1 75@...; do choice screened, \$1 50@1 165; toreign pea, \$2.6...; do emdium, \$3.6...; improved yellow eyes, \$2 35@2 50; do choice flats, \$2 36@2 30; red kidneys, \$2 25@2 50.

BUTTER.—The market has been quiet for the past few days, and the demand has been for fine fresh grades, which are seiling at full prices. The best Northern sell at 30@31c. Western, fancy varieties, go as high as 28@20 \(\frac{1}{2} \) by equote:

Northern Creamery, extra, fresh made, 25@30c; do, choice, 25@27c; do, good to choice summer, 21@26c \(\frac{1}{2} \) b.

Western—Creamery, extra, fresh made, 25@30c; do, choice, 25@27c; do, good to choice fresh lots, 24@26c; straight dairy, choice, 90@...c; do fair to good, 16@16c; imitation creamery, choice fresh lots, 24@26c; straight dairy, choice, 20c; do do, fair to good, 16@16c; imitation creamery, choice if a fair to good, 16@16c; imitation creamery, choice if a fair to good, 16@16c; imitation creamery, choice if a fair to good, 16@16c; imitation creamery, choice if a fair to good, 16@16c; imitation creamery, choice if a fair to good, 16@16c; imitation creamery, choice if a fair to good, 16@16c; imitation creamery, choice if a fair to good, 16@16c; imitation crea Western dairy—Choice, 18@20c; do do, hair to good, 15@16c; mitation creamery, choice 18@22c; Western tadie, choice, 14@16c; do do common to good. 10@12c.

CHEESE.—The market has been quiet and prices are unchanged Fine New York and Vermont September factory continues firm, with sales at 12½@12½c & hb., the demand being only for fine flavored kinds at outside quotations. Liverpool quotations, 50s 6d. We quote:

New York and Vt. fine September, 12½@12½c & hb; St. Lawrence County, N Y, extra, 12@12½c & hb; Vermont, extra, 12@12¼c & hb; Vermont and New York, good to choice, 11½@11¾c & hb; choice Western, 11½@11¾c & hb; do fair to good. 9@11c & hc; common skims, 2@6c & hb; Worcester county, full cream, 13@13¼c & hb; do fair to good. 9@11c & hc; common skims, 2@6c & hb; Worcester county, full cream, 13@13¼c & hb; do common and skim, 2@10c & hb; sage, choice, 13@13¼c & hb; do, tair to good. 9@11½c & hb.

COAL.—In anthracite there is a very dull market and no sales. Cumberland and Clearfield are very quiet and without new features. Gas coal dull. We duote the following current rates:

Cannel, \$16 & ton; American do, \$10@12 & ton, Cumberland, \$3 65@3 75 & ton; anthracite, retail, \$5 00@5 50 & tong of 2000 bs; cargo lots, \$4 75& & ton; COFFEE.—There has been a good demand for Rio COFFEE.—There has been a good demand for Rio

grades and the market continues to steady and fair cargoes were quoted on a nominal basis of 9% at the close. For mild grades there has been a steady market and fair sales at current rates. We Mochant 181/2020 % by Java. 12021 c % b; Maracaibo, 94/2011c % b; Laguira. 94/2010/4c % b; Mr. Jamaica, 96/2010, ordinary to prime, 39/2013; % b; Jamaica, 96/2011c; st. Domingo, 81/2001/4c % b; Jamaica, 96/2011c; st. Domingo, 81/2001/2c % b; Jamaica, 96/2011c; st. Domingo for the week have been 183,500 bushels and the exports 93,974 bushels. The demand has been moderate, but prices are firm. We quote:

Steamer mixed at 57/958c; steamer yellow at 60/20 c; high mixed at 62/963c; and no grade at 53/20 s. Jamaica st. Domingo logwood there is a small supply and prices are firm at \$21.00/22400 % ton, as to quality. Fustic is quiet and steady. Other dyewoods are duiet and prices nominally the same.

EGGS.—There has been little doing in the market for eggs, but prices generally are well faintained. Strictly fresh lots are still very scarce and Eastern command 28/20/2 dozen. Northern and Provincial have been selling at 20/27c % dozen, and tresh Western have soid at 24/25c % doz. We quote:

Eastern, fresh, 24/25c % doz, Eastern held stock, 20/24c % doz; New Formawick, 20/27c % doze, Aroostock county 27/62/2c % doz; western fresh, 24/25c % doz; Canadam. 26/27c % doz; Western fresh, 24/25c % doz; Canadam. 26/27c % doz; New Brunswick, 20/27c % doz; Canadam. 26/27c % doz; New Brunswick, 20/27c % doz; Canadam. 26/27c % doz; western fresh, 24/25c % doz; Canadam. 26/27c % doz; western fresh, 24/25c % doz; Canadam. 26/27c % doz; New Brunswick, 20/27c % doz; Common 27/20/20 % doz; Section of the market has been dull, with no change of importance for the better. The trade are still purchasing moderately, and bushness continues light. Saics of spring wheat patents have been made at \$50/5 50 % blo. And

land, ...@..; hake. \$2.25@2 50 \$7 qtl; haddock, \$1.75 @2.00 \$7 qtl; vollock, \$1.50@2.50 \$7 qtl.
Mackerel American inspection—No. 1 shore, \$1.50@2.50 \$7 qtl.
Mackerel American inspection—No. 1 shore, \$1.50@2.50 \$1 bbl; \$10@12 \$7 bbl for No. 2; No. 3, larke, \$7.68 \$7 bbl; No. 3, medium, \$3.03.50 \$7 bbl; No. 3, medium, \$3.03.50 \$7 bbl; No. 3, medium, \$3.03.50 \$7 bbl; No. 3, medium, \$3.00 \$7.50 \$7

paid.
SALTPETRE.—The market for crude has advanced, sales having been made at 5@5½c 2 lb; nitrate of soda. \$2 200@2 25.
SUGAR.—The demand for raw sugar has been quiet, and prices are easier. We quote:
Cut loaf and cubes, 6½c;phowdered, 6½c; granulated, 6½c; Fanueil A. 5½c; Pembroke A. 5¾c; Cherokee A. 5½c; Ruron A. 5½c; Kohawk, ex. C. 5½g; ex. Cl, 5½c; ex. Cl, 5½c; ex. Cl, 5½c; cs. Cl, 5½c; Cl, 5 Cherokee A, 50%c; Rufoll A, 57%; Rollawk, ex C5, 55%; ex C1, 54c; ex C3, 57%e; C1, 5c; C3, 47%c; C6, 43%c; C1, 5c; C3, 47%c; C6, 43%c; C1, 5c; C3, 47%c; C6, 43%c; C1, 5c; C3, 47%c; C6, 56; Young Hyson, 18@55c; Twankay, 10@25c; Hyson Skin, 10@25c; Congou 18@55; Souchong, 18@55c; Oolong, 15@55c; Souchong, 18@55c; Oolong, 15@55c; Souchong, 18@55c; Oolong, 15@55c; Japans, 10@33.

WOOL.—The receipts of domestic wool for the week have been 4341 bales, against 7839 bales for the corresponding week in 1883, 5885 bales in 1882, and 564 bales in 1881. The imports of foreign have been 138 bales, against 704 bales in 1883, 303 bales in 1882, and 540 bales in 1881.

SATURDAY, November 15.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There was no new feature nor important change in the market.

COTTON.—Futures opened buoyantly on the repetition of renewed crop estimates, but lost the advance and closed easy: November, 10.24c; December, 10.15c; January, 10.24c; February, 10.38c; March, 10.53c; April, 10.67c; May, 10.81c June, 10.94c; July, 11.05c; April, 10.67c; May, 10.81c June, 10.94c; July, 11.05c; Aucrust, 11.15c; sales, 71.000 bales. Spots dull; middling uplands. 10½c. Receipts at the ports, 30,514 bales.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures were quite depressed, but the increased offerings led to more liberal dealings. A London failure was an element of weakness; sales.

ading uplands. 104/2c. Receipts at the ports, 30,514 bales.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures were quite depressed, but the increased offerings led to more liberal dealings. A London failure was an element of weakness; sales, 4.824.000 bush No 2 red, 794/2c for November, 814/26 863/2c for December, 834/26/84/3c for November, 814/26/86/3c for February, 873/26/84/3c for March, 906/905/2c for April, 913/26/925/2c for May, and 925/26/96/3c for June. Spot wheat fairly active, including No 1 spring, 833/2c; No 2 do. 783/2c; No 2 red winter, in store and delivered, 824/26/83/2c lndiau corn futures also depressed; sales, 984/00 bush No 2 mixed, at 514/2c for November, 491/26/49/3c for December, 47/24/14/2c for June's, 46/26/47/2c for Pebruary, 471/26/47/2c for March and May. Spot corn in good demand, but closed easier; mixed, 483/26/34/c; for me Southern yellow, 54/26/56. Rye and barley quiet. Oats fairly active, but futures lower; spot 51/26/32/c; new Southern yellow, 54/26/56. Rye and barley quiet. Oats fairly active, but futures lower; spot 51/26/32/c; for mixed and 31/26/32/4c for white; No 2, 31/26/22/3/c for mixed and 31/26/32/4c for white; No 2, 31/26/22/3/c for mixed and 31/26/32/4c affoat; December, 81/2c; January, 83/2c; February, 83/2c; February, 83/2c; March, 87/4c. Corn dull; No 2 mixed, 52/2c, affoat; November, 51/2c; December, 31/2c; December, 31/2c; December, 71/26/22/2c for January, 47/c. Oats quiet; November, 31/2c; December, 71/8c for January, 47/c. Oats quiet; November, 31/2c; December, 71/8c for January, 32/4c.

PROVISIONS.—Lard futures opened firmer, declined and then became steadier; sales. 8500 tes at 7.35c for prime city, and 7.46/2f.50c for prime western, closing after 'Change at 7.35c for November, 7.17c for December, 7.18c for January, 7.24c for February, 7.25c for for fmarch, 250 for prime city, and 7.46/2f.50c for prime Western, closing at inside figures. Pork again lower; sales, 240 barrels at \$14.50 for mess, \$12.50 for extra prime, and \$14.50/2f. Sec for for fair cargo Rio; sales, 4500 bags; steady

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW. | Prices of HIDES AND TALLOW. | Per pound. |

GLOUCESTER. November 8—(For the week past.)—
The market remains about the same as reported last
week, the volume of business being small and shipments being limited to the New England trade. Notwitstanding the dull market prices remain firm at last
week's quotations for all kinds of cured and prepared
fish. The receipts of fish at this port for the week
have been in round numbers 319,000 bounds of codfish, 220,000 pounds of fresh pollock; 4000 pounds of
Georges halibut; 2470 bbis of shore and 3487 bbis of
St. Lawrence mackerel, and 1200 utls cured fish of
all kinds.

The fresh fish market has been well supplied St. Lawrence mackerel, and 1200 atts cured fish of all kinds.

The fresh fish market has been well supplied at following prices: Fresh pollock round, 45c \$100 fbs; shore codish, 2c \$\frac{1}{2}\$ by fresh hallout, 7c \$\frac{1}{2}\$ b for white, 3c \$\frac{1}{2}\$ life for gray, in cargo lots.

Prices of cured fish continue at about last week's quotations as follows:

Georges codish, \$450@. \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl. for large, \$3@3 25 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl for small. New Western bank, \$2 75 for large, \$2 25 for small; old Grand and Western bank, \$...@.

\$\frac{1}{2}\$ utl; shore codish, \$3 50@... for large, \$3 for small. English cured, \$3.75 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl. haddock, \$4.75@.

\$\frac{1}{2}\$ 22.5 pollock \$1.50@.1.75 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl. haddock, \$4.75@.

\$\frac{1}{2}\$ 22.5 pollock \$1.50@.1.75 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl. haddock, \$4.75@.

\$\frac{1}{2}\$ 22.5 pollock \$1.50@.1.75 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl. haddock, \$5.00@.1.5 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl. haddock, \$5.00@.1.5 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl. for large, \$3.55 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl. for small. Cask as ted pollock, \$2.50@... smoked hallout, 10c. \$\frac{1}{2}\$ is boneless and propared lish, \$3.50@40... \$\frac{1}{2}\$ qtl. derring, \$16c... \$\frac{1}{2}\$ btl.; smoked alewives, \$0c... \$\frac{1}{2}\$ tollow salmon, \$11 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ btl.; eastern round herring, \$3.4.00 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ btl.; hallout heads, \$3.50 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl.; codish tongues and sounds, \$10.50 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl.; bongues, \$8.5.50 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl.; codish tongues and sounds, \$10.50 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl.; bongues, \$8.50.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

New Facts About Little Phil's Famous Exploit.

Interesting Incidents Noted on the Spot by a Bosy Man About Camp.

Skedaddlers from Cedar Creek-- "Porte Crayon's" Bon Mot.

[John Danby in Philadelphia Times.]

I have seen a painting representing the general coming on the scene on that occasion riding his big black horse (which was given to him by some Michigan friends), and, by the way, I have heard the cavalrymen curse that horse in vigorous terms. He was the fastest walker in the army, and when the general was riding at the head of the column on the march the rest of the command would be kept on a little jog-trot about half of the time, and any cavalryman knows how trying that is, especially for the non-combatants, such as cooks, camp carriers, etc., who are loaded down with camp and garrison equipage. I could always tell at night when I heard our cavalry marching near me if the general was in the lead by the jingle of tin and iron kettles as they closed up in the rear. Well, this painting that I mention shows the general with sword in hand, a broad-brimmed stiff regulation hat, with waving plume on his head and looking very much excited, as, of course, he had a right to be under the circumstances. But the artist drew very largely on his imagina-

tion. It would be hard to exaggerate the beauty and majesty of the horse, for he was the beau ideal of a war horse-big, black, vigorous, champing his bit, nostrils red and dilating, his long tail swinging to and fro like a banner-it would be hard to picture anything more striking or grand than the big black on that occasion. But as to the general, excepting that his eyes were blazing and fierce, there was not much signs of excitement

He wore some of the regulation uniform, but not much. On his head was a little round cap. such as German students wear. In his right hand he held a small riding whip, which, judging by the welts on his horse's flanks, had been industriously used. He was splashed with mud and had a big daub of it just under one eye, which gave him a sort of "been-to-a-wake look." If he had any gauntlets they were in his pockets. As he rode on the hill beyond Middletown he was met by one of General Torbert's aids, who was mounted on a big gray horse nearly as large as Rienzi.

The Officer Jumped the Stone Wall and joined the general just as he came in sight of the field, and rode side by side towards a group near the woods on the right of the pike in the rear of the Sixth Corps, where Generals Wright, Emory and Torbert and their staffs were gath-

Emory and Torbert and their staffs were gathered.

I asked the aid afterward what the general said when he joined him. He replied: "Weil, the general's first words were, 'Now is cut this h—l,' and then he said: 'It was just such a d—d mess out West as this that gave me my brigadier star in the regular army, and I am going to make it a double star this time.' He ten asked, 'Where is Wright?" and soon after joined the other generals. I had been ricing along behind as fast as my little mare could jump, when the general looked back and said: "Scout, hunt up the ammunition wagons and order them up." Back in the rear on the valley pike the general's staff were making their way up as fast as they could. I transferred my orders to one of the aids, for I knew the demoralized teamsters would not pay much attention to a man in a blouse, and then turned and rode back after the general.

When I reached the group on the hill I saw General Wright sitting on the ground; the tip of his chin had been cut away by a bullet early in the morning, and he was otherwise harmed probably, as he seemed to be dized and not to have his wits about him for the time. General Emory, "Old Buil of the Woods," as some of his wild young cavalry staff called him, commander of the Nineteenth Corps, stood by with his hands crossed behind his back, looking down at General Wright. General Torbert leaned on his horse and pulled his moustache, and General Sheridan was quietly asking questions from all of them.

was quietly asking questions from all of them. In a few moments he knew all they could tell him, and pulling a despatch book from his pocket began by writing something which he put in a little despatch envelope and addressed, and then looking up his eye fell on me, and

Blazed Up in a Moment.

He said: "What in the devil are you doing here? I thought I sent you after the ammunition wagons?" I explained matters to him. He gave gall to order my staff officers about. Take this despatch to Winchester quick as you can;" and then away he rode down the line. Presently one of the staff came galloping after me before I had gotten more than a mile beyond Middletown and took the despatch and told me to go back, and said he was to go to Winchester and order up all the stragglers and would attend to the despatch himself.

So back again I went and rode about all the rest of that busy day, getting what information I could and carrying orders for any one who wanted me. I

and carrying orders for any one who wanted me. I gave the newspaper correspondents considerable information, which they worked up to suit themselves. The best account of the fight was written by the correspondent of the World.

Near the close of the fight I was near General Torbert, on the left, when General Sheridan came flying across the pixe, jumping the high stone wails on each side. He said, in his earnest, quick way: "Torbert, I took the old Sixth Corns in and drove them from the woods and over the hill and away from the stone walls, and I have got the bulge on them; and now, Torbert, I wan your cavairy to do your best, and when I go back I am going in with everything, and if you and Merritt and Custer do your work well we will have them on the run in half an hour," and history shows that they did do their work well. Considering the fact that the Eighth Corps was not engaged during the day, are that they of the rest of fact that the Eighth Corps was not engaged dur-ing the day, and that full one-third of the rest of the command, except the calvary, were skedad-dlers, and that about half of the artillery were clers, and that about half of the artillery were captured early in the morning, it was an even fight, and General Sheridan won it by good hard knocks and bull-dog fighting. Generals Wright, Torbert and Emory would undoubtedly have made a good fight of it if General Sheridan had not come up from Winchester, but

It Took Sheridan to Get the "Bulge on Them."

Miss Wright, a young Quakeress, sent out through the Southern lines at great risk information of value to General Sheridan before the Winchester fight. After the war he presented her with a very handsome watch and chain, and through his influence she has an office in the

Treasury Department at Washington.
During the fight at Cedar Creek the skedaddlers During the fight at Cedar Creek the skedaddlers were making for the woods in all directions, and some of them reached Cumberiand and Fairfax Court House before they were corrahed. It reminded me of the joke gotten off on General Sigel after his defeat by Breckinridge at Newmarket. I had been sent by Sigel with a despatch to General Averill, who was operating in West Virginia. On my way I met a courier with a despatch from General Averill to General Sigel, stating that he was playing with the Confederates at his end of the line, and was then at work tearing up the railroad. We exchanged despatches, and I returned to where I expected to find my general, but when I got to Newmarket I found the enemy there rejoicing over the victory, and I had a very close call for a spy's fate, as I rode into the camp at night and called out to know where General Sigel's quarters were. Fortunately for me it was taken as a joke, and some one called out that he could be found hid in the mountains somewhere, probably.

By this time I saw by the bent wagon tops against the sky that I was in the wrong crowd, and sneaked out and made my way down the valley by the back road until I got clear of the patrols, and found General Sigel at a bivouac fire near the pike, not far from Woodstock. He and his staff were sitting on some logs

Waiting for a Pot of Coffee to Boil. It was raining, and as the general and his staff sat in their rubber ponchos, silently "chewing the bitter cud," I could not help contrasting the scene with the jollity in the last camp I had visited at Newmarket. I dismounted and gave my despatch to the general, who handed it to Colonel Strother (Porte Crayon) to read. He read it by the light of a firebrand, and said: "General Averil seems to have been tearing up the railroad while we were tearing down the pike."

The next morning after the fight at Cedar Creek the officers at headquarters were lamenting the loss of the headquarters cow, which had been killed the cay before by a stray builet. The wagonmaster, head cook, caterer and orderlies were all damned for gross neglect in allowing the cow to get shot. These young afficers would ride for days without a change of them, sleep on the ground, live on hard tack and fat bacon, washed down with brook water, smoke mountain tobacco in a corn-cob pipe, and endure any trial, discomfort and hardship while on the march or during an active campaign without a murmur; but once in camp and the headquarters train at hand nothing was good enough for them, and servants and orderlies were such as the interest cash at hand nothing my despatch to the general, who handed it to Col

About 10 o'clock General lorbert sent for me.

I found him in his tent, lying on a cot. He had
just had a bath and was partly dressed in new,
clean clothes, and his man was shaving him. A
tumbler of teddy stood on a box near him. He
had just participated as one of the chief actors in

a great victory, with good prospects of promotion to higher rank, and ought to have been as happy as "a nigger with a coon up a tree," but he had a sad and weary look and "wore a gloomy brow." I stood at the tent door, hat in hand, waiting his command. Presently the barber was dismissed and the general picked up an official-looking paper. After looking it over he glanced up, and said: "Danby, this is a subscription list of the staff officers, amounting to \$25, to which I have added \$25 more. With this \$50 I want you to start out, and don't come back until you can bring with you a first-class cow with a good bag of milk. Now go, and if I hear of your pressing anybody's cow I will have you lost in the woods." Sheridan, Torbert, Merritt & Co. believed in spoiling the Egyptians in a large way and would burn, tear down and destroy milhous of dollars worth of property for what they considered the good of the cause without scruple; but woe to the man belonging to their headquarters who was caught red-handed in the act of looting or marauding. They paid as they went and pad liberally. When on the march there was a rivalry among the old Confederate dons of the valley as to who should entert in the cavalry generals, for their protection meant security to property, a liberal doncer to the servants and an abundance of provisions in the larder after they left.

THE FITFUL FLY.

Despised, Detested, and Otherwise D'd, It Must be Admirad for It's Expertness in the Evasion of Death.

[London Telegraph.] Why are flies so unpopular? That everybody dislikes them everybody knows. Luther hated and massacred them without mercy. He said they were "emissaries of Diabolus and the ghosts of heretics," because, whenever he was reading a pious book, they paraded about upon it to distract his attention. Long before Luther's time, however, they were specially afflicted upon Belze ub, the patriarch prince of bluebottles. The monks abominated them, and said they were immoral. Religious legends of the talmud are to the dis-credit of the dipterous vagabond. The Mussel-man brings his slipper down on a fly "in the name of the product."

credit of the dipterous vagabond. The ausserman brings his slipper down on a fly "in the name of the prophet."

In hot countries special engines are prepared for their discomfiture and destruction—prodigious whisks of horse-hair or yak-tail, round flaps of leather attached to long handles of cane. Sancho Panza cursed them as enemies to sleep, and all through southern Europe they are under the ban of a universal ex-cration. "Fly-time" is in half the world a season of terrors, when commerce hesitates to busy itself, social arrangements are in abeyance, and everything is dislocated and in disorder, simply because the files are abroad. One of the plagues of Egypt was the fly. It is one of the penalties of purgatory. All this is of course very much to the discredit of this small satellite of man, this importunate dependant of humanity. It resembles the sparrow in its assumption of familiarity, and also in its apparently useless mission. What object does it serve? Does it spin slik, or make honey, or even jum? On the contrary it eats all it can alight upon, and spolls more than it eats. It routs the pleasant slumbers of the tree-shaded citizen, and buzz is in exasperating pertinacity in the blind-dark-ned room. Out of doors it pursues the pedestrian with a steadness of purpose nothing less than heroic, and when he rests within the house afflicts him with a monotonous perseverance which, in a generous mind, should arouse admitation. which, in a generous mind, should arouse admira-Yet, who admires the fly? It is true that Homer

ence of it? Supposing a man were out walking, and a seven-acre field suddenly turned upside down with him, this is what exactly happens to a fly every time you whisk it off your hand. Yet it comes but exactly to the same spot! What man of it would do as much? It is true that the fly has made itself familiar with such upheavals of an apparently solid surface, and this argues no triffing degree of nerve and resource. If the thing were a blockhead and a dunce, and got killed for its clumsiness every time it sat down, it would be another affair altogether; and the bluebottle would only be a kind of Mr. Feeble, who gave in to the first glant he met. But this is not so, for, in the matter af lives, it takes about nine cats to m.ke one fly. They graduate in adventures, like Gil Blas of Santilane, accept the most appailing disasters of existence with the indifference of Sinbad, treat bodily perfl with the loity scorn of Don Quixote.

The fly, in fact, is an expert in the evasion of sudden death. It is assailed by the equivalents of thunder and lightning, of cannon fire and volcanic explosions, but escapes them all. Dynamite is sprung upon it without avail. It laughs to scorn the shaking of a spear. Honest hostility, in fact, is of no use. It would not care in the least for all the king's horses and all the king's men. But against indirect assault, what courage is of avail? Beset by the bandishments of a false friendship, what heroism can be proof? So the fly finds its end in poisoned treacle, and the insect that would have braved, if necessary, the thunders of Assaye, falls a victim to the sticky insidiousness of the "Catch-'em-alive-oh!"

PATHOLOGY OF THE PASSIONS. Jealousy, Anger and Avarice All Yield to the Persuasive Influence of Drugs.

(Galignani's Messenger.) A physician of the homoeopathic school at eases, such as envy, hatred, malice, anger, jealousy, obstinacy, avarice, etc., which renders so many homes unhappy. On a pamphlet to show man and develop his intelligence," he gives some wonderful instances of the cures alleged to have been effected by his special treatment, which he

of sixteen years, was cured, unconsciously to him-self, by a few gloonles of hux voinica dropped quietly into his broth, and his wife was soon devaried in its preparation, a young studen, who was backward in mathematics, was enabled to master the science without further study. The calcarea carbonica, it will be noted, cured a miser and a dolt—both suffering from the tyranny of sums and figures.

and a dolt—both suffering from the tyranny of sums and figures.

The Lyons physician has an antidote for everything: aux voidea for jealousy, sulphar for drunkenness, salicea for obstinacy, arseniciim album for malice and belladonna for imbecility. Those patients who do not happen to be laboring under these infirmities, and for whom the remedies just mentioned might be prescribed for other aliments, will probably protest against their use. But unhappy partners, who believe in the efficacy of this latest application of the science of homocopathy, may be tempted to resort to it as a means of avoiding a divorce, and certain husbands invoke its aid against their mothers-in-law.

COOL WHILE FRYING The Story of Meroism Related by Jeemes Darby, the Injun Fighter.

[Merchant Traveller.]
"Yes," said old man Sapphira, dragging a box up to the stove in the country store, and loading in a fresh chew of tobacco, "yes, Jeemes Darby wuz a powerful Injin fighter. You know, to them days it wuz fashionable among the redskins to roast a feller at the stake, an' they hed it in fur Jeemes ef they ever kotch him. He fit aroun' fur nigh onto five year, an' killed about two dozen uv 'em, au', uv course, thet didn't make 'em lové Jeemes any better. Finally, one day, they slipped up on him. and, after a lively scrim-mage, they took him in. They wuz the gladdest set uv redskins you ever see, an' they made a bigger hullabuloo over Darby than folks does now over a presidential candidate. Jeemes wasn't no coward, an' he tuck his misfortin' az cool az he could under the circumstances, an' watched 'em gittin ready. He knowed it wuz goin' to be a plegittin ready. He knowed it wuz goin' to be a picnic and barbecue, an' he wuz goin' to be called on
to furnish the meat, but it didn't skeer him
much. When they wuz ready they yanked
Jeemes up to the post an' hitched him to it tight
an' ietched on their kinalin' wood. Then they lit
it with some leaves an' powder flashed on to 'ein
an' the blaze began to shoot up purty llyely.
Jeemes scrunched an' struggled, 'cause fire is
hot even on a brave man's legs, but he n-ver hollered. In a few minutes the blaze was creepin'
up one side uv him an' the other wuz not much
hurt. Jeemes noticed it, an' jist ez cool ez If he
wuz at a Delmonico dinner, he sung out:

"Look h'ar, yer skulkin' heathen; stir up the
fire on'tother side. Jeemes Darby never did like
rare meat, an' he don't want it half done now.'

"That wuz what I call heerofs a, boys, an'
Jeemes orter had better luck than to be cooked
fur a redskin picnic."

"Van dou't believe that story de recover a

one of the listeners. "In course I do. Jeemes told it to me hisself, an' Jeemes wouldn't he."

fur a redskin picnic."
"You don't believe that story, do you?" asked

[The Hour.] After a long day of heavy rain in the country, a party of ladies accept a masculine invitation to an evening row-the weather having cleared-on the turbid and slightly swollen river. The boat is a trific overloaded. As the oarsmen start, a young lady says to her companion in the stern-sheets, "How very near the boat is to the water!" "Yes." responds the other in sober earnest—and a bright and intelligent girl she is—"I suppose it is on account of the rain. The river is very high!" The writer vouches for the literal truth of this, ne having been one of the oarsmen referred to; though he subsequently referred in jest to the incident, he cannot avoid the conviction that the lady never fully comprehended the absurdity of her remarks. KNIVES AND FORKS

Useful Utensils Once Unknown to Kings and Queens.

Barbaric Banquets Where Fingers Served in Place of Table Cu lery.

How Forks are Used by the People of Different Nations.

[New York Dispatch.]

Fingers were made before forks, as everybody knows, but few people know when forks were first made. A fork is about as necessary a part of a dinner nowadays as the dinner itself. We all know how completely lost we have been if by chance forced to go through a meal with a knife alone. As Mark Twain puts it in a description of camp life out West:

"I always felt like a one-armed man till I got hold of a tough mimosa twig and made a fork of

Yet it is scarcely three centuries ago that the whole civilized world, from king to pauper, tore its food with teeth and nails, or hacked it up with a knife. The custom of using finger-bowls dates from the time when you had to handle your victuals with your hands, and there is a description of Queen Elizabeth at a state dinner, which praises her because she got so little grease on her fingers and kept her royal face "very passably

It is an old picture-the great Earl of Leicester, the sage Burleigh, the gallant Raleigh and the good Sir Philip Sidney sitting round the royal table putting their food into their bearded mouths with their hands like greedy children, anothe virgin queen herself dipping her fingers into a dish, assing a morsel between her regal lips, and then wiping her hands on her napkin as a concession to decency required of her lofty estate. Even the napkin was unknown before the sixteenth century. Kings, queens and nobles previous to that date wiped their hands on the table-cloth; the common people, says Timbs, "used their breeks or kirtles, or licked their digits clean." A feast of those days would be a singular spec tacle if we could see it now. The table-cloth was a refinement unrecognized by the middle classes,

tt was common, it was considered as the appropriate receptacle of all the refuse of the platter or Bones, Cheese-Parings and Other Disjecta. Every now and then during the course of the meal the serving man came round with a square basket called in the language of the time a "voider," and "swept the table with a wooden dagger," or, in other words, scraped off the accumulated bones, scraps and fragments with

and even at the tables of the higher ranks, where

his long wooden "voiding-knife." Very often half a dozen knives served for a ropes always carried their own knives to a din-ner with them. Indeed the common armadain company of 100 feasters, being passed from hand

to hand on demand. Gourmands who knew the ropes always carried their own knives to a dinner with them. Indeed the common appearance of a knife at the girdle of all sorts of people down to the seventeenth century was due to this fact. Our forefathers did not arm themselves thus in order to do one another damage so much as to be ready to carve their victuals up if they were invited to a meal.

In the early middle ages meat was not even brought to the table in a dish. The cooks carried it in on spits and halted beside each guest, who cut off what he wanted, transferred it to his plate with his fingers and devoured it at his ease. Forks seem to have been invented in Italy, at any rate they were first used there, though all trace of their inventor is lost. They do not appear to have been known anywhere before the middle of the sixteenth century, when they are first mentioned as great curiosities in descriptions of great banquets at Venice, Florence and elsewhere, Only the great folks used them then. An English traveller, one Fynes Moryson, in the account of his travels, tells us that, on making a bargain with the master of a Venetian vessel that was to convey him to Constantinople, and stipulating among other things that he was to be allowed the use of a lork as well as a knife and spoon at his meals, he found that the master

Had Never Heard of Forks. The traveller had to describe the instru-ment, and he described it accordingly as an implement "to hold the meat while he cut it, as he considered it ili manners to touch the meat with

The fork in those days was an extremly ponderous and ornate implement. It was usually made of silver and enriched with arabesques and Lyons professes, seriously, to have discovered a carvings. There are forks in various European art, and which weighed upward of half a pound. As luxury demanded it they were often incrusted with jewels, gorgeously enameled, and in other

with jewels, gorgeously enameled, and in other extravagant ways made to serve the craving for style of the "best society."

Like all other innovations, the use of forks was manfully opposed on their first introduction, and had to nake its way by degrees. The congregation of St. Maura, one of the Ionian islands, set their faces against them as an article of useless luxury and sinful indulgence, and for a long time they were rigidly interdicted by the elder brethren, who, however, had at last to succumb and to tolerate their use by those who preferred to keep their fingers clean.

tolerate their use by those who preferred to keep their fingers clean.

In some parts of Germany the opposition took a more serious form; while the common people looked on the introduction of forks as a piece of absurd and preposterous affectation, the pastors reprobated their use as an insult on Providence, who had bestowed upon the people wholesome food, which they, forsooth, were to be "ashamed to touch with their fingers." These oppositions resulted in what are

and scores of people were actually killed because they wanted or did not want, as the case might be, to eat their meals in decency and comfort. The French, who seem always to have been a people who knew a good thing when they saw it. cepted forks with gratitude, however. The rich used them at once, and enterprising manufacturers immediately began to make them in cheap form for the benefit of the less opulent. Their use in France after their introduction speedily became

The first introduction of forks into England is claimed by one Coryat, a traveller, and an exceedingly odd character, who once enjoyed an equivocal sort of reputation among the wits of Ben Jonson's time, who made him the butt of their nercitess humor. Coryat makes the boast that he introduced the fashion of "the forked cut-ting of ment," and we are not aware that his pretensions to the honor of having done so were ever disputed. In England, however, the custom o eating with the lork was of very slow growth, and there is sufficient mention made of it by writers of the time of James I. and Charles I. to show that the fork was even in their day an in-

to show that the fork was even in their day an instrument of very partial use.

Under the Commonwealth forks had a divided reign with fingers—the Royalists adopting them, and the Roundheads scorning them as inventions of the devil and symbols of the hated monarchy. It is curious, by the way, that the devil was rarely represented in pictures with his pitchfork before the table fork came commonly into use.

At the Restoration, the use of torks became general, though the people were not quite agreed as to the proper mode of handling them; and, ere long, rules began to be circulated teaching

The Nice Conduct of the Fork, and genteel people to pride themselves on manipulating the new weapon after the manner followed at court. Some satirists of the day amused themselves by describing the awkwardness of bumpkins from the country, who, coming to see their cousins in town and using the fork for the first time, thrust the morsel they had transfixed over the shoulder, while their fingers, from unconquerable habit, went into the open mouth. There is an old baliad in existence which describes the lamentable fate of a nervous young country squire in the days of James II. who, being invited to a grand dinner where forks were used, in his agitation thrust his so far into his mouth that the prongs pierced his cerebellum his mouth that the prongs pierced his cerebellum and killed him.

Forks came to America with our early settlers, but were by no means in common use till the com-mencement of the last century. In parts of New England the Puritans forbade their use as articles of sinful hypers.

three-pronged fork was not made till some half a century ago. Previous to that time every one ate vegetables and the like with their knives. Iron nd steel forks are said to have been first made at Sheffield at the end of the last century.

As recently as 1820 knives and forks were so rare in the taverns of Europe, England and Amerrare in the faverus of Europe, England and America that travelers always carried a case of their own. The Highlander's costume to this day includes a knife, fork and spoon in a handy case. It is worth noticing that, from the very first invention of the fork, the people of different countries used them more or less in a different way. John Bull, though dexterous enough with the fork, is rarely seen to relinquish his knife at table, unless he is eating fish,

But Cuts and Comes Acets using both weapons and all his faculties at that serious business-a dinner. Your well-bred Frenchman, on the contrary, after a little preliminary execution with the knife, lays it down

and takes the fork in his tight hand, and makes that the minister to his appetite until he is satisfied. At a French table d'hote the fork is always a substantial, weighty, well-finished article, generally of silver, while the kuife is a mere sired of soft iron, fixed in a wooden handle, and of the value of a few sous; it may be, and is the case in some places, that there is no knife placed for the guest, the proprietor presuming that if he use a knife he will produce one from his pocket. from his pocket.

suming that if he use a knife he will produce one from his pocket.

The German peculiarity in the use of the fork is in that of applying it perpendicularity to the plate or trencher, the prongs pouncing upon the selected morsels, like a bird of prey out of the clouds, and carrying them off. This peculiarity was noticed by the author of a book of travels, more than a hundred years ago, and it is as appositely descriptive of German handling, in the matter of the fork, at this time of day as it was then. The Russians were not educated up to the fork until a comparatively late era, when the instrument was commended to their notice by the Germans, who overrun the Muscovite territory. It is said that they did not take kindly to the innovation, mistaking the fork at first for a toothpack; and travellers are not wanting who assert to this day that they have not entirely rectified the blunder.

THE GLD COAT COLLAR.

A Wonderful Piece of Mechanism Which Proved a Boon to Church-Going Men in the Times of Our Grandfathers. (Pittsburg Dispatch.)

The old-fashioned coat collar has become obse ete. It was a piece of mechanism that was fearfully and wonderfully made-a terror to the old time tailor and wonderful in the construction Once made there was no break in it nor any getting out of shape. It resembled a modern horse collar reversed, with the heavy and broad part covering the back part of the head and well up on it, and the narrow part coming down to a nice point in front. It required a tailor about a day to make one of these ancient appendages to a wellordered swallow-tail. He had to stitch and double stitch them, soap the buckram, the canvas and other materials entering into the cloth building, which was anywhere from half to three-quarters of an luch in thickness. It was sure to he down and keep its place. It would never get on its ear, however much-it might endanger the ear of the

no such thing as a man running around with his collar standing up back of his head as though he were mad or had been prematurely hastened out of bed by fire. This particular collar was as firm in its place as the everlasting hills, and even after the moth, time and the usual wear and tare had done their work, it remained a monument of the endurance, patience and skiil of its artist. Even after the cloth had disappeared the superstructure of the collar would spread itself out as a useless cumberer of the ground, defying decay and disso-lution.

These old-fashioned coat collars were not with out their uses, and more particularly on a suitry Sunday. In its day and generation it had old fashloned things to deal with, such as high-backet sanday. In the day and generation is not obtained things to deal with, such as high-backed pews in churches and extraordicarily high pulpits, which were about as near the ceiling as the floor. It was under these circumstances that this particular collar came into play. The wearer could hook it on to the back of the pew, lay back and peer up at the preacher in the pulpit, and go to sleep. It served as a "downy pillow" to the worshipper, and it matered little to him when the preacher reached fifteentally. He awoke to consciousness with the satisfaction that he had escaped the nead-ache or brain fever by failing to keep a steady and wakeful gaze at the man in the elevated perch, and mentally biessed his tailor for the comfort and health he had put into his coat collar.

One of these old-time coat collar.

One of these old-time coat collar.

One of these old-time coat collars is scarcely seen now, except on some one who has passed his three-score and ten, and has carefully preserved the garment he wore when he was married, or that when he was freed from his apprenticeship.

that when he was freed from his apprenticeship. The present generation has never seen one of these pieces of mechanism, unless their grandfathers or great-grandfathers whiled them one of these heirlooms, and they would make merry over a fine old gentleman who had the temerity to appear in public in one of these old costumes. Seeing the huge collar, they would likely inquire all manner of things—if he run in dray, a cart or dragged a plough, or viewing the pointedness of the tails of his coat if he had taken a contract to spade through to China. But old things have passed away, and, behold, all things have become new—many for the better and others of very questionable utility. So goes the world; its fashion passeth away, as well as other things, material and immaterial.

HOW A CANNON-BALL SENSATES. A Lucky French Soldier Who Lest His Legs and Suddenly Found Them Again.

[London Family Herald.] M. Boutibouse, the French savant, served in Napoleon's army and was present at many engagements. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was in the heat of the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His pression was that the ball had passed for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he be for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground and the man's senses were paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay, motioniess, among the wounded and dead all night, not daring to inove, when consciousness partially returned, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. That he felt no pain he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock on his nervous system, and he was still mentally too numbed to be able to reason as to why he had not bled to death. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded. "What's the matter with you, by good fellow?" said the surgeon. "Ah, touch me tenderly, doctor," replied M. Bouthbouse; "a cannon ball has carried off my legs!" The surgeon examined the himbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said, with a loud laugh: "Get up with you; there's nothing the matter with your legs!" M. Boutibouse sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he had thought lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said he, "than I had ever felt in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had indeed been shot down by an immense cannon ball, but instead of passing through my legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet and had ploughed a hole in the earth beneath at least a foot in depth, into which my teet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs." lieved, to the extent of about a foot in measure

[Egyptian Letter in London Daily News.]
The only primitive costumes we saw was on the first day after leaving Assourt on the left bankthe country of the Kalabseh-where the young ladies simply wore round the loins a fringe com posed of thin leather strips. The married ladies were clothed to the feet. Curiously enough, the women on both banks hate or dread being looked at through a glass. One I saw ran away, screaming as hard as she could; others at once cover their blanching faces with their hands. It is a fact not generally known that dark-skinned ladies blush white. Others again anathematise you according to a fashion extending all over the East, even among the Greeks of Constantinople, by holding up their hand, palm outwards, and jerking it toward you. This, I am told, means, "May five devils selze you!" If they wish to emphasize the speil, they put up ten fingers. Others say this is a protection against the evil eye. At some villages, encouraged by the soldiers who flung biscuits from the decks, lads and girls ran frantically along the banks screaming for them, to the great indianation of the landowners, over whose crops they ran riot. In vain these colored gentlemen stood in the way, flinging mud and stones at them. They scrambled by, and continued the chase as long as biscuit was flung, or until dead beat. were clothed to the feet. Curiously enough, the or until dead beat.

The True Heaven On Earth. [Colonel Ingersoll.]

If there is any heaven on earth, it is where just the right man marries just the right woman, and there is no way to be happy except with perfect liberty. I hate a man who thinks a woman should obey him. I had rather be a slave than a master I had rather be robbed than to be a robber. All that I ask for womankind is simple liberty, and let the man love the woman as site should be loved. As one of the old sacred books of the Hindus says: "Man is strength—woman is beauty, man is courage—woman is prudence, man is strength and woman is wisdom, and where there is one man loving one woman, and one woman loving one man, in that house the very angels love to come and sit and sing." I believe, then, in perfect freedom; I believe in perfect justice, and where a man loves a woman she never grows old to him. Through the wrinking of age and through the mask of time he sees the sweet maden face that he loved and woa. And where a woman really loves a man he does not grow gray; he does not grow decrepit, he is not old, but to her he is the same gallant gentleman forever that won her heart and band. I had rather be robbed than to be a robber. All

[London Truth.]

I recommend the following passage in "Carlyle's Life" to those young pests who, without a real notion of music, make the air around them hideous by their everlasting strumming on a piano: "The miserable young woman in the next house to me spends all her young bright days, not in learning to darn stockings, sew shirts, bake pastry, or any art, mystery or business that will profit herself or others; not even in amusing herself or skipping on the grass plots with laughter of her mates, but simply and solely be reading from days to days to days to night and mid-In raging from dawn to dark to night and solely night, on a hap ess plano, which it is evident she will never in this world tender more musical than a pair of barn clappers! The suiscrable young female?"

JOB STREETER'S FORTUNE.

How a Pike County Man Got His Start in Life.

111 Because He Was Eaten by Bears and Folks Pitted His Widow.

A Queer Combination of Circumstances -All Vouched for as True.

[Ed. Mott in New York Sun.]

Milford, October 28.—"Uncle Job Streeter died las' week, I hear," said the Old Settler, "an' he were wuth more'n two hundred thousan' dollars. I member durn well w'en Job started in, b'gosh, an' he wa'n't wuth hardly enough to buy a oad fur his riffe. An' how d'ye think he got the start that sot him up in business, boys?" "Somebody died and left him the money, I

s'pose," said the sheriff.
"Ye do, hay?" replied the Old Settler. "Wall ye haint ez nigh to it ez Pete Riblet were to killin' a oon the time it wa'n't a coon he were aimin' at, but a knot on the tree, an' his gun missed fire, beides. Nobody didn't die an' leave Job no money. His start all come from him a gittin' chawed up by b'ars, an' the neighbors a feelin' serry for his

"Th' wa'n't ez much style in Pike county back in '30 ez th' is now," continued the old settler, "but I gosh th' were more b'ar, a durn sight. Th' wa'n't so much game killed by bold hunters settin roun' the bar-room stove ez th' is now, I don't hink, but th' were more clothes tore in th' woods fightin' of it. A young feller ez had slugged his b'ar an' voted the Dimmycrat ticket were way up in s'ciety, anywhar from the Pawpack to Easton, back in '30. Wy b'gosh, boys, down in oi' Middle Smithfield, wunst, a feller dian't think he had no right to vote at all if he hedn't hung up a b'ar or two; and w'en the young fellers went to the polls for the fust time they alluz carried with 'em the scaip of a b'ar they'd slugged, so's they could show it to the board,

like a citizen paper, if they was chal'nged. "Job Streeter lived back in the woods up along the big Bushkill, in 1830. Job had the nerve to go back thar an' start a clearin', an' his wife vere game enough to go with him. In two year he'd unkivered enough dirt to make a tater patch an' a three-bushel field o' buckwhit. Then Job built a log house with a winder an' up-stairs to it. an' a cellar under it with a door on the outside that he could open an' shet. That were a big thing in them days, an'

Folks Usety Go Ten Mile

to see the new Streeter buildin'. To git up stairs ye had to climb a ladder, and then if ye walked on yer han's an' knees ye could git to a nice bunk whar Job an' Mag slep'. Job married Mag Swink, a gal that'd sot all the fellers crazy at the apple cuts an' corn huskin's fur two or three year back. Th' war two rooms down stairs in Job's new house—a kitchen an' a spare bedroom. The p'tition 'twixt 'em were a couple o' brea'ths o' rag carpet ez was left over arter kiverin' th' spare room. Mag sald she mout jis ez well a had a parlor an' a sittin' room, too, it she'd only had some more carpet or sumpin' to divide 'em off with.

sumpin' to divide 'em off with.

"B'ars bothered Job's clearin' a good deal, an' it tak a durn good deal of his time a shootin' an' trappin' on 'em to keep 'em out'n his 'taters an' buckwhit an' pig pen. 'Arly in the fail o' '30 Mag tuk it in her head that she mus' go.an' visit her foks down to the mouth o' the Bushkin' ion the foot o' Hogback mountain. Job hevin' run out o' powder thort lt'd be a good chance to lay in a stock, an' of gits up the mule an' stun-drag an' yanks Mag down to the Mouth. The stun-drag were all the conveyance Job had on the place ez vit, an' it were 'bout the bes' wagon he could a hed, too, 'cause the roads was princip'ly pine stumps an' ol' logs, an' it' w'an'; no springs on the stun-drag to creak nor tires to come onsot. Job got back hum nex' day, an' Mag's folks said they'd haul Meg in the nex' week, comin' Toosday.

day, an' Mag's folks said they'd haul Meg in the nex' week, comin' Toosday.

"Ev'rything weut all right at Job's, an' Toosday came' roun', we'en Mag was to git hum. Monday night, arter Job had gone up stairs to bed, he 'membered, b'gosh, that he'd lef' the outside cellar door open. He'd ben out all day settin' b'ar traps, 'cause the taters was 'bout ready to dig, an' the buckwhit ripe enough to pull—ye see, Job had to pull his buckwhit crop, like flax, bein's ez natur hed kinder picked out that corner ez a proper place fur dumpin' quite a tol'able sprinklin' o' stun on, w'ich ruther made it onsultable fur runnin' a cradle or scythe over it. Job alluz said, b'gosh, that 'twere a durn good thing, too, fur is saved him goin' to the expense o' buyin' mowin' implements. Wall, the 'taters bein' 'bout ready fur diggin', an' the buckwhit to pull, Job had been trapesh' roun' through 'taters bein' 'hout ready fur diggin', an' the buck-whit to pull, Job had been trapesin' roun' through the woods settin' b'ar traps to kinder coax bruin inter them, keep him out o' the clearin', an' con-sekently Job were tired, so he said

He'd be Durned if Be'd Get Up to shet the cellar door, ez 'tw'an't likely, anyway, that th' war any highway robbers gointer come that fur out'n their way to carry off the half bar'l o' pork he had in the cellar. So he turned over an' went to sleep. Nex't mornin' he got over an' went to sleep. Nex't mornin' he got up ez usual. He came down stairs an' went to go down cellar the inside way to get some pork fur breakfas', when he jumped back, b'gosh, more'n four foot, fur standin' at the head o' the cellar ladder were a bustin' big b'ar, and it stepped up inter the room ez com?(able 'an cool ez if it owned the hull business. Folierm' clus ahind it, in stepped another b'ar. The two b'ars looked at Job so durn impydent that he busts for the spare room to git his gun to show 'em who were boss, but w'en he riz the carpet to go in, he were met by two more b'ars, bigger'n t'other ones. These uns was nosin' roun' in, the spare room, an' riz up an' showed their teeth to Job, an' growled w'en he riz the carpet, ez much ez to say, 'Come in if ye wanter, o' man, but, b'gosh, we'd 'dvise you not to.' To git his gun Job'd hef to walk over these two big b'ars, an' so he concluded that he'd just vamooss an' cut over to Sam Goble's, an' git Sam an' his gun to come back with him an' slaughter b'ar. Ye see the four b'ar hedn't chanced to run agin any o' Job's traps, an' hed come inter the clearin', an, seein' the outside cellar door open, hed gone in to see what th' war thar wuth gittin' their shoots inter, an' had gradually worked their way up inter de house, an' thar they war w'en Job crawled out fur the day. "Job shd out'n the house without stayin' to argy with the b'ars, an' shet the door tight ahin' him. Then he slams the outside cellar door to, an' away ha peels fur Sam Goble's ez tight ez he could hoof it. Sam's clearin' were a good two miles from Job's, all the way through the woods. Job had a swingin-door b'ar trap sot on the edge o' Blue Run swamp, half way 'twixt his clearia' and Sam's, an' he coulon' stan' the temptation to slide out'n his way to take a look in the trap an' see if it'd gobbled a b'ar. The trap were 'bout twenty rod off to the right, an' Job Slashes in Through the Brush to look at it. He foun' the pen empty, an' the

Job Slashes in Through the Brush to look at it. He foun' the pen empty, an' the bait, w'ich were two poun' o' wild honey, jes' ez he'd left it over night. Job crawled inter the pen to kinder fix the fall a little differint, wen he teched it in some way, an' kersbaug! down come the big heavy door, an' Job were ez snug a pris'ner zif he'd stole a hoss an' were bein' sheltered in the penitensh'ry, Th' wa'n't no could only be done from the outside, an'ez the pen were built an' kivered so's all the knocks a ketched b'ar could give it couldn't budge it, he know'd, b'gosh, that if some one didn't happen to stumble 'long that way some time durin' tre next two weeks the chances for Mag Streeter's bein' a widder was bang up. durn use o' his tryin' to open the door, 'cause that

lo stumble long that way some time durin' the next two weeks the chances for Mag Streeter's bein' a widder was bang up.

"Wall, 'long in the a ternoon Mag got back hum. Her folks hed bauled her in ez far ez, the cross-roads, an' she hed footed it the rest o' the way through the woods. She bangs plumb inter the house, but comes right out ag'in without waitin' to take off her things, fur she see one big b'ar wallerin' 'roun' in the ashes in the kitchen fireplace, an' another one with his head popped up out'n the cellarway. Another one had pulled down the p'tition' twixt the kitchen an' the spare 100m, an' were wrapped up in it on the floor, an' a fourth one were curled up on the spick-an'-span spare bed. Mag, ez a giner'l thing, wa'n't p'tick'lar skeert o' b'ars, one at a time, but four on 'em was a leetle tryin' to her nerves, an' so sne gits out'n the house without takin' off her sun bunnit, an' shins up the highest ches'nut tree she could ind, an' hollers fire, murder an' Job. She lef' the door open, an' she hedn't much mon'n gut up the tree 'fore the b'ars begun to pour out'n the house. Whether Mag's yells skeert 'em or wether they was durn glad to git out o' jail. I up the tree 'fore the b'ars begun to pour out'n the house. Whether Mag's yells skeert 'em or whether they was durn glad to git out o' jail, I donno, but they come a tumblin' out, Mag said, one over t'other, zif they'd all been swep out in a heap. They didn't seem to hev nothin' more to do 'roun' thar, an' broke fur the woods, b'gosh, in double-quick time. Mag gut down an' weat lookin' roun' fur Job. She hunted the house from cellar to garret, an' hollered fur him till she were so hoarse she couldn't hear her ownseif. Then it struck her all of a heap that the b'ars hed eat Job up, sitck an' clean, an' hed walked off with him right 'fore her eyes an' left her a lone widder with the clearin' on her hands.

An' All the 'Taters, B'gosh, to Dig, an' the buckwhit all to pull. With that she strikes straight for Sam Goble's to carry the news an' see w'at could be did. W'en she got thar she tol' 'em all about Job's unfort'nit

"'They'vs eet him all up, Sam,' said Mag, sobbin' like sixty, 'ev'ry durn speck of him, slick an' clean. An' he had on his hran new overhants.

Sam, and them new cowhide boots o' his'n, an' th' war three shillin' in the overhauis' pocket!'

"Wall, 'o course, th' couldn't nothin' be did. If the b'ars was en the outside o' Jap, th' wa'n't no use o' tryin' fur to git him on the outside o' them an' put him t'gether agin. The news gut noised 'roun' the township in a day or two, an' ev'rybody feit durn sorry fur the widder. They turned out an' dug Mag's 'taters for her, an' pulled her buckwhit, an' fixed things up in the nicest shipshape 'bout the clearin' fur winter. They gut up a big stun frolic, an' on the Saturday arter Mag was a widder all the teams an' drags fur twenty mile 'roun' was nippin' away clearin' the stun off'n a lot that Job hed ben tryin' to get clear ever sence he'd settied on the place, 'cause he had an offer o' two hundred dollar cash fur his farm if that lot were clear.

"Wall, nobody didu't stumble 'long by Job's trap, an' so Job were gradually biddin' good-by to all things on this mundane spear. He eat up all the honey th' was in the pen, the fus' two days he were in, an' 'long t'ards the middle o' saturday afternoon he were nigh on his last pegs fur sumpin' to eat an' drink. He'd jist made up his mind to lay down an' die wunst an' iur all, w'en he heerd sumpin' sniffin' on the outside o' the pen. He looked through a chink an' see a whoipin' big b'ar. The b'ar sniffed 'round a spell and then slid up a ches'-nut tree that stood at one side o' the pen. Job could see it through the cracks in the roof cuttin' up antics in the tree, an' pooty soon it waltzes out on a branch that reached out over the cabin an' tried to git at a horner's nest ez hung thar. The b'ar kinder kep' a teeterin' on the limb, an' seemed to be havin' a heap o' fun.

"'That b'ar's a dod-durn tool!' said Job. 'The fust thing it knows that limb'il break, an' like ez not kerslosh'il come b'ar an' all plumb through this roof. b'gosh, an' squash the 'tarnal innards out'n me!'

"Job didn't mind layin' down and dyia', but he iddn't want to be killed. He hedn't much more'n

outh her:
"Job didn't mind layin' down and dyin', but he didn't want to be killed. He hedn't much more'n got the words out'n his mouth w'en, sure enough, the limb did break, an'

Kerslosh the Bar Did Come

plumb through the roof, b'gosh. It didn't squash Job, though, but it made a hole in the roof that he wan't the tenth part of the jerk of a lamb's tail a gittin' out of, an' the nex' minute he were nuggin' to'rds his clearin' ez fast ez he could, which wa'n't no 2.40 gait jis' then, nuther.

"By 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon the frolic hed ev'ry stun cleared off'n the Widder Streeter's lot, an' th' wa'h't a nicer plece o' groun' in the township. Ev'rybody tol' the widder her place

township. Ev'rybody tol' the widder her place were wuth \$300 more'n 'twere in the mornin', an', b'gosh, it were. W'lie ev'rybody were talkin' 'bout it who should come a draggin' hisself into the crowd but Job! Mag come durn high agoin' inter connibitions w'en she fust clapt her eyes on Job', cause she thawt 'twere his ghost; but then she see 'twere his own flesh an' blood, w'at th' was left on it, an' she hooked onter him quicker.

"Wy jimminy cracky, Job!' she says. 'Didn't ye git chawed by b'ars arter all?"

"No b'ar hain't chawed me ez I knows on,' says Job,' but I kin jist set down an' chaw a b'ar if y've got one handy."

"An' so w'en they all see it were Job, sartin, an' no ghost, 'they turned to an' dished up a lay out fur him, an' by bedinne he were hisself ag'in, an' he give 'em the huil story. The township had a buly laugh, m' in less'n two weeks ol' Simon betrich bought Job's clearin' an' give him more'n four hundred dollars fur it. That give Job his start in the lumber an' bark business, an' he were a rich man in ten year. W'en Job counted over the \$400 he got for the clearin' he says to Mag:

"'Wali, Mag,' says he, 'I'm gummed it it don't says to Mag: "'Wali, Mag,' says he, 'I'm gummed if it don't

pay to get chawed up by b'ars wanst in a w'i e.'
"'It does if ye leave a good-lookin' widder,'
says Mag.
"'An' if that haint how Uncle Job Streeter come "An' if that haint how Uncle Job Streeter come to be a rich man," concluded the Oid Settler, "ye needn't ask me w'at I'm goin' ter hev, an' if I ever hankered arter sumpin' hot, with sugar in it, an' no monkey in' bout makin' it strong, it's this very passin' minute. Shurf, it is, v'gosh!"

MARRIED WITHOUT MONEY.

A. Blooming, Nut-Brown Senorita Whom Mr. Nye Joined in Wedlock Without Bestowing the Customary Salute. [Bill Nye in New York Mercury.]

There are a good many singular incidents connected with the administration of matrimony, especially as it is dealt out by a justice of the peace in a young territory. During eight years in my official capacity as general agent for substantial justice and durable wedlock, I was called upon a great many times to ladle out my blessing at so much per bless under very peculiar circumstances. I've done a noble work as a coupler and splicist. Looking back over those eight years, it seems almost like a dream. Wherever I was called to go, I cheerfully put on my overcoat and went.

I married people in the light and the dark of the moon, in the office and at home, on horseback and afoot, young and old, tender and tough. I married them all. I was never inquisitive beyond what the statute required, and I never had any one come back to me or complain. It always seemed to give satisfaction.
The ceremony wasn't very imposing, though.

used to think sometimes that the groom was imposing—on the bride. (This is a little epigram. I have quite a number of this style which I am keeping for the holidays.)
We never had much of the orange-blossom and swallow-tail coat business in my studio. I generally invited the couple to sit on the woodbox till I got through with the simple drunks, and then we would call in the marshal and the

and then we would call in the marshal and the jabitor as witnesses and proceed.

I remember one day, a gentleman named Chilbiath Henry came in from the head of the Chug Water and brought with him a Mexican woman commonly called Beautiful Snow Colorado Maduro. She was of a rich nut-brown color, with a wonderful wealth of raven hair, which she combed whenever the sign was right, but it hadn't been right for a good white. She was dressed plainly, but neatly in an old laprobe, caught back with safety-pins and held in place by means of a broad horse-hair cinch, which had had been an helridoni in the family. She was about 48 years old, and I asked in a baniering tone if she had her parents' consent. She did not understand me, as she only knew a little broken cigar box English.

Thinking pernaps she might be more familiar with the early history of her race, I asked her if she remember Pizarro, but she only laughed and displayed her tottering ruin of a mouth.

I believe she was the most sorrowful-looking hulk I ever saw. She was rather thin in flesh, and her nose looked like the breast-bone of a sand-hill crane.

Her union with Chilblain Henry did not seem to

and her nose looked like the breast-bone of a sandhill crane.

Her union with Chilbiain Henry did not seem to
saturate her with a great wild joy. She stood
there through the imposing ceremony with her
cute little Mexican feet just peeping cut from
under the heavy drapery of her lap-robe, and
mechanically answered the legal questions propounded to her in a rich, deep and resonant tone
of voice. Somehow I could not help wondering
if she did not love another. Perhaps she had
given her young heart to some neighboring greaser
and smiled on him, perhaps, and it had thrown
him into convulsions from which he never had
recovered.

and smited on him, perhaps, and it had thrown him into convulsions from which he never had recovered.

When I got through, Chilbiain Henry sainted his bride. I had heard before that he was a very brave man. Then he cordially invited me to ditto. I told him that it might occasion talk. He said he didn't want any fooishness or funny business. He allowed that a magistrate had a right to salute the bride and it looked kind of outre to waive it. He would not pay me, he said, unless I saluted the bride.

"Never mind the pay, Henry," I said, "between old friends; so it don't matter. Hand it in any time. I don't care if you never pay it; but to tell you the truth, Henry, I'm afraid to kies Colorado Maduro. I am a man of strong impulses, an i I do not dare to salute her. When I caught her in my arms I might forget my own home ties and kidnap your fair young bride and dash away with her to the mountains. I know my own failings, Henry, better than you do. It wouldn't be right, and it would certainly make talk. However, if you in-sit, I will give my proxy to a friend of mine who is totally blind and who is accustomed to all kinds of herrors."

He went away with his wife, intending to come back and kill me, he said; but after I had stayed in the office, behind the fireproof safe, two days, with the doors locked, some friends came and told me Henry had done the whole thing on a bet that him acent.

A Baby Stolen by a Fox.

him a cent.

[Japan Gazette.] Considerable excitement has been caused lately at Katase by the doings of a fox. A young, well-to-do farmer and his wife, who have a child two months old, are occupying a small wooden structure during the rebuilding of their former premises. On September 13 the wife, as usual, went to sleep with the little one, but, awaking during the night, was surprised to find it had left her side. She at one call ed her husband, when it was discovered that one of the frail wooden doors had been broken open. The supposition naturally followed that some one had entered and stolen the infant, consequently the father started with the intention of arousing the neighbors. He had, however, only just stepped outside when he perceived a large fox run from under the veranda of the house opposite. Suspecting that Reynard was the culprit, lights were procured and a search made, which, to the delight of the parents, resulted in the discovery of the baby, who, strange to say, had received no injury beyond a few scratches. months old, are occupying a small wooden struc-

Mrs. Jackson - Yes, since dem mis'ble Chinezers hez come in we poo' whites hez to scratch fur a livin'. An' do yo' know, Missus Mufy, my boy ez goes to school was teilin' me all the people in Chance walked with th' heads down an' er feet Mrs. Murphy—Laws, yer dohn say--Oi knowed the Choinees menz warre bad was, but shurre of thought th' ladies was mohr genteel 'n ter do that.

A Transmittendum. [Filegende Blaetter.] A lady who often changes her servants found a dragoon concealed in the kitchen dresser. "Jane, how did the soldier get there?" "I really can't tell, Guadige Frau I fancy he must have been left there by the former cook!"

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Wasteful Woman. RUSKIN.

Ah, wasteful woman !- she who may On her sweet self set her own price, Knowing he cannot choose, but pay— How has she cheapened Paradise! How given for naught her priceless gift, How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine. Which, spent with due, respective thrift, Has made brutes men and men divine.

Before Ringing Look at the Ring.

[Detroit Free Press.] Before offering to ring the street-car bell for a ady about to get off, look closely at her right hand. If she wears a diamond ring and you pul the strap she will be your enemy for life.

Recipe for a Modern Comedy.

[James B. Cull in the Current.] A lover, coquette and a beau,
A father that's miserly bent,
With double entendres a few

Will give the true drama cement. To these if you're wise you will add
A fellow, to trick, lie and cheat;
The better to manage old dad

And close with a marriage complete.

A song or a dance introduce,
I've known it a substitute good, Where wit has been short of its use And sentiment scarce understood

Get in the Front Rank.

[Burlington Hawkeye.] In the year 2400, Joseph Cook says, the popular tion of this country will be 3,200,000,000. Those of our readers who contemplate going to the circus that year will do well to purchase tickets at the down-town office and avoid the rush at the wagon

Her Picture. [Philadelphia News.] It is framed in satin and cherry, And stands on a shelf in my room: The eyes are as brown as a berry,
With a sparkle that scatters the gloom

In the cheeks there's a hint of a dimple And a gracefulness lies over all.
From the make of the bonnet, so simple, To the knob on the blue parasol.

The face is as fair and as sunny
As the figure is stately and bold, And when I am counting my money I reckon her in as pure gold.

Depressing, But Not Patal.

Uncle Jack-Why, Sally, you look melancholy, What's the matter? Sally (just returned from the funeral of a very dear friend in Massachusetts)-1 have been in Boston the last few days, and -Uncle Jack-Ol don't let that depress you, my dear girl. You'll get over that in a day or two Why, look at me. I lived there once.

Thoughts in Church. [Francis Hale Barnard in Detroit Free Press-

She kneels beside the altar, now, An earthly angel, pure and fair. Would I my troubled head could bow And join her in that silent prayer. Lights falling thro' the stained glass Are changed to rainbows as they pass And, charmed, about my loved one lie Sweet saint, what is thy whispered though For thou art praying now, while I, Unworthy of thee, I am not,

(HE.)

Good gracious! there is Sam, I vow! I wonder if he sees me, Yes, he is watching me. Oh, how That fellow tries to please me! I hope he likes my hat and dress, But then he thinks me perfect. Yes, I like him, but he's poor, and so I fear I must refuse him

He's awfully nice to flirt with, the,'
I really hate to lose him. Must Do It Out of Office Hours.

[London Punch.]
Scene—India. Officer inspecting ranks; sergeant-major following.

Officer-"Private Atkins hasn't shaved this norning, sergeant-major."

Sergeant-major-"He is going to let his beard Officer-"I can't have men coming on parada like this. Any man wanting to grow a beard must

do it in his own time, and not on parade." A Sacrifice. Medora is the fairest fair
That ever had an ardent suitor;
She's piquant, dainty, debonair—
I never saw a damsel cuter!
Yet, though my heart is set on her,
There enters this important factor Concerning which I do demurShe falls in love with every actor!

She raves of histrionic stars,
Of Henry Irving, Booth and Barrett;
I strive to bear it, yet it mars
The quiet of my mental garret.
But when of lesser lights she speaks
With ardor, ha tone romautic,
And damask roses dye her cheeks,
She absolutely drives me frantic!

You must admit I'm sorely tried, But since Medora is a beauty,
(Her pa a millionnaire beside!)
I'll try to tread the path of duty.
And so, if need be, I'll forego
My love of art and reading Ruskin,
Become her valiant Romeo,
And don the tragic robe and buskin!

Eager to Meet Him Now. [Arkansaw Traveller.1 "Let's cross the street and meet that fellow again." said a man to a companion with whom he

"Why didn't you speak just now if you have "I have no business with him."
"I have no business with him."
"Then why do you wish to meet him again?"
"Well, you see, I used to owe him, and in consequence, would avoid meeting him. Recently I paid him up and now I like to meet him. It's like high Twang's story of the boy who found a dimension. paid him up a.4d now I like to meet him. It since Mark Twain's story of the boy who found a dime. He kept throwing it out in front of him to find it again. Come on, I want to meet him. I wish I had nothing to do but to meet him all day."

[Chicago News.]
The world is drear and the sedge is sere
And gray is the autumn sky,
And sorrows roll through my riven soul
As lonely I sit and sigh
"Good-by"
To the goose-birds as they fly. With his weird wishbone to the temperate zone
Came the goose-bird in the spring.
And he built his nest in the glorious west
And sat on a snag to sing—
Sweet thing!
Or flap his beautiful wing.

But the boom of the blast has come at last
To the goose-bird on the lea,
And the succulent thing, with shivering wing,
Flies down to a southern sea—
That a the convertion should be

That such separation should be! But it's always so in this world of woe—
The the things that gladden our eye
Are the surest to go to the bugs, and so
We can only wearily sigh
"Good-by"
To the goose-birds as they fly.

The Extraordinary Young Lady.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.] Once in a Large City there dwelt a Maider whose Mother, being in Moderate Circumstances was put to great straits to so educate her Daugh ter that she might occupy a Higher Walk in Lif She worked hard, and deprived herself of ever Comfort. And how was she rewarded? Strange to say, this Young Lady appreciated her Mother's say, this Young Lady appreciated her Mother's Sacrifices, and did all she could to lighten her Labors. Upon returning from School she would devote her time to the Kitchen until the hour for her Music Lesson arrived, and then she would make the Piano Howl. She arose early and assisted with the Washing and Ironing, and when her Young Man took her to the Ice Cream Parlor at night she always slipped some Choice Cake into her Pocket for Ma. Finally She and the Young Man were married, and the Best Room in their House was devoted to the Old Lady, who never afterwards did a Lick of Work.

MORAL.

MORAL. This is not a True Story. It is a Fable.

[Washington Hatchet.]
She raised her arms, soft shining links of love,
And wound them round hin; then, as rose
rear.
Their buds of morn, she raised her lips above
Unto responsive lips that bent anear.

"What is the matter, sweet, my own?" she sobbed, And for an answer he but softly sighed— Sad sound to her, in whose white bosom throbbed The anxious heart of a half-frightened bride.

Still, still she queried, then at iast she said— His eyes refulgent with devotion's light, His hand carressing her sunceamy head— "My pet, I saw Tom Robins on last night."

She, wondering, gazed upon him. "And does he Always cause you such woe?" He crushed a plush And answered, "When I saw him, dear, you see, I had any queen against him the large and him.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM;

Detective Lubin's Last and Greatest Work.

By HARRY MORDAUNT.

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One morning in the mouth of June, 1852, a vast crowd filed the court-room in the city of Rouen, and from the expression of deep interest manifest upon the faces of the audience it was evident that some moving and extraordinary case was about to be tried.

be tried.
In fact, it was an accusation of infanticide, and In fact, it was an accusation of infanticide, and the prisoner was a young girl of 18.

Genevieve Dorival was the daughter of an old captain in the imperial navy, who had retired from service some years before, and settled down in his native village of Oissel. A girl of rare beauty and intelligence, she had attracted the attention of the young Count de Mahlac, who succeeded in winning her affections and finally ga ned her consent to a secret marriage. To her shame and horror she afterward discovered that this marriage had been a pretended one, and that the man who had performed the ceremony was a tool of the count's. These facts she had confided to her father alone.

The judges entered and a deep silence pervaded the assembly. "Bring in the prisoner," said the president, ad-

"Bring in the prisoner," said the president, addressing a gendarme.

In the midst of the solemn slience a sob was heard, a stifled sob, almost imperceptible, but which vibrated with so poignant an agony that a shudder ran through the spectators, and the judges themselves seemed moved.

All eyes were turned in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and saw, standing in a remote corner, a woman of about 40 and a little girl syears old. They were draped in black, and their red eyes and pale features, moistened by tears, moved all hearts.

"Relatives, doubtless?" murmured a voice.

"The mother and sister of the unfortunate woman who is to be tried," replied a woman.

A door opened at this moment, and a young girl appeared between the gendarmes.

It was the accused.

was the accused.

low murmur greeted her entrance, and an ression of profound surprise was depicted

A flow infinite greeted her entrance, and an expression of profound surprise was depicted upon all countenances.

Could that be the wretched woman who was to answer for the most monstrous of all crimes? The exquisite regularity and sweetness of her features, the great eyes, blue and pure as heaven itself, the look full of innocence, and at the same time of astonishment and desolation, which she tast about the hall; all this formed such a starting contrast to the crime of which she was actused, that there was a feeling of stupefaction and bewilderment among the spectators.

Notonly was she beautiful, but her extreme paleness, her eyes reddened by tears and sleenlessness, the sentiment of shame and agony and mortal despair depicted upon her features, gave to her beauty a character so profoundly touching, that all feit their eyes fill with tears as they gazed upon her, and did not hesitate to affirm their belief in her innocence.

An unexpected incident gained her the hearts

n her innocence. unexpected incident gained her the hearts

lief in her innocence.

An unexpected incident gained her the hearts of all.

Her gaze, after wandering about the hail, met that of those she sought, her mother and sister; at the sight of them she staggered and clasped her hands upon her heart as if she were suffocating; then, by an irresistible impulse, her hands exlended toward those so dear to her, she made a movement as if to rush to them.

A hand was placed gently upon her shoulder, and a voice murmured in her ear:

"Caim yourself, Mile. Genevieve, and remember where you are; it is not to your mother, but to the president, that you must speak."

He who addressed these words to her was Jacquemin, one of the two gendarmes who had discovered and arrested her—Jacquemin, who had known her from her infancy, for he was in the brigade of gendarmes stationed at Oissel. The poor fellow was almost as much overcome as Genevieve herself.

He took her by the arm and led her to the pris-

poor fellow was almost as much overcome as Genevieve herself.

He took her by the arm and led her to the prisoner's bench, saying in a low voice as he did so:

"Courage, Mile. Genevieve, courage and coolness, for your safety depends upon the manner in which you answer the president's questions."

When she was seated, the president fixed upon the young girl a searching look; then in a gentle tone, which showed that the result of his examination had not been unfavorable, he said:
"Accused, what is your name?"

'Accused, what is your name?"
'Genevieve Dorival, monsieur," she replied, in & soft, melancholy voice. Your age?

"Your age?"
"Eighteen."
"Where do you live?"
"At my father's house—at Oissel."
These words, "at my father's house," were spoken with a voice choked with sobs. So many happy memories, so many cruel contrasts between the present and the past were contained in those three words!
"Sit down, accused," continued the president, "and listen to the reading of the indictment."

"and listen to the reading of the indictment."

At last they were to know me all its details, and free from all the reports and exaggerations which had surrounded it for the last few days, the terri-ble crime of which this young girl was accused, whose appearance protested strongly against such

It was with an undisguised anxiety that each one composed himself to listen to the recital of the drama whose denouement might be so terrible. The clerk began and read as follows:

"On the 24th of May last a woman named Chautard, living in the village of Saint Etienne, came and declared to the authorities that a little girl, aged 13 months, who had been placed in her care, had been stolen from her the evening before, while she was busy in the garden adjoining the house. Questioned as to the father and mother of the child, she refused at first to answer; then, frightened by the suspicions aroused by her silence, she declared that the infant belonged to a young girl of Oissel by the name of Genevieve Dorival. As for the father, she had never seen him, and he was unknown to her. The authorities at once proceeded to the house of the prisoner's parents, but could not find her. She had fied.

"A search was made for her the same night, and the next morning at day break she was found in the forest of Loude, where she had passed the night. Her eyes were haggard, her hair in disorder, her features livid, and she seemed to be the prey of a deep anguish.

"To all these damaging facts was presently added."

"To all these damaging facts was presently added evidence of an important nature. When the gendarmes, Jacquemin and Fournier, brought her to her lather's house, in spite of her prayers and entreaties, they heard a man exclaim: 'I was right when I said that she was not dead, and that it was she whom I met last night.' Asked at once to explain himself, this man, named Louis Charbot, a servant at the Chateau de Rougemare, where the prisoner was a frequent visitor, declared that he had seen her the evening before, at nightfall, going from the village of Saint Etienne, carrying a bundle in her arms, and walking in the direction of the Seine—a statement all the more important, as Chabot was ignorant of the accusation against Genevieve Dorival.

"The child had been taken by the accused from its nurse. That was established. But what had become of it? Genevieve obstinately refused to give any information, and it was only by a proviential circumstance that the true facts came to light.

"The prisoner had hardly left the magistrate's

"The prisoner had hardly left the magistrate's office after her examination when a boy presented himself. He said that being upon the bank of the Seine, he saw an object, the shape of which he could not make out. He fished it from the water, and then discovered that it was a child's cap. He was about to throw it back, when he recollected the crime committed at Saint Etienne. 'Who knows,' he said to himself, 'if this is not the cap of the missing child!' And he hastened to carry it to the authorities.

"In sap the accused recognized as that of her child, but when told where it was found, she feigned great surprise and pretended to be in great despair.

"From these facts it is believed that, on the 23d' of May, the accused stealthly introduced herself into the house of the woman Chautard; that,

"From these facts it is believed that, on the 23d of May; the accused stealthily introduced herself into the' house of the woman Chautard; that, profiting by a moment when she was engaged in her gardin, she took away the child she had given her to nurse; that she fied with the infant towards the Seine, and that there is no doubt, notwithstanding her denials, that she threw the innocent creature into the river in order that she might conceal the fact of ber having been a mother.

"Consequently, Genevieve Dorival is accused of having, on the night of the 23d of May, voluntarily killed her child, a crime provided for by article 300 of the penal code."

A mountful silence reigned in the hall as the clerk ceased reading—a significant silence, evidently hostile to the accused, who seemed to comprehend it, for she bowed her head with a frightened air.

CHAPTER II.

THE WITNESS CHABOT.

The reading of the indictment, in dissipating all doubts as to the guilt of the accused, changed the feeling of sympathy into a sentiment of horror against poor Genevieve.

"Oh! the wretch!"

"The monster!"

Such wore the epithets which were heard on all sides. The attitude of the prisoner also served to increase the feeling against her.

It had been observed that during the reading of this terrible accusation she had remained motionless and apparently indifferent; she had not protested by a gesture or a tear against these frightful charges, and in this impassibility those present saw a proof that she acknowledged herself guilty.

The president allowed a few moments to pass

guilty.

The president allowed a few moments to pass The president allowed a few moments to pass-before proceeding to interrogate the accused, doubtless to give her time to recover from the emotion which overpowered her. "Accused," he said at length, "arise and answer my questions." Genevieve arose and stood like a statue. "Where were you on the evening of the 23d of May?"

May?"
"At Saint-Etlenne, monsieur." "At Saint-Etienne, monsieur."
At this unexpected response there was a movement of surprise among the audience. The president himself was amazed, but he continued, accenting each word in a manner to make her comprehend the gravity of bis question:

"What time did you reach Saint-Etienne?"
"About 8.30."
"At what hour did you leave?"

These replies, according exactly with the state-These replies, according exactly with the sate-ment of the domestic, Chabot, fell with such a weight upon the head of Genevieve that each one, seized with pity at seeing her so innocently rush-ing to her own destruction, began to be greatly in-terested in her. "So," continued the president, "it was you that Louis Chabot saw departing from Saint-Etienne about 9 o'clock?"

"It must have been me, monsieur, as I left about that hour." What was the bundle you carried in your

arms?"
"I carried none."
"Chabot swears that you did, and he saw you as you left Saint-Etienne, as you yourself acknowledge."
"I left Saint-Etienne at the hour he states, but "Heft Saint-Ettenne at the hour state in the other hand, her own statement attested the sincerity of the testimony of Chabot. "What were you doing at Saint-Ettenne?" asked the president.

the president.

The young girl hesitated a long time. A flush overspread her pale features, and in a low voice, almost unintelligible, she replied:

"I went to embrace—my child."

"You entered the dwelling of the woman Chautand?"

tard?"
"Yes, monsieur."
"Was she at home?"
"No, monsieur."
"What did you do?"
"I kissed my child and went away."
"Without taking it with you?"
"Yes, monsieur."
The president reflected for a moment. Then he continued.

"On going from Chautard's house, you went "No, monsieur, toward the forest of Essarts."
"But you were found the next morning in the forest of Londe, two leagues from Saint-Etienne."

tienne."
"I do not know. I walked all night through the oods, then I I-ll, overcome by fatigue, and slept here I was found."
"Why did you not return to your home? I can be only two explanations of this flight through the woods—the fear of justice or a great re-

"It was neither the one nor the other, monsieur."
"Tell us, then, the reason for this extraordinary

"Tell us, then, the reason for this extraordinary act."

"My father had driven me from his house!"

A sob choked the utterance of the poor girl and prevented her going on. Making an effort to control herself, she continued:

"My father had driven me out, I had no home, I was alone in the world, repuised, cursed, dishonored; my head was turned, and—I fled. I walked straight on, not knowing where I wasgoing."

"So," continued the president, "you refuse to "So." continued the president, "you refuse to tell what you have done with your child?"

Genevieve raised her head quickly, "My child!" she cried, sobbing bitterly. "At! monsieur, I would give my life to know what has become of it." The spectators shuddered at this outburst of aternal despair, so special control of the special despair. The spectators shuddered at this outburst of alternal despair, so spontaneous that no one ould doubt its sincerity, and, under the impression it its cry of agony, all present believed for the noment in the innocence of Genevieve. "Call the witness Chabot," said the president, fter a long silence.

The door of the witnesses' room opened and ouls Chabot appeared, escorted by the gendarme acquemin.

Louis Chabot appeared, escored by the general dacquemin.
All eyes were turned toward him, seeking to read in his face his character and instincts.
He was a short, thick-set, ungainly man, with a common, unintelligent face, but one could see in his little gray eyes and in a certain compression of the lips an expression of prudence and cunning which indicated that he was not so stupid as he looked. The president gazed at him a long time before

questioning him.
"Your name, witness?" he finally asked.
"Louis Chabot," replied the man, with a strong
Norman acceut, but without the slightest embar-

Your occupation?"
'I am a domestic in the service of the Count de ugemare."
"Swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and thing but the truth."
"Oh! as for telling the truth you can rely upon me, I never lie."
"I tell you to swear."
"Ah! must I swear?"
"To tell the whole truth and nothing but the

truth."

Louis Chabot finally decided, but not without evident reluctance, to take the oath required of in.
"It was not accomplished without considerable difficulty," observed a man.
"That is true, but it proves nothing. To make a Norman peasant swear is not an easy matter."
"That may be, but I have my suspicions of that

We shall see if we only wait."

"We shall see if we only wait."

"The president pursued the examination:
"Chabot, tell us at what hour were you at SaintEtienne on the 23d of last May."

"At quarter before 9 o'clock, monsieur."
"Tell us, now, what you saw, and be particular
as to the facts."

Genevieve, who had remained up to that time
with her head bowed upon her breast, raised it
and looked at the witness.

The speciators were stient, and awaited with an
evident anxiety the statement of Chabot.

"This is the truth, monsieur," said the domestic,
nervously turning his hat in his hands. "I was
walking along, when suddenly, as I approached walking along, when suddenly, as I approached the church, I saw a woman conflig out of a little street just ahead of me. 'Halloa!' I said to myself, 'that looks like Mile. Genevieve.' Then I recognized her positively, and I saw that she was going towards the Seine. I followed her with my eyes as long as I could see her, and when I lost sight of her she had nearly reached the bank. That is all I know, monsieur."

Genevieve sprang to her feet and addressed the witness:

witness:
"Louis Chabot," she said indignantly, "why do you lie? If you really saw me on that night, you know well that on leaving the street where Marie Chautard lives, I took the road leading to the forest of Essarts, and not that which leads to the

forest of Essarts, and not that which leads to the Seine."

"Mademoiselle Genevieve," replied Chabot, averting his eyes from the prisoner, "I should be sorry to injure you, but I cannot perjure myself to extricate you from your difficulties."

"Tell the truth, wretched man," cried Genevieve, "that is all I ask of you."

"That is what I am doing, mademoiselle; that is what I am doing,"

Genevieve was about to interrupt the witnes sagain when the president stopped her by a gesture. Then addressing Chabot, who had taken up his hat and was again turning it in his hands:
"You have said that the prisoner carried a bundle in her arms?"

dle in her arms?"
"I have said so, and I do not deny it; I always

tell the truth."

"Ah! the wretch!" cried Genevieve.

"What was the shape of this bundle?"

'I cannot say positively, but it seemed to me that it was a dress or a cloak."

"You did not mention this at your former examination!"

"Because I was not sure, monsieur, and when an honest man is not sure—"
"You are sure, then, today, when you were in "I do not say that. Oh, no; I say it seemed—that is all—I am not certain."
"What were you doing that evening at Saint-

"What were you doing that evening at Saint-Etienne?"

"I was going to Rouen to consult my lawyer about a purchase of land, and I could not pass by Saint-Etienne without calling on my friend Claude, who is the beliringer of the parish. Oh! you can inform yourself, and you will find that I am telling the truth."

"Now I wish you to asswer a question upon a Now, I wish you to answer a question upon a tter which the prisoner has refused to ex-

plain."
"Do you know who is the father of her child?" Genevieve grew pale at these words, and it was with a visible anxiety that she awaited Chabot's

The witness hesitated, then he answered.
"I do not know."
An enormous weight seemed to be lifted from Genevieve's mind.
After a long pause, the president addressed this stretch to the lifted this stretches to the lifted the president addressed this stretches to the lifted th Genevieve's mind.

After a long pause, the president addressed this question to Chabot.

"Did the prisoner often go to the Chateau

Rougemare?"
"Yes, monsieur."
"Who lives at the chateau?"
"The count, who never leaves it on account of his great age and poor health."
"Does the count often receive visits from friends and relatives?"
"He receives only one friend—Mile. Genevieve's father."

father."
"And relatives, doubtless?"

"And relatives, doubtless?"
"Yes, occasionally."
"Who are these relatives?"
"Nephews and nieces."
"How old are the nephews?"
"Twenty-two and tweuty-four, monsieur."
"Are they not at the chateau at this moment?"
"Yes, monsieur."
During the last part of this examination Genevieve appeared greatly disturbed.
"Witness," said the president, "you must understand the reasons which impel me to question you concerning the nephews of the Count de Rougemare?"

"The very," cried Chabot; "this is the first time."

"Never," cried Chabot; "this is the first time."
The president interrupted him abruptly.
"Take care," he said, in a severe tone; "recollect that you have sworn to tell the whole truth, and that in violating that oath you expose yourself to severe punishment."
Chabot hung his head; then he cried:
"Weil, I will tell all that I know, and so much the worse for those it hurts. I have no desire to go to the galleys for the sake of protecting others."

others."
A profound agitation manifested itself in the assembly, which hoped to see established the innucence of her who interested it more and more as the trial progressed.
"At last," said a young man in the crowd, "we are going to have the mystery of this affair cleared up."

up."
"Who knows?" replied his neighbor, an old man with a doubtful look upon his face.
"Did you not observe the air with which he promised to tell all he knew?"
"Perfectly; and mark my words, young man

CHAPTER III. CHABOT'S STORY.

Genevieve who, during all that part of the examination having reference to the nebhew of

the Count de Rougemare, had appeared uneasy and agitated, manifested exactiv opposite sentiments to those which animated the spectators when Chabot declared that he would tell all.

Far from seeing any hope in this promise, she appeared absolutely terrified.

Motionless in her seat, directing her gaze towards the witness and then towards her judges, she appeared as if hesitating what course to pursue.

Finally, as the president addressed Chabot, she arose suddenly and turned toward the court.
"Monsieur," she stammered.
"Do you wish to say anything," asked the

"Yes, Monsieur." "Yes, Monsieur."
"Speak."

After a pause Genevieve continued:
"I do not accuse Louis Chabot of wishing to destroy me, that would be a crime so frightful that I cannot believe him capable of it, but I swear to you that he is deceiving the court in affirming that he saw me take the road to the Seine with a bundle under my arm. I cannot account for it except that some fatal resemblance has misled him, and that is why I supplicate you. Monsieur, to be on your guard against his declarations."

For the witness to inspire you with such suspiclon," replied the president, "you must believe him animated by some sentiment of hatred against "I have done nothing to make him feel un-"Oh! on the contrary," cried Chabot, "Mile. "Oh! on the contrary," cried Chabot, "Mile, Genevieve has never done me anything but Kindness since I have been at the chateau, and if I am still there it is thanks to her. One day, when I had taken a little too much and the count was about to discharge me, Mile. Genevieve interceded for me, and the count allowed me to remain. I am very grateful to her, and, far from wishing her harm, I would do all in my power to save her."

"Well," cried the young man in the crowd, "do you still doubt the sincerity of this man?"

"I do not know what to think," replied the old man; "but I confess that if he is playing a part he plays it well."

"This, then, is the truth," continued Louis Chabot.

Chabot.
One day, when I was at the gate of the park, I One day, when I was at the gate of the park, I saw Captain Dorival approaching with his daughter. His face had a sombre, gloomy expression, and he passed me without saying a word. I returned at once to the chateau; I climbed up so that I could look into a window of the parior. There I could see and hear everything. I had hardly stationed myself, when the door of the parior opened and the captain and his daughter entered. Messicurs Bouvard de Mahiac and de Mursy, the mephews of the count, were already there, and the mother of M. de Mahiac and the Countess de Mursy. On seeing the father and daughter, who were frequent visitors at the chateau, enter, they advanced toward them, then they stopped suddenly, the face of Captain Dorival had assumed such a frightful expression. The captain, on his part, stopped and looked at them without saying a word, still holding his daughter's hand. She trembled so violently that it was pitiful to see her. The captain advanced to the Count de Mahiac and, in a voice which seemed to come from the tomb, said:

"Count, I know ail."

M. de Mahiac turned pale as death, and made

come from the tomb, said:
"Count, I know ail."
M. de Mahlac turned pale as death, and made no raply. He seemed ill at case.
"Well, monsteur," continued the captair. "do you not understand me?"
"Why, no. I do not know what you are talking about," replied the count.
"I will make it clear then," said Captain Dorival. "You have pretended to marry my daughter; what day will you keep your promises to her and really marry her?"

what day will you keep your promises to her and really marry her?"

M. de Mahlac remained silent.

"I await your answer, mousieur," said the captain, drawing still nearer to the count.

There was still the same silence on the part of M. de Mahlac. Then M. de Mursy, seeing that it was time to end the matter, said:

"Captain, if the count remains silent, it is because it is painful for him to tell you that in our family—"

family—"
He stopped a moment.
"Weil?" asked Captain Dorival.
"Weil," replied M. de Mursy, "in our family we do not marry beneath our station."
At these words Mile, Genevieve sank upon her

At these words Mile. Genevieve sank upon her knees upon the floor, her hands clasped and her eyes full of tears. The captain did not reply at once to the words of M. de Mursy; he stood there motioniess and stunned, like a man who had seen a thunderbolt strike at his very feet.

I thought at first that he had not understood, but I was deceived. He passed his hand over his brow and approached M. de Mursy.

"So, monsieur," he said, in a tone which made my flesh creep, "you think that the daughter of Captain Dorival is not one of those worthy of the fille of a wife?"

"Not in our family, at least," replied M. de Mursy, disdainfully.

Captain Dorival grew still paler; he was already as white as a sheet, and I saw his lips quiver.

"I tell you that your sentiments are those of a coward!" he cried, and he sprang at the throat of M. de Mursy, and would have strangled him if the count and M. Bouvard had not interfered.

"Captain Dorival," said the count, "M. de Mursy was wrong to mix himself up in this affair; it is from me and me alone that you should demand satisfaction for what has occurred. I place myself at your disposal."

demand satisfaction for what has occurred. I place myself at your disposal."
Instead of answering, the captain gazed alternately at the five persons who were there, then crossing his arms upon his breast, he said:
"So, out of the five human beings here, there is not one who feels a sentiment of pity for this girl, henceforth alone in the world!"
At these words, Mile. Genevieve raised her head quickly, and looked at her father uneasily, Captain Dorival went on as if he had not seen

her:

"Yes, henceforth alone in the world, without home, without tamily, without a friend to aid or comfort her in her misery. When she was five years old she passed for the first time the thresh-hold of this house; she was so pretty, so joyous, so innocent, that the poor old man, whom you all abandoned then, for your hour of inheritance was not yet near, existed only in this child who had become the life and joy of this house. For ten years she delighted his old age. When she became fifteen I wished to ston her visits to the chateau, but the old count told me that he received no other visitors but his nephews, and that they were all men of honor; had he had been and the world when she here were all men of honor; Ah! How little he knew his family."

"Enough, monsieur," cried the Count de Mahiac, "I have placed myself at your disposal; what more do you want?"

"There is, however," continued the captain, "one man of nonor in this house, one only, and he is dying; I cannot, therefore, appeal to his justice and loyalty—he has only a few hours to live, perhaps, and you know it better than any one, you gentlemen, his nephews, who have counted them and impatiently await the last, so you no longer fear him; that is why you do not he sitate to crush at your feet and condean to shame and misery her whom he loyed as his own child. Bur, beware; the

fear him; that is why you do not he litate to crush at your feet and condemn to shame and misery her whom he loved as his own child. But, beware; the cruse of which you are guilty today will not long remain unpunished, and I hope that the justice of God, the sole judge in an affair in which the justice of men is impotent, will visit you with terrible and inexorable punishment."

He stepped toward the door, saying to the count as he did so:

"In one hour, monsieur, my seconds will be here."

"In one hour, monsieur, my seconds will be here."
He was going out without looking at his daughter; she sprang up quickly and ran to him.
He turned suddenly, and gazed at her fixedly.
"What do you want?" he asked sharply.
"Why, father," she said timidly, "I want to go."
"Where do you wish to go?"
"Where do I wish to go?" she murmured, looking at her father with a frigutened air; "wny, to our house." "My house will no longer shelter you; I said so

"My house will no longer shelter you; I said so just now. From this moment I disown you as a daughter. You are alone in the world. We separate here forever. You go your way; I, mine."

He repulsed her violently, and placed his hand upon the handle of the door.

Then, monsteur, Mile. Genevieve uttered such a cry as never before came from human breast, and, throwing herself upon her knees, she seized her father's hand and kissed it madly.

"Oh! father! father! have blty on me!" she cried. "I am your child, father; do not leave me alone in the world. Where shall I go? What shall I do? Oh, no! it is not possible; you cannot drive me from my home, far from you; far from my mother! You know I shall become mad. Father, take me with you, I beg."

mother! You know I shall become mad. Father, take me with you, I beg."
Captain Dorival wiped the perspiration from his brow and great tears trickled down his cheeks. For a moment I thought that he would yield. But he again repulsed his daughter, who fell heavily upon the floor, then opening the door quickly he rashed out, passed through the park gate and discussed.

CHAPTER IV.

A RAY OF HOPE.

Lonis Chabot stopped, and taking his handkerchief from his hat he wiped his forehead, for the
court room was stifling, although the windows
were all wide open.

This interruption was received with a murmur
of satisfaction. The attention of the auditors
had been so constantly and intently held in suspense during this recital that each one seemed
glad of an opportunity which allowed a rest from
this prolonged tension of their minds.

Opinions were exchanged in all parts of the
room, What had especially attracted attention
in the last part of the testimony of Chabot was
his apparent sincerity: this was an assurance that
they could thenceforth depend upon the frankness of a witness who, after hesitations, excusable up to a certain point, had decided, even
against his own interests, to reveal the facts so
damaging to his masters.

The revelation of these facts, it is true, did not
modify the position of the accused, but it had the
effect to increase the interest felt in her and to
exercise a favorable influence upon the minds of
the court. All were evidently moved by the recital of her sufferings.

Who knew it this man did not hold in his hands
the key to the inystery which each one felt was
underlying this affair?

Who knew it the innocence of Genevieve would
not be made manifest by some startling revelation!

Far from sharing the impressions of the public

not be made manifest by some starting reveation!

Far from sharing the impressions of the public
Genevieve, her head buried in her hands during
this long recital, seemed to suffer cruelly, judging
from the convuisive trembling which shook her
body from time to time.

She awaited with a veritable anxiety the termination of this evidence, in which the public believed that it saw her salvation.

After a few moments silence was re-established
and Louis Chabot went on as follows:

Mile, Genevieve was extended upon the floor,

had better leave her.

All five left the room, so that when the young girl came to herself she was alone.

She arose and looked around her with an air of surprise, as if endeavoring to recall what had happened. Then, seeing herself in a glass, her hair and dress in disorder, she suddenly recollected what had passed, and she sank into a chair, murmuring:

"My God! what will become of me!" "My God! what will become of me!"
She remained a long time in this condition. Then she continued, speaking to herself:
"George! He did not dare to speak to me before my father, but now he must be impatient to see me, for he loves me. Be will repair the terrible wrong he has done."
Clarisse entered at this moment and she ran to her and asked:
"Where is M. George? I must speak to him!"
"The count," replied Clarisse, "why, he is gone."

"Where is M. Georgey I muss speak to him?

"The count," replied Clarisse, "why, he is gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"He is riding norseback in the forest."

Then Mile, Genevieve let her head sink upon her breast, and murmured in a low tone:

"He also? Abandoned by all! Not a single being pittes me, not one!"

And while she spoke 1 saw the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Butyour mother?" said Clarisse, gently smoothing her hair.

"I have no mother?" said Clarisse, gently smoothing her hair.

"A have no mother Clarisse; I have no home, no family, no friends; I do not know where to go."

Clarisse was greatly moved.

"Ah! if the old count were only well this never would have happened, for he loves you like a father; but he is so sick that I do not know as he can even talk with his lawyer, who has just arrived. Oh!" she cried, "I will not suffer such things to go on, I cannot see a poor girl made a martyr of in this way, and I am going to tell the old count all. Wait her-, mademoiselle, and if he is still in his right mind you may rest easy. Everything will be arranged, depend upon it."

She left her to go to the count's chamber, and in spite of all opposition she entered it, although our master was alone with his lawyer, and had given orders that no one should be admitted. Unfortunately her good intentions were of no avail.

master was alone with his lawyer, and had given orders that no one should be admitted. Unfortunately her good intentions were of no avail. She had scarcely left the drawing-room when the count's mother returned. "Genevieve," she said to her, "I wish I could ask vou to remain here until your father feels more Kindly disposed toward you, but would it be proper, is it possible, alter what Captain Dorival has so imprudently revealed? I leave it for you to say."

This was one more affront. Another stab in the This was one more affront. Another stab in the heart. It was the last straw, and, without saying a word, Mile. Genevieve arose and walked tow rd the door. Her eyes were fixed, her head bowed and her arms waved wildly in the air. She appeared like a mad woman.

It was thus that she left the chateau, and it was on the same evening that she went to Marie Chautard's house at Saint-Ettenue. Remember that, M. President, for that is the explanation of this whole affair.

M. President, for that is the explanation of this whole affair.

"I do not understand you; explain yourself more clearly." said the president.

"It is however very simple, monsieur. Here was a young girl who had passed through, in less than an hour, the most terrible agonies. Don't you see? Don't you understand that her reason had left her, that she did not know what she was doning?"

This supposition struck the spectators as very bably correct. So many misfortunes falling on the head of this young girl had temporarily upon the head of this young garden deprived her of reason.
"Do you know why I have told you all this story?" cried Louis Chabot energetically; "It is because Mile. Genevieve is completely innocent, as true as we both stand here. M. President."

"I persist more than ever."
"You do not suppose, then, that she threw the child into the water, whose cap was found at Rouen?" "I believe it more than ever."

"Well! then—"
"But I tell you that she left the chateau looking like a mad woman. I have shown that she had a thousand reasons for becoming one, and I am convinced that it was insanity which impelled her to destroy her child. That is way I say that she is innocent, and I still persist in all the statements that I have made."

These last words produced a profound impression upon the crowd, who comprehended the ob-

sion upon the crowd, who comprehended the object of the witness in making to the court the recital of the numberless affronts and tortures to which the unhappy Genevieve had been subjected. fected.

The accused was mad when she left the chateau to go to St. Etlenne! Mad when she took her could from the woman Chautard's house! Mad when she threw the innocent creature whom, according to this woman, she loved dearly, into the

river.
That hour of madness, the natural consequence That hour of madness, the natural consequence of such a terrible shock, and which no one could doubt after the mournful story that had been related, that hour explained the contradictions between the statements of the witness and those of the accused. Both had spoken in good faith, the one declaring what he had really seen, and the other denying that of which she did not retain the

slightest recollection.

There had been an infanticide, but there had been no crime.

Genevieve had drowned her child, but she was innocent.

At this unexpected termination of Chabot's evidence a sigh of relief issued from all breasts, all hearts dilated and all faces were radiant.

"Genevieve is saved!"

Such were the words uttered on all sides, such Such were the words uttered on all sides, such was the thought which could be read upon the serene faces of the judges.
"Accused," said the president in a kindly voice, "have you anything to say?"
Genevieve arose.
She alone remained impassable,
What would she say?

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

"Well," asked the young man, of whom we have already spoken, of his sceptical neighbor, "do you still doubt the honesty of this witness after his loyalty and disinterestedness in attempting to save Genevieve?"

"My mind is not yet made up." replied the impassible old man; "but I am disposed to consider this Chabot as a man of genius."

"That is to say, you persist in seeing in his frankness evidence of some Machiavelian combination."

passible old man; "but I am disposed to consider this Chabot as a man of grenius."

"That is to say, you persist in seeing in his frankness evidence of some Machiavelian combination."

"I even believe that I have guessed it, this plot, and if I am right, well, I repeat to you that this man surpasses, in matter of ruse, a whole congregation of diplomats."

The young man was about to reply when the voice of Genevieve was heard.

"M. President," said the young girl, "my child has been assassinated."

She grew pale on pronouncing these words and stopped for a moment. Then she continued with a firmness that she had not before show.

"For what purpose has such a crime been committed? During the month that I have been in prison I have striven in valu to comprehend what interest one could have in ridding himself of a child only 13 months old. This mystery will be cleared up only on the day that the guilty one is discovered. Who is he? I do not know, but he is a formidable enemy. My presence here is proof of that. His crime accomplished, he comprehended that he must basten to extricate himself from the danger that threatened him, by delivering up a prey to justice; then he made use of certain circumstances apparently against me, and proclaimed: "The murderer is its mother!" He had me thrown into prison and forced me to appear before this tribunal in the hope that I would allow a confession to be torn from me of a crime of which I am innocent. Seeing that this could not be accomplished, what has he done to determine me to confess? He has insiduated madness. A happy inspiration, for I might believe in a temporary aberration of a few hours, of which it would be natural that I should preserve no recollection, and the success of this scheme would bring about a double result, my acquittal and the impunity of the true guilty ones, who henceforth would have nothing to fear from the hands of justice. But that is what I do not desire, for I must know what has become of my child and to do that it is necessary to discover the real

"Was it certain that she had not been affected by a temporary insanity, during which she com-mitted the act of which she was accused?"
"Did the enemies of whom she spoke really ex-ist, and what interest, as she herself had said, could they have in the disappearance of her child?"

One man alone, perhaps, in the whole assembly shared the doubts which the accused had expressed and approved of the heroic resolution which she had taken.

It was the old man who, from the first words of Chabot, had shown himself so hostile to this witness. ness.
"The accused is right," he cried, at the last words of Genevieve.
"What!" exclaimed his young companion, "you believe..." believe—"
"I do not believe. I am sure that she is right;
the plot which she has announced to the court is
the same i had surmised, and as for Louis
Chabot—"

the prisoner this question:
"According to the opinion you have expressed it is necessary then to consider all the story of the witness Chabot as false and a pure inventhe witness chapte as raise and a pure inven-tion?"

"I do not say that, monsieur," replied Gene-vieve gently; "no, while regretting that Chabot has believed it his duty to make such a recital, I acknowledge that it is perfectly true, except in

his supposition of my madness, against which I

his supposition of my madness, against which I protest with all my strength."

The president appeared greatly disturbed at seeing Genevieve so obstinately destroy the only areament that could save her.

He continued after a pause:

"The court respects your frankness and your regard for the truth; yet I must say to you that the supposition of the witness has nothing imprebable in it, for it is impossible for you to swear that your mind did not submit to some derangement, for one of the peculiarities of insanity is, that it leaves no trace in the memer."

"Monsleur, from the time I entered Saint Etienne to the mement I left to go towards the forest of Essarts, I recollect everything; the slightest incidents are engraven in my memory, and I can tell them to you, one by one; you see well that I was in my right hind."

"And what reason have you for believing that you are the victim of a conspiracy?"

"This reason is my presence here, my position as an accused when I am Innocent. Another

"This reason is my presence here, my position as an accused when I am innocent. Another committed the crime and wishes me to expiale it. It is to him that I owe my arrest, it is to him that I attribute this idea of temporary insanity, of an unconscious murder. Oh, if I was guilty I would eagerly seize this means of safety offered to me, but I am innocent and I prefer to accept the chances of a judgment which may be fatal to me rather than accept the shame I have not invited. I am a mother, and I have only one aim, to discover the real criminal; to find my child if it still lives; to avenge it if it is dead."

"Observe that it is Louis Chabot who has advanced this supposition of machess. Do you believe him capable of testifying falsely?"

After a moment's reflection Genevieve replied in a grave voice:

"I cannot read Chabot's heart, I do not know whether he is capable of so infamous an act, but previous he is the instrument of some one; per-

in a grave voice:

"I cannot read Chabot's heart, I do not know whether he is capable of so infamous an act, but perhaps he is the instrument of some one; perhaps he is the instrument of some one; perhaps he is blaying a role of which he himself does not understand the import."

"Have you any suspicions, any facts which lead you to suspect any one of having committed the crime of which you pretend to be innocent?"

"No, monsieur," rephed Genevieve, sadly,
A low murmur ran through the half at this declaration of the prisoner. The spectators and the judges seemed painfully affected.

The truth of her insanity repulsed by her, no suspicion as to the real author of the crime; all hope of safety disappeared and the accussion fell again upon her hoad more heavily than ever.

The accussed appeared to comprehend this and, in the midst of the death-like silence which pervaded the room, she said:

"Monsieur, everything condemns me at this hour. I know it; but I place my trust in God, who cannot be deceived and who knows my innocence. There are other witnesses to be heard. Who knows if their testimony may not shed some light upon the matter! Who knows if some unexpected incident may not reveal the name of him who has not recolled before a new crime to escape punishment for that he had already committed! As for me, I rely on God, who will protect the innocent."

It was with such an accent of conviction that she uttered these last words that each one felt himself imbered with the, same faith, and awaited with a lively anxiety the next witness who should be called.

"Bring in the woman Chautard," said the presibe called.
"Bring in the woman Chantard," said the president to the gendasme Jacquemin.
The gendarme went out, followed by Louis Cha-

DARKER AND DARKER.

The nurse Chautard was a large, stout woman about thirty.

As she entered she perceived Genevieve, and ashed to her and clasped her in her arms, ex-

claiming:

"Oh! my poor, dear girl!"

The spectators smiled at first, but on seeing Genevieve, the poor, abandoned creature, sobbing convulsively in the arms of her infant's nurse, the eyes of all were moistened with tears.

"Come, come, Marie, this won't do," said Jacquemin, taking her by the arm.

"Why, judge, this isn't forbidden, is it?" said the woman turning to the court.

"You won't send me to the galleys for that?"

"Witness," said the president, "what is your name?"

"Miness," said the president, "what is your name?"

"Marie Chantard."

"You nursed the accused's child?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Did the prisoner love her infant?"

"Did she love it! Why, every time she came she acted like a mad woman over it. She kissed its little feet, its little hands and its little shoulders; she gave it so many endearing names that feould not imagine where she got them."

"You do not believe then that she killed her child?"

Marie looked at the judge with stupefaction, Marie looked at the Judge with subjectation, mingled with indignation. Then she cried:
"Ah! monsleur, can you ask me such a thing? and before its own mother, too! Ah! I would not have believed you capable of that; I thought you had a better heart." ad a better heart."
Then carried away by her feelings the woman stended her hand toward Genevieve and ex-

Then carried away by her feelings the woman extended her hand toward Genevieve and exclaimed:

"Look here, messieurs, I am not educated, I have never studied law; but I have eyes to see, I have this to feel, she added, striking her breast; and if one brought me a young girl, like that there, and accused her of having killed her child, I should say at once: 'What' is that the face of an assassin!' And I should send her back at once to her family, as sure as my bame is Marie Chautard!"

Then running to Genevieve and tearing away her hands which concealed her face bathed in tears, "Look at that face." she said to the court; "do you need anything more than a sight of that? Can you not read innocence written on every feature? Do you want better proof than that? Come, you are honest men, and you pity this poor girl in your hearts. I see it in your faces; well, do a good act, release her and let her go. She has suffered enough for a crime of which she is as innocent as I am."

This voleent apostrophe electrified the audience, which was astonished at finding itself so moved by the words of this persant, who at first had excited only their laughler.

"Marie Chautard," said the president to the witness when silence was restored, "the court desires heartily the realization of your wish. Like you it would be happy to see the innocence of the brisoner proved, and perhaps you can aid us in establishing it."

"Ah, if it depended only on me! Well, what

oner proved, and perhaps you can de describe hishing it."

"Ah, if it depended only on me! Well, what must I do to help you?"

"Simply answer my questions."

"That is easy. Mile. Genevieve is an angel and I have nothing to conceal regarding her."

"Where were you on May 23, at 8.45 in the evening?" ing?"
was in my garden digging some potatoes."
What time did you leave the child to go into

the garden?"
"About 8.15.
"You are sure that it was are sure that it was in its cradle at that

hour?"
"Yes, I kissed the little thing before leaving the house. I little thought that it was for the last time."
"Was the child's head bare?"
"No, monsieur. It had its little cap upon its head." ad."
"See if you recognize that as the one it wore that day."
Upon a sign from the president, Jacquemin took a cap from a table and handed it to the

took a cap from a table and handed it to the woman.

"Ah! yes," she cried, after looking at it; "the poor little deart that is indeed her cap; it seems to me as if I can see it upon the little brown head."

"What time did you re-enter the house?"

"And the child was no longer in its cradle?"

"Alas! no, monsieur; but it had not been gone long, for the cradle was still warm."

"Did you hear any noise while you were in the garden."

"Not the slighest, and yet I listened from time to time to be sure that the little one was not cryng."

"The guilty one must have walked with a light step, so it is probable that it was a woman,"

"The guilty one must have warked with a light step, so it is probable that it was a woman," "It might have been, monsteur." "Very well, you can retire; we will recall you if

necessary."
Although there was nothing in this testimony

Although there was nothing in this testimony to dissipate the obscurity surrounding the affair, it produced a more favorable impression towards the prisoner, whose maternal tenderness, amounting almost to adoration, rendered it very improbable that she could have committed the crime of which she was accused.

Anatole Lochard, the boy, our readers will recollect, who found the cap, entered, or rather glided, with an embarrassed air, casting furtive glances to the right and left.

"On the 24th of last May," said the president, "you found a cap in the Seine?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Teli us how it happened?"

"I was in the woods where I was working, when I saw something floating upon the water. I saw that it was a child's cap. Sinddenly the recollection of the crime at Saint Etienne came to my miled. 'What if it should be that child's cap,' I said to myself. I fished it out and took it to the magistrate."

"Who was with you when you found the cap?"

magistrate."
"Who was with you when you found the cap?"
"No one."
At this response the president frowned.
"You were working alone?"
"You were working alone?" "Where were your comrades?"
"At the cafe in the rue de la Tuile, where we often met together."
"What time was it that you made this discov-

"What time was it that you made this discovery?"
"It was about noon."
"When you learned that this cap was that of the child who disappeared from Saint Etlenne, the evering before, did it not occur to you that it had taken a long time to make the voyage from that village to Rouen, which is only a league distant?"
Lochard waited a moment before replying to this observation. He twisted his hat in his hands and appeared disconcerted.

"Well," said the president, "what did you think of that?"
"Why, monsieur, I said to myse! that the cap

of that"
"Why, monsieur, I said to myse! I that the cap
had probably been stopped twenty times by the
grass and weeds, and that explained the time it
took to reach Ronen."
The president could find no answer to make to
this perfectly natural explanation. He turned his
questions in another direction. "How did you learn of the affair at Saint Etienne?"
"Ab! monsieur, the Journal of Rouen contained "Ab! monsieur, the Journal of Rouen contained an account of it the next morning."

The president took a newspaper and handed it to Jacquemin, saying to him:
"Give that to the witness and ask him to read aloud the article in the paper relating to the affair."

Lochard appeared ill at ease. He turned the paper over two or three times, looked at it serionsly without observing that he held it upside down, then he raised his head:

I am so near-sighted that I could never learn

"Am so hear-sighted that I could here team to read."
"What! you do not know how to read and you pretend that you heard of the crime at St. Etlenne through the papers?"
"Excuse me, monsieur, you misunderstood me. I said that the paper contained an account of the

"Weil?"

"Well, a comrade who knows how to read, read me the article, and that is how I learned of it through the papers."

"Clerk," said the judge, "read to the witness the penalties provided for perjurers, and you, Lochard, listen attentively; it is well that you should know to what you expuse yourself in attempting to deceive justice."

Anaiole Lochard listened with the greatest attention. 'And now that the law is known to you," said e president, "do you still adhere to what you ve testified?" "Yes, monsieur."
"You have nothing to add to what you have

"Absolutely nothing. I have spoken the truth."
"Very well; you may retire. It is possible we may recall you."

At this moment a gendarme approached and handed the president a paper. He glanced over it, and said:
"A woman named Boquet asks to testify to a
fact which, she says, is of the greatest impor-Then he consulted with the other judges, and

continued:
"By virtue of the discretionary power vested to us, we deede that the woman Boquet, although not summoned, will be heard by the court. Gendarme, bring in the woman."
This incident caused the most intense excitement among the audience.
Who was this woman? What would she say?
What sort of evidence would she introduce? Who was this woman? What would she say? What sort of evidence would she introduce? Would it be for or against the accused?
All these questions were rapidly exchanged. Each one saw, in the intervention of this witness at the last moment, the promise of a solution of the mystery, and no one doubted that this solution would be fayorable to the prisoner.

The woman entered, and all looks were riveted upon her. She was tall and thin, with a tacturn and almost savage expression.

"Well, madam, what have you to declare to the court?" asked the president.

"Monsieur," replied the witness, "I found an article which I am told belongs to the accused."

"What is the article?"

"A shawl."

"When did you find it?"

"On the morning of the 24th of May."

"A shawl."

"When did you find it?"

"On the morning of the 24th of May."

"The day of her arrest?"

"Yes, monsleur."

"Why ofd you not return it at once to the prisoner's family or carry it to the magistrate?"

"Because I did not know to whom it belonged."

"What have you done with this shaw!?"

"I have brought it with me. Here it is."

She drew from beneath her cloak a 1 tile package, opened it, and held up a wooilen shawl bordered with black.

dered with black.
"Accused," said the president, "do you recognize this shawl as belonging to you?"
"Yes, monsieur," replied Genevieve, "It is

mine."
"When and where did you lose it?" "Oh! monsteur, I cannot say; but doubtless in that night in the forest."

Then the president addressed the witness:
"And you, Boquet, where did you find this I found it on the bank of the Seine, near Saint Etienne,"
At this crushing declaration, a low murmur was heard among the spectators.
"Poor girl!" they muttered. "She is lost."

CHAPTER VII.

"She is lost!" "She is lost!"
Such was the general opinion.
The last witness had been heard, the arguments were over, the judges and the jury had retired, yet no one left the hall. In breathless shence they waited for the verdict.
Suddenly a noise was heard in the witness'

"What can be going on there?" asked Fournier "What can be going on there?" asked Fournier of his companion, Jacquemin.
"They appear to be having a dispute. Wait; I will go and see what the trouble is."
Jacquemin entered the witness' room. He had been gone but a moment when he reappeared. He was very pale and appeared to be overcome by a violent employ. "Well? What is the matter? What has hap

pened?" asked Fournier excitedly.
"Ah! Fournier," murmured Jacquemin, "I am
completely overcome. Go in there if you wish, out as for me—"
"But what is it? Tell me."
"Well, it is M. Dorival."
"The captain!" cried Fournier in amazement.
"Yes, Captain Dorival."
"What does he want?"

"He entered in spite of the guard, and now-"
"Well?" "Now he wishes to enter the court room; he wishes to speak to the judges."
He had hardly finished these words when the door of the witness room opened, and a man entered whose appearance made the assembly shud-

der.

It was Captain Dorival.

His hair was in disorder, his eyes haggard, his features absolutely livid, and it was impossible to look upon him without a feeling of the deepest He rushed forward impetuously, thrusting aside

He rushed forward impetuously, thrusting aside the two gendarmes who tried to stop him; then he stopped suddenly, passed his hand over his eyes, and looked around him. He preceived his daughter.

She had risen on the appearance of her father, then sceing him in this state, and not knowing how far his severity would go, she sank back upon her seat trembling like an aspen leaf and wondering if he had not come to overwhelm her with his anger.

ing if he had not come to overwhelm her with his anger.

This doubt was speedily dissipated.
Her father ran to her and fell on his knees, clasping her hands convulsively and covering her face with tears and kisses.

"On! forgive, forgive me, my daughter!" he murmured in a voice choked by sobs. "It is I who have destroyed vou; I, in driving you from my house. Wretched man that I am! I drove you from your home; vou, my child, my life, my joy, my adored daughter!"

"Father! ah, you pardon me, then?" murmured Genevieve, a ray of happiness lighting up her pale face, moistened with lears, "You pardon me! You restore me to you love! Ah! now I can brave anything."

"I drove you out," continued the unhappy father; "then you wished to embrace your child before leaving the country; it disappeared, and they accused you, and now you are being tried. Ah! you see that it is I who have brought all this prop you." upon you."
He was interrupted by Jacquemin, who said to

"I beg you, Captain Dorival, to withdraw for a moment. Come over by your wife. The court is returning, and the jury is about to render their verdict. O, be assured, she will be acquitted—no one doubts that."

Captain Dorival allowed himself to be led to his

Captain Dorival allowed himself to be led to his wife.

As he saw the foreman of the jury about to speak, he said to his wife, in a low voice:

"Jeanne, my head turns; I cannot see. I am threatened with apopiexy—i feel it. If they pronounce her condemnation they will kill me by the same blow."

His wife looked at him in terror. His features, so paie but a moment before, had become purple, and his eyes were bloodshot.

It was nearly 7 o'clock, and it was growing dark. In the dim light the court, the spectators and the prisoner formed a solemn picture.

Mime. Dorival looked at her husband and her daughter, for her torture had now increased two-fold, and she trembled for both at the same time. The pondemnation of one would be the death of the other; he had said so, and the more she studied his purple face and bloody eyes and his troubled expression, the more she feared this frightful catastrophe.

She bent over her younger daughter and kissed her:

She bent over her younger daughter and kissed her:

"Martha," she said to her, "pray for your sister, my child."

"My sister," answered the little one innocently.

"What are they going to do to her, mamma?"

"A terrible wrong, my child; pray for her."

The child joined her hands and prayed.

The foreman of the jury was about to speak.

Genevieve trembled violently and buried her face in her hands.

"Upon my soul and my conscience," said the foreman, in an agitated voice, to the question, "Is the accused guilty?" "the jury answers, Yes!"

At this word a sharp, agonizing cry of despair rang through the room. It came from the breast of Genevieve. At the same time she sprang to her feet, and in a voice vibrating with grief and indignation, she cried: indignation, she cried:
"Unhappy men. What have you done? I am

innocent,"
Then she sank back, half fainting, upon the Then she sank back, hair tainting, upon the bench.

The jury found extenuating circumstances in favor of the accused.

Her faculties halr paralyzed, Genevieve did not hear the sentence of the court, which condemned her to five years' imprisonment, or the voice of the president telling her that she had three days in which to appeal.

Mme. Dorival herself staggered as if she had received a blow. She thought that she should fall, and felt for an instant as if she were losing her mind.

mind.
But a terrible incident gave her the strength to control herself. She felt her husband's hand contract and grow cold in her's. Then the hand was reeling like a drunken man. He tried to speak, but he could only mutter unintelligible words. He could not see, he could not speak, and yet he

He could not see, he could not speak, and yet he struggied to do so.

He was lighting death to defend his daughter. But he was presently conquered in this horrible duel.

A bloody foam issued from his mouth. He staggered back and forth, then he fell heavily upon the floor, ejaculating with a supreme effort one word:

"Innocent!"

For a moment Genevieve stood motionless with horror before this picture, then sue sprang forward and threw herself upon her father's body. She clasped him in her arms and tried to raise him; then she arose shuddering, and cried wildly:

"Oh! no; I am not innocent, I have killed my father!"

"Excuse me, monsieur, but I must confess to outlint I am near-sight d."
"Very well, we will give you some eye-glasses."
"It would be useless."
"Monsieur," cried Mme. Dorival, "you will save him, will you not?" after a moment's silence, the physician inted to the arm and said:
"The blood does not flow."

"Well, madame, you must arm yourself with

courage; it is all over."
"Dead!" she cried.
"Yes, madame, he is dead."
There then passe etween the three beings, reunited around to ody, which but a few short moments since that the husband and the father, one of those scenes which it is impossible to describe. But Genevieve had no right to weep over her

But Genevieve had no right to weep over her father's body. She belonged to justice, and she was recalled to herself by the voice of the gendarme Jacquemin.

She arose, embraced her mother and sister; then, tearing herself away from their arms, she went out with Jacquemin.

While Genevieve took her way to prison and Mme. Dorival remained there with her little girl, kneeling beside the inanimate body of her husband, the spectators dispersed silently and awestricken by this affecting scene.

The old man and his young companion went out together.

'The girl is right," said the old man: "she is in-"The girl is right," said the old man; "she is innocent. But who can have perpetrated this crime
and what was his object in committing it? I will
thiravel this mystery as sure as my name is
Lubin. Yes, Genevieve Dorival, i will make your
cause my own, and will bring the guilty one to light."
He drew from his pocket a gold snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff, and then, bidding his young friend good-night, walked slowly down the street.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAFE IN THE RUE DE LA TUILE.

It will be remembered that Anatole Lochard, in his examination, testified that he and his companions were in the habit of meeting at the cafe in

panions were in the habit of meeting at the cafe in other use de la Tulle.

On the evening of Genevieve's condemnation a little old man, wearing nankeen pantaioons, a brown coat and a broad-brimmed hat, entered this establishment. His appearance caused some astonishment among the habitues of the place, but they saw that he was a stranger and presently paid no further attention to him.

The individual installed himself in a distant corner, called for cider, and, drawing a pipe from his pocket, appeared to be deeply absorbed in its perusal.

al. perusal.

Anatole Lochard was there, and seemed to be the centre of attraction among a group of workmen. He had before him a glass of brandy, which he sipped with evident satisfaction.

"I say, Natole," said one of his companions, a youth five or six years older than he, "do you know the president seemed rather suspicious of you."

"Bas! What makes you think so, Muscadin?"

"Why, he doubted your word several times."

"Bah! He was only trying to confuse me."

"I say, Natole," continued Miscadin, drawing nearer to Lochard, so that what he said might not be heard by the others.

be heard by the others.
"Weil, what?"
"You must have a mighty long arm."

"It was the 24th of May, at noon, that you fished out the cap, was it not?"
"Certainly." out the cap, was it not?"
"Certainly."
"We'll, the 24th of May, at noon." continued Muscadin. we breakfasted together at Saint-Sever. That is why I say you must have had a long arm in order to have fished out the little one's cap."

The old man, his eyes still fixed upon the paper, had listened attentively to this conversation. At these last words he trembled, and the paper fell from his hands, attracting the attention of Lochard.

Lochard. "Hailoa! What is the matter with the old man?" eried the boy, looking at him suspiciously. But the man's head felt forward upon his breast, his arms hung by his side, and a loud snore pro-claimed that he was fast asleep.

claimed that he was fast asleep.

Anatole was feassured.

"Ah! What are you talking about?" he said to his comrade. "Do you accuse me of having tried to deceive justice? Wasn't the cap there? And deesn't the indictment say that I took it to the magistrate on the 24th of May? Your imagination is running away with you."

"The cap was there, that is true," replied Muscadin. "You took it to the magistrate on the 24th of May, that is true; but you could not have fished it out of the river at noon, or even later, for we did not leave St. Sever until 2, and you did not set foot in the woods or upon the river's bank that day."

"Where could I have found the cap, then? Cap you tell me that?"
"Pernaps," replied Muscadin, lowering his voice,
"if you will tell me where you found that note for
one hundred francs which you let fall from your
pocket when you took your handkerchief out just

"What! What! A note for one hundred francs!" "What! What! A note for one hundred francs!" cried Anatole.

"Ah! You put it back in a hurry, but I saw it, and if you wish I will tell you what pocket it is in." "I don't need your information."

"You see, Natole, it is your handkerchief that betrayed you! When I saw you have one I said to myself: 'That is not natural; there is something strange.' Then I reflected, I recollected that the 24th of May we had a holiday and did not work."

"You are talking nonsense; having a handker chief proves nothing; have a cold in my head."
"I have not seen it at your nose."
Then he added, in a mysterious tone:
"But that is not all."
"What more is the fool going to say?" mur-

'So you do not recognize your relative now?"

"It is doubtless because you carry a handkerchief, that has turned your head, you think you
are above your family, and—"
"But what do you mean? Explain yourself."
"Well, why didn't you recognize your Aunt
Boquet from Saint-Etienne when you were in the
witness room together?"
"Who told you that I did not?" asked Anatole,
in a maxement. in amazement.
"O," I know all about it, and I wonder why your aunt imitated you and did not address a word to

with each other."
"And yet she came to seek for you day before "And yet she came to seek for you day before yesterday, and you spent an hour together talking pretty earnestly."
Lochard made no reply.
"Well, Natole, I am not a magistrate, but if I were, and knew all that I know, I should say to myself: 'Here are a nephew and an aunt, who have every appearance of being two false witnesses, bought by the real assassin of the little one'; and within a mouth I would have you both sent to prison, and I would restore honor and liberty to poor Genevieve, who is as innocent as a new born babe. But not being a magistrate, I shall say nothing."

A long silence followed these words. Anatole studied his companion's face with a lively interest. "Muscadin," he said at length, "I wish to tell you something."

you."
"Why? Why? Because we have had a quarrel

"You are neglecting your whiskers."
"Bah!" "Bah!"
"And you need to renew your stock of pomade."
"Perhaps," replied Muscadin with a knowing

"Perhaps," replied Muscadin with a knowing smile.

"Why did you not say so at once? Weil, how much pomade do you use a month?"

"Twenty francs' worth."

"Very well, I will supply you for a month."

"Pay in advance. I give no credit."

"We will have another grink, and then you shall have your twenty francs."

The bargain was concluded.
A noise made them turn their heads.
It was the little old man who had just awakened.
He arose, went to the counter, paid his bill and departed.

He arose, went to the counter, paid his bill and departed.

Fifteen minutes later a messenger entered the cafe and asked for M. Anatole Lochard.

"That is my name!" said the boy, rising.

"Some one wishes to speak with you."

Lochard followed the commissary.

In the street he found a little old man dressed in black and wearing green spectacles.

"Monsteur Lochard," said the unknown, "do you know what this is?" and the unknown, "do you know what this is coat and showed a tri-colored badge.

In ten minutes the carriage which bore Anatole Lochard and the man with the badge crossed the stone bridge separating Rouen from Saint Sever. Motionless and silent in the corner which he occupied the unknown sat like a statue, and Anatole was much more disturbed by this proceeding than if he had been subjected to a scarching questioning.

if he had been subjected to a scarching questioning.

A quarter of an hour passed thus, the man with the badge giving no more sins of life than if ne had been made of wood.

Lochard's uneasiness increased. Finally, no longer able to restrain himself, he spoke to his tactum companion.

"Pardon me, Monsleur Commissary," he said with an embarrassed air, "but—"

"I am not a commissary," interrupted the man in black, coldly.

"I was saying to myself that you were one I did not know," continued Anatole; "for I must say that I have the honor of knowing all the commissaries in Rouen."

missaries in Rouen."

"And of being known by all, I have no doubt," replied the imperturable stranger.

Disconcerted for the moment Lochard continued:
"But I believed that you were a new one, because on seeing that you had a badge!—"

"Yes, I have a badge," replied the old man, lacentally.

conically.
"There," continued Anatole, somewhat confused, what is your name, monsteur?"
"Call me Luoin."
"It is astonishing: I do not know anyone by that name in Reuen."
"That is perhaps because I have just arrived from Paris."

from Paris."
"Ah! You come—you come from Paris?"
"I have only been in Rouen a few hours."

"I nave only been in Rouen a few hours."
"You come on business, doubtless?"
"To discover the truth regarding an infanticide committed at Saint Ettenne."
"But, Monsi-ur Lubin, there is nothing to discover; the guilty one has been condemned."
"The verdict will be set aside."
"What! in a few hours you have discovered—"
"That there was no infanticide."
"However, the little one was assassinated."
"Not by its mother."
"Ah! you have already discovered that?"
"And two false witnesses."
"Already!" cried Lochard, shuddering.
Then he relapsed into silence.

TO BE CONTINUED 1 A physician, who was present, hastened to the assistance of the unfortunate captain. He hur-

JAY GOULD'S ALTER EGO.

Funny Story of a Man Who Looks Like the Money King.

Braving the Wrath of the Crowd About the Western Union Building.

Made Miserable Through Fear of His Life by the Resemblance.

[New York Sun.]

A man noticeable for his long, black beard and percing black, restless eyes, under a broad fore-head, walked slowly up Barclay street Thursday, just at the time when a crowd was moving down broadway toward the Western Union building. As the man with the long beard was about to turn the corner into Broadway he was nearly run over by a man who came around the corner from the opposite direction. The men started back and looked at each other, and then he from Broadway grasped the other by the shoulder, and said:
"Great heavens, Meyers, don't go down Broad-

way. For God's sake don't—as you value your life. You'll be mistaken for Jay Gould, as you have been a thousand times, and there are half a dozen men in a crowd in front of the Western Union building who have ropes in their pockets to hang Jay Gould if they can catch sight of him. Turn around and go home,"
"I'll risk it," said Mr. Meyers quickly. "In

fact, I will go down to the Western Union build-

tact, I will go down to the Western Union building and stand on the steps, and if the crowd think I'm Jay Gould I'll hake a speech and say that Jay Gould is the best fellow in the world."

His friend expositulated, but Mr. Meyers was determined to go. He went to the Western Union building, stood as near the steps as he could, and watched the proceedings, but mo one on that occasion declared that he was Jay Gould, and so he did not make a sneech.

"In all that crowd," he said Mierward, "probably not one had seen Jay Gould."

He was seen at his residence, 24 Laldiaw avenue, Jersey City Heights, yesterday, and to the reporter he related his experience since he grew to resemble Jay Gould. His name is Herman M. Meyers. He is a retired commission merchant, who formerly did business at 125 Chambers street. It is when Mr. Meyers is seen at home, his hat off, and in animated conversation that he most resembles Mr. Gould. In any place, however, at home or abroad, the likeness is startling.

"After wandering over the world a good while."

any place, however, at home or abroad, the likeness is startling.

"After wandering over the world a good while," said Mr. Meyers, "I came to New York to go into business about fourteen years ago and had my home in Ninth street, in Jessey City, near Hamilton Park. I hadn't the faintest notion that I resembled Mr. Gould until one day after my return home from business. My wife met me at the door and asked me why I hadn't come into the house when I passed by in the park in the afternoon."

She Would Scarcely Believe Me when I assured her I had been in New York all

day. By making inquiries I learned that Jay Gould had been visiting a neighbor, and my Gould had been visiting a neighbor, and my friends commented on the resemblance. It was not long before my friends and acquaintances began to call me Jay Gould, and people who did not know me slyly pointed me out to their companions on the street as the great financier. As I grew older they tell me the likeness between us increased. I am a little older than Mr. Gould, and, you see, my beard at the side is slightly streaked with gray, and I am not Mr. Gould's other self so much as I have been.

"At first I thought it was fun to be mistaken for Mr. Gould. People would tackle me for points on the cars and ferry-boats, and I would look surprised and indignant at being so familiarly addressed, or, if I felt like it, I would look wise and say that D., L. & W. or Erie might be expected to go up or down and afterward recover, but I wasn't prepared to say which. It was no uncommon thing when riding in a buggy up Fifth avenue with my son to see both pedestrians and people in carriages nudge each and say loud enough for us to hear:

"There goes Jay Gould and his son."

to hear:

'There goes Jay Gould and his son.'"

'On one occasion I thought I was going to be kidnapped because I was Jay Gould. It was a foolish thought, I know, but there had been a good many savage and senseless newspaper articles printed about him in consequence of some flop in the stock market, and I was a little nerwous over a situation I found myself in. It was in the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia. The colored watter spoke with two men in another part of the cafe while he was waiting for me to finish my dinner, and presently he sauntered over my way and asked whether my name was not Mr. Wilson. The thought flashed into my head that the men wanted to learn my real name, and expected, As in the Bunco Game,

that I would tell who I was. To see what would come of it, I said:

"'No, my name is Jay Gould." "The waiter thanked me and carried the news "The waiter thanked me and carried the news back to the two men. They put something into his hand and went out of the cafe. I was on my way to New York and the train was due, so I seized my valise, hurried to the depot, and was soon whirling homeward, remembering nothing of the incident in the cafe. At Taylor's Hotel, in Jersey City, I stopped for a luncheon, and there near me were the two Philadelphia men. On nearer acquaintance I didn't like their looks. They were discussing me, as I could see out of the corner of my eye. They appeared to be disputing. One shook his head, and the other insisted in the affirmative. Finally the affirmative man, after a long look at me, got up sulienly and went out, and the other followed. I saw no more of them.

"One day, owing to a peculiar incident, the fun of the resemblance disappeared. I was in a well-known German club house up town in New York. A German with a turn for talking Socialism was introduced to me, and, instead of laughing at the resemblance as others uniformly had done, he looked grave.

"I wouldn't look as much like Jay Gould as you do for \$10,000,' he said. 'I shouldn't wonder if some one took it into his head to kill him.'

"That alarmed me, and a few days afterward I was more alarmed by seeing an article from a Brooklyn paper calling Jay Gould an enemy of mankind, declaring that if he could not be reached by law then Judge Lynch had better be employed, and finally anvising him to go to Europe before his health was so much impaired that it would be too late to make the trip. I thought it was time for me to see Mr. Gould and find out whether he thought there was anything to be feared from such articles. I went to see him about it at his office. His son started up from his desk as he saw me, then stammered and said:

"Excuse me, but I thought you were my father back to the two men. They put something into

Bald:
Excuse me, but I thought you were my father unexpectedly returned from the West.
I told him it was because I looked like his father that I had visited the office. Then I showed him the article. him the article.
"'I don't know why they should want to kill my

father, do you? said he.

"I said I didn't know unless it was because he had too much money. That interview did not quiet my mind much. I eagerly read all I could find in the newspapers about Mr. Gould. On the appearance of the Brooklyn paper article

I Sought Mr. Gould Again

and found him in his office. Not a word did I say as to my looking like him, but I could see that he discovered the resemblance as quick as a flash. Why didn't I mention it to him? Because I Why didn't I mention it to him? Because I thought he might think it presumptuous in me, a stranger, to mention it. I told him I knew a man who looked like him who was neither a nervous nor a timid man, but who was made miserable in bodily health and distressed by the articles directed against him (Mr. Gould). That man, I said, read an article m a newspaper recently which alarmed him. Then I told him what the article contained as I have just told you, and added:

added: "The writer of that article, Mr. Gould, if he

added:

"'The writer of that article, Mr. Gould, if he could, would put a knife through your heart.'

"I suppose I had become a little excited, and at the last a little energetic, for Mr. Gould jumped back as I alluded to the knife. I continued: 'My friend seesisuch words as "Hang Jay Gould!" in the public prints. Will you tell me whether you believe there is any reason to fear that any threats against him would be carried out?"

"Mr. Gould rephed thoughtfully that he had seen some of the articles directed against him, and some he had not seen, and seemed to be indifferent on the subject, but it was not difficult to see that the subject was distasteful to him. The interview was thus concluded.

"Now, I think it was in consequence of that conversation," Mr. Meyers said, "that Mr. Gould had his yacht built, and that he took a trip out of town for a while. This thing is werring on me, and since the experience I had on Broadway the other day I have thought seriously of moving away from New York. Whatever Jay Gould has done to other people, he has made miserable a man who looks like him. I haven't been well for a day or two, and haven't been out of doors today. My health is affected. Yet I tell you I'm afraid of nothing. I am uescended from a fighting admiral in the sixteenth century, and he was of a race of farmous Vikings. Ishowed that I was brave, didn't I, in going down to the Western Union building that day? But, really, I wish Mr. Gould would change his tactics and try to be more popular. If he would consult me I could tell him how to die as peacefully as Peter Cooper, and as highly honored. As he is going on now, he worries me to death."

Across Country Behind a 24-Year-Old Horse.

Nearly forty-three years ago, Jonas Galusha [Palatka Journal.]

It would be son harnessed up his 24-year-old horse to his homely farm wagon and left his fine farm in Half Day, Ril., for an extended trip across country. He came through the off regions of Pennsylvania and then visited hararar, crossing New York into Vermont about September. After a month with

friends in Plainfield and vicinity he came to Boston last week, where he has been taking in the sights. Yesterday he started again in his team to visit the milder climate of the South Atlantic and Guif States during the winter. The old gentleman is in good circumstances financially, and takes this means of having a year or more of relaxation from routine farm life.

HOW IT LOOKS TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

. . 0

PASSES UP SALT RIVER. It is said that Messrs. Jones and Elkins are preparing passes like the following to be furnished liberally to the surviving members of the g. o. p.

| J. & E. | vember 4, 1909. | friends to Augusta after No- | No. 189, | TRIP PASS CHECK. | SALT RIVER 8, 8, CO. |
|------------------------------|--|---|--|-----------------------|--|
| New York, November 12, 1834. | tide ebbs and flows once in 25 years. JONES & ELKINS, | FROM Augusts, Me., to the extreme end of Sait River where | Dr. Burchard and friends. ACCOUNT of G. O. P. | PASS JAMES G. BLAINE, | No. 182. TRIP PASS. SALT RIVER STEAMSHIP CO. |

ALMOST---BUT LOST.

Drowning of the J. E. Haskell's Crew at Caicos Island-Fatal Results of the Snapping of the Steersman's Oar at the Critical Moment.

NEW YORK, November 14 .- The steamship George W. Clyde, Captain Holmes, which arrived yesterday from Turk's Island, brought the captains and portions of the crews of the brigs R. M. Heslin, Julia E. Haskell and Emma L. Hall, and of the bark Cairo, which vessels were lost during the hurricane which visited the neighborhood of Turk's Island about the middle of October.

Turk's Island about the middle of October.

Captain J. F. Paine of the Julia E. Haskell said that a seaman named C. Swinson and himself were the only survivors of the brig. The Haskell sailed from the island of Navassa for Baltimore with a cargo of guano on October 14. On the second day out a hurricane from southsouthwest struck the vessel. It came with scarcely any warding, and striking the sails from ahead threw them aback and then blew them out of the bott ropes. The brig swung round and went over on her beam ends. She refused to right, and lay in the trough of the sea, with enormous waves dashing over her. The crew clung to the vessel for twelve hours. The hurricane then passed over and the sea began to subcining to the vessel for twelve hours. The nursicane then passed over and the sea began to subside. The vessel was leaking badly and was unmanageable, and Capitali Paine decided to abandon her. The nearest land was Catoos Island, which lay about forty miles to leeward. Captain Paine and his crew of seven men launched their boat on November 16, and abandoned the brig. The boat was headed toward the land during the night. The sea was now comparatively smooth, and the men were supplied with fresh water and provisions. During the next day land was sighted, but when the boat approached the shole the latter was found to be extremely rocky. Captain Paine found a small inlet, which the boat entered. Just as she was about to be beached in safety the man who was steering broke his oar. The boat then broached to. The sea was heavy, and in an instant the boat capsized in the surf. Each man was obliged to struggle for himself. Captain Paine says that all struck out toward the shore. He at length found himself almost exhausted on the beach. Near him was the sallor Swinson. They looked back into the boiling surf for their comrades, but the latter were nowhere to be seen. The six men Lad perished among the breakers. The mate was named Charles Chadwick, and the second mate, Austin, Davis. Captain Paine does not know the tames of the other lost men. The two survivors made their way to Turk's Island. The Julia E Haskell measured 345 tons, and was owned by S. G. Haskell of Boston. She was built at Deer isle, Me., sixteen years ago.

Captain Fries, of the lost brig R. M. Heslin of New York, which sailed from this port on September 29, last, bound to Kingston, Janalea, loaded with lumber, said: 'On October 15 we experienced a hurricane in latitude 255 north and 70° west which in violence exceeded anything I have ever experienced during twenty years on seafaring. The sails were blown from the bolt ropes and the brig broached to. A heavy sea soon made and cashed completely over us, carrying overboardour deckload, houses and everything

A Cat's Peculiar Freak.

A Cat's Peculiar Freak.

(New London Day.)

On one of the East side wharves is a cat which has been there for some time, and has become the pet of all in the vicinity. A few days ago she gave birth to two kittens. Tuesday the nitle ones were drowned, and in consequence the cat seemed disheartened and showed that she felt her loss keenly. In another shed, about fifty yards from where the kittens were born, were five pupples only a week old. Tuesday evening the cat stole one of the pupples and carried it to her domicile, since which time she has nursed it as fondly as if it were a kitten, and will not allow any one to approach the locality where the strange pair are now quartered.

The Kind of Cotton That Crows in Florida.

THE AMISH PEOPLE.

Peculiarities of a Strange Sect Living in Ohio.

Individuals Who Bang Their Hair and Wear Mother Hubbard Dresses.

Their Aversion to Lawsuits and War-Honest But Shrewd.

[Cleveland Letter in Chicago Times.] Among the curious people in Ohio are the Amish, who settled in Holmes and Tuscarawas counties at the beginning of the century. Permit me to tell you something about them. They are Germans, but I am not informed what particular part of Germany they came from. They are a queer sect, indeed, and would, no doubt, create a sensation were any of them to walk down Michigan avenue on a pleasant afternoon.

They are farmers by occupation and the very best to be found, potwithstanding they are as old-fashloned in their methods of tilling the soil as in everything else. The grain they take to market is the plumpest and cleanest to be seen, and the horses and cattle they dispose of are always bigger, fatter and stronger than any one's else. They live in comfortable wooden houses, surrounded by orchards, and usually across the road from the great red barns, which they provide for their live stock. Carpets are unknown to them, unless it be those made of rags and woven by one of their own number. The houses are barren of pictures or other ornaments, and what barren of pictures or other ornaments, and what few articles of furniture they possess are of the cheapest kind. Nevertheless they are wealthy, as a rule, and when not engaged in loaning out their surplus cash at a fair interest are adding to their wide acres and building newer and greater barns. They are honest to the cent, but withat shrewd, especially when trading horses or buying land. If a merchant by mistake gives them more chance than is due they invariably return it. Their peculiarity, of course, is the fault of their religion, which was founded by a man who spelled his name Amish, but pronounced it Om-ish. The men are as rugged as the hills on which they live, and

The Women as Fresh as the Breezes from off the ocean. They use homespun cloth entirely, and their only shades are black, blue, gray and yellow. The men wear broad-brimined black hats, cowhide boots, pantaloons three inches too short, flannel or checked shirts, and squarecut coats reaching just below the hips. They never shave, and their full beards are dark and cut coats reaching just below the hips. They never shave, and their full beards are dark and fine and shine like silk. Their hair, which grows thick and straight, is never touched by the profane hands of a professional barber. Fathers cut the children's hair, while the mothers perform the same task for the fathers. Beginning at the temple the shears are run in a direct line over the ear and down the neck, thence up over the other ear to the other temple. The top of the head receives no attention, but the hair is combed forward over the brow and then "banged" better than any hair-dresser in the country can do it. I asked an Amishman, while in Tuscarawas county the other day, now long his people had been banging their hair, and he told me that old Amish had originated the style over 150 years ago. Little did that plous old soul imagine that he was setting an example for nineteenth century swells to follow. By way of a clinener, my informant declared that his grandfather, who flourished in Pennsylvania with the other Amish, wore his hair in that peculiar manner as far back as the revolutionary war.

The women make their dresses after the style of those designated as Mother Hubbards. They are ignorant, however, of that concern in the bosom which other women call a yoke. About their shoulders they wrap a business resembling a small shawl, the ends of which they sew, pin or the to their waists. Quaker women, I believe, wear the same sort of an apparatus. These cloths or shawls are either blue, black or yellow, and are worn by young and old alke. A three-year old girl, in fact, is dressed the same as a woman of 60. In their homes, however,

The Maidens Wear Badges, for the benefit of the young men, I presume, in the shape of snow-white caps, while the married women dress their heads in black. When they go to market or leave home for any other purpose the women don huge sun-bonnets to protect their faces women don huge sun-bonnets to protect their faces from the weather as well as from the curious gaze of the outside world. They shun all kinds of jewelry except the marriage ring, which is worn on the third finger, and is a asimple band of gold. They are good, pure women and reaf their families to serve the Lord and fear the devil. Some of the girls are really beautiful, with their dark hair, clear complexions, pink checks made so by nature, and modest ways. They wear coarse, heavy shoes, but I've seen many a classic foot in that neighborhood; but, alas! If the truth must be told, the quaint owners of the same were either hoeing corn, pitching hay, or, worse yet, feeding their father's swine. Think of a beautiful girl, with the foot and form of Venus slopping pigs by the roadside!

feeding their father's swine. Think of a beautiful girl, with the foot and form of Yenus slopping pigs by the roadside!

Within a few years the Amish people have been rent apart and now there are two factions. Civilization is quietly at work among them, and before long I look to see corsets for the women and drinking places for the men. As long as civilization let the Dunkards alone they were at peace with each other. Civilization stepped in, however, and now there is war. Formerly when the Dunkards went to church their feet were washed by one deacon or elder and wiped by another. Civilization taught some of them that the washing and wiping could be done just as well by one as by two. This was the rock upon which the church split in twain. In the one two men do the foot act, and in the other the washing and wiping departments have been consolidated. So it is with the Amish. The orthodox Amish will not have anything to do with buildings set apart for church purposes. They worship in the dwellings of their members, and elect preachers from their own number.

They Will Not Wear Buttons

on any of their garments, but use instead great metal hooks and eyes. Lightning-rods they regard as devices of Satan, white wagon and buggy springs are denounced in the strongest terms. The civilized, or Hickory Amish, as they are The civilized, or Hickory Amish, as they are called, build churches and look with favor on lightning-rods as well as wagon springs. They have even cast aside their hooks and eyes, and before long will no doubt be reckless enough to have their hair cut by a barber. Both branches of the church, however, believe in a litteral hell of burning sulphur, and that horrible dogma is vigorously taught every. Sunday in the year. They are also firm in the conviction that no one will be saved but those who subscribe to the Amish relation. Children are taught that if they fall away from the church they will surely be roasted when they die. Hell is painted in the most lurid colors obtainable, and the picture is held before the gaze of frightened youngsters morning, noon and night, 365 days in the year. They fast at regular intervals, and, like the Dinkards, have their feet washed when they enter the sanctuary. The ministers in their sermons or talks devote a great deal of attention to pride, which they term the greatest sin, inasmuch as it is the foundation of all other sins. Flaming colors, high-heeled shoes, false hair, striped hose and such things are denounced as the agents of the evil one, whose beguliements lead down to death and perdition. Each congregation elects three ministers at a time, two to preach and one to look after the poor. To be a preacher one, however, is to be a preacher always, as the commission is perpetual. called, build churches and look with favor on.

Ministers Are Always Farmers, and are not paid for their services. Among the Hickories men of some learning are selected and are supported by the congregation over which they preside. Education is not discountenanced in either church by any means, but each child is tanglit to read, write and "figure." Too much learning is considered a bad thing, as it tends to make the child dissatisfied with its lot, and eventually leads him away from the fold.

There are two things an Amishman will not do under any circumstances if it is possible for him to avoid them. He will in their go to war nor go to law. All their difficulties are settled in church after the regular Sunday morning services are over. As they are an honest, moral, God-serving people church trials are few and final in the decisions reached. Among the names very common among the Amish are these: Yoder, Miller, Mast. Troyer and Hostetter. I heard of several Jacob Millers. In order to avoid contusion they are designated as Curley Jake Miller, referring to this particular Jake Miller, and so on. A Mr. John A. Hostetter lives at Canal Dover, Tuscarawas county. He is mayor of the village, and a lawyer, with a large clientage. He told me that his father, who was a strict Amishman and believed firmly in the tenets of that church, enlisted during the war, and was excommunicated, you might say, for his particitism. Young Hostetter and his brother became disgusted with the church for this reason and left it. They educated themselves, and both are now successful professional men.

The father, after he left the army, returned to Ohio, was taken back into the church, and then move to Missouri, where there is another large Amish settlement. Mr. Hostetter told me that in the orthodox branch of the church lovers are permitted to "bunde." as in certain parts of Scotland. Immorality, however, is almost an unknown sin to them. In the morning the young people breakfast together, after which they separate until the next Sunday. Originally the Amish were Whigs, but for some reason they changed their political fronts, and are now a unit in support of Demo Hickories men of some learning are selected and are supported by the congregation over which

"Husking bees are in order," says an exchange. We tried to husk a bee once, one of the "bumble" variety, but he got the best of us.

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MAINE'S CHAMPION.

Scarborough Claims the Smartest Old Lady in the State-How She "Histed" Sam Tucker into Her Cabbage Carden. PORTLAND, November 10 .- "Scarboro claims to have the champion smart old lady," said one of the citizens of that flourishing farming town.

daughter, Mrs. Alvin Waterhouse."
Yesterday a Globe reporter went to Scarboro, and calling at the house of Mr. Waterhouse asked for Mrs. Spear.

and calling at the house of Mr. Waterhouse asked for Mrs. Spear.

"Mother is in," said Mrs. Waterhouse, "and I think she'll see you," Leaving the room she soon returned, followed by a very brisk-looking old lady, who certainly had very little appearance of having reached the great age of 95.

"I'm, glad to see you," said the old lady, in a pleasant way." I don't olten see a stranger, an' I'm a little hard of hearing. My daughter says you want to write 'bout me in the papers. I'm getting old, but I'm pretty smart yet. I can do my own work, an' I could get down and scrub the floor if I wanted to, I pick'd 120 boxes of berries last season."

"We couldn't keep her in; she would go out every day," said Mrs. Waterhouse.

The old lady nodded. "Of course," she said, "wily not, seein' I was well an' smart? Times have changed since I was young. I was born in Saco, July 23, I was married July 23 an' nny first child was born July 23. I had ten children, five are living. I've got seventeen grandchildren an' twelve great-grandchildren. I guess my oldest boy is close to 70, my youngest child is night to 50. I had a son wno was lost at sea, poor boy."

"My brother was lost off the Cape of Good Hope about thir, y years ago," said Mrs. Waterhouse.

"I'member the war with England," said Mrs. Spear, "I'member when the English went up the river. I was sick at the time. Mr. Pitcher had three horses, 'They took 'em all. The men went down to meet the English. The cap, he got drunk an' iell irom his horse before he got half way where they were. The English tooft things out of Tom Cuit's store. They took one vessel, an' another on the stocks they cut up. The schooner Abigail, owned by Mr. Sam Denning, was taken at sea. A man named Dennett was taken at sea an' Nailed to His Vessel.

I spose he died. I 'member, too, when we got the news of the peace. They used to say 'There'll be peace and prosperity Between John Bull an' America.'"

"There'll be peace and prosperity Between John Bull an' America."

"Were times as they are now?"

"No; better. They had better meet'n's then. There wan't only common things in the churches. They put in blocks, an' then laid boards on them for seats. We had glod preach'n then. Sometimes the m'n'rter'd preach half a day. Some of the women were their handkerchiefs on their heads to church an' some had bonnets, but no ribbons or feath'rs. I've been to church many a time with nothin' but a nanderchief on my head. We were common people then."

"There was an old fort in Saco," resumed the old lady after a brief pause. "It was where the woman threw the soap in the Injin's eyes. She was makin' soap, an' when the Injin's eyes; then she calied the men an' they took 'em ail. That was long an' long ago. No, I can't 'member it. I've heard the old people tell about it. In my time the people used the old fort to store their apples in. There were places cut in the walls to five through.

"We used to have great quiltings then. We didn't cail' em crazy quilts, or such, but only jist patchwork. We'd invite people in. We'd have supper—Injin bread an' butter, and sometimes potatoes an' salt fish. Sometimes when they'd had a biled dinner they'd take the liquor, thicken it, an' have a soup for supper. When they'd have a kissin' party they'd buy gingerbread.

"Pm a Methodist now, but I used to be a Baptist. Mr. Whitcomb was the first minister I remember. I've seen a great many. My husband has been dead many years. He serv'q in the last war.

"Everybody Used Liquor

in them days, women as well's men. It was on the sideboards an' in the pantries, an' everywhere in them days, women as well's men. It was on the sideboards an' in the pantries, an' everywhere jist as free as water, an' more of it was used. It was a great mercy that I was saved from becomin' a drunkard. I've draw'd sights of it.

"I was a strong woman once, an' I didn't stand no foolin'. One muster day, when the men were out on the ferry roar, Sain Tucker tried to dance in my kitchen. I said to him, 'Sam Tucker, I shan't have no such carryings-on in my house'; but he kept right on dancin', an' I opened the door an' says I, 'Sam Tucker, you leave,' He kept on adancin', an' I took him by the should'r, turned him round, pinted him at the door, an' hi'sted him out into my cabbag' garden."

When Mrs. Spear's husband died some fifty years ago she was left with a large family to provide for, and, as her daughter says, "without a cent in the world." She went bravely at work and reared her family most respectably until she saw all her living children well settled in life. She kept her house until about twenty years ago, when she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Waterhouse, in whose pleasant home she has spent her last years. She is still, as has been said, very vigorous step. Her eye is bright, and apparently she is likely to live to see at least the full measure of a hundred years. In her long life she seems to have nad but one serious physical troub e, a cancer, that was removed two years ago. She made what the doctors call "a good recovery," and her health was not injured by the operation. She is a little nervous with strangers, but once acquainted, or as she would say: "When the new wears off," she becomes very bright and talkative.

CHECKERS.

Our Late Contemporary. It is with sincere regret that we learn of the resignation of A. J. Hefiner, Esq., from the editorial staff of the Biade, he being compelled, through change of residence, to take this step, being unable, in his opinion, to devote the time necessary to keep the Blade to the standard of his requirements. Mr. Heffiner came first prominently before the checker public as an analyst, on which field he attained the highest honors, disputing successfully with Mr. Wyllie and many others on the merits of certain games, particularly the "Switcher." Afterward we find him an expert player across the board, well able to test the ability of our best players; and still later we find in him the able, determined editor of the Yankee Blade. In announcing his retirement Mr. Heffner says: "My policy has been to foster and protect home talent," which he has done with signal ability, entirely ignoring the autocratic power which undertakes (and has so long) to domineer over the checker-playing public of this country; and his course in this matter alone should receive our hearty approval and commendation. Mr. Heffner will be found always and in all places a gentleman who possesses excellent qualities, and needs but a thorough acquaintance to be appreciated; and we are not without hopes that such a valuable addition to Boston's checker-playing strength will ref-long return, and that his stay in Providence will prove but temporary. through change of residence, to take this step,

Plantation Philosophy.

Plantation Philosophy.

(Arkansaw Traveller.)

De healthiest lookin' men is sometimes de soones' ter die. De bigges' trees is de one whut am aptes' ter be holler.

It am't no use fur some men ter try ter be great. It doan' make no difference how much a mouse eats, he neber will be er rat.

Dar's dis difference twixt men an' wimin. Er 'oman tries ter make her heart show on her face; de man tries ter make his mine show on his countenance. De trouble is dat de 'oman ain't allus got a heart an' de man ain't allus got a mine.

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